Liberty

AUG. 19, 1944

10c

Book: EISENHOWER MAN AND SOLDIER

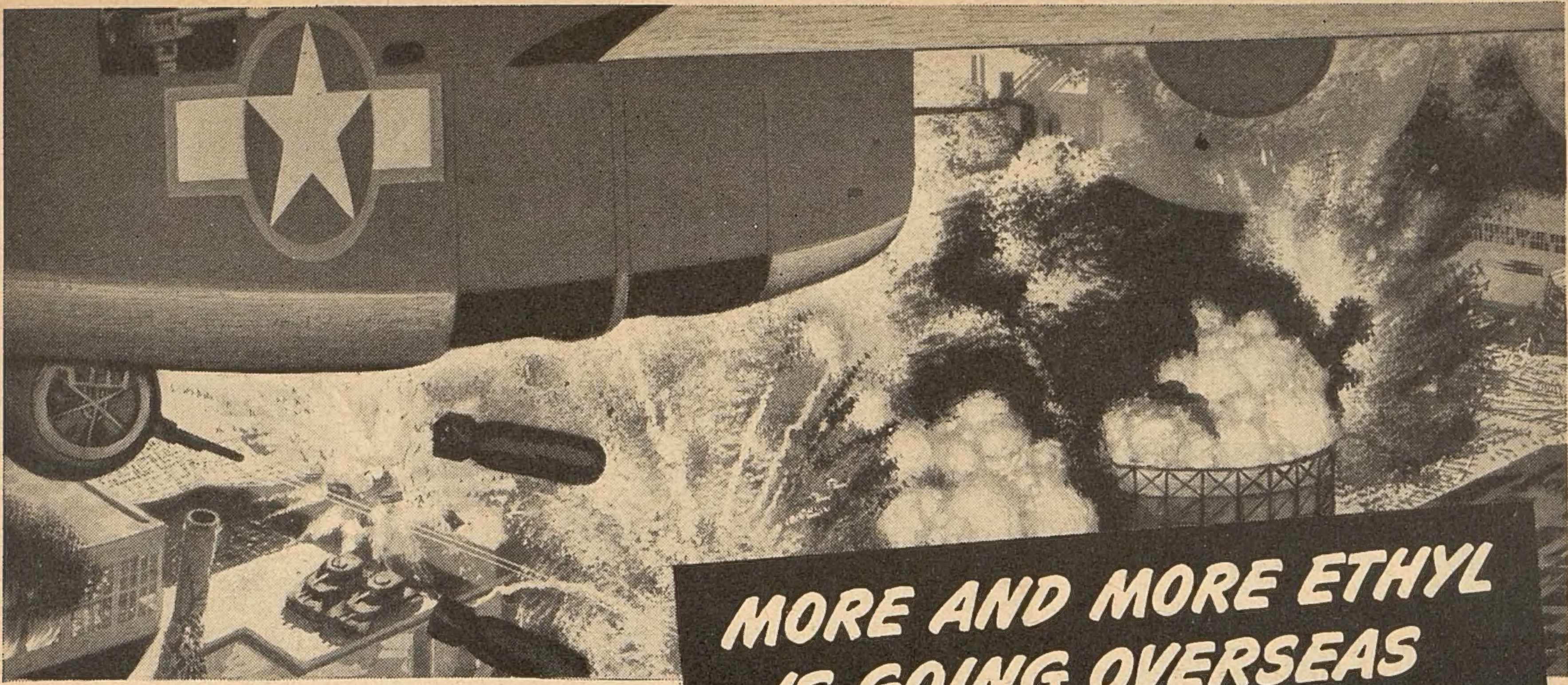
CONGRESS DEBATES MEDICAL CARE FOR EVERYBODY

RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First among
fine whiskies

Please Note: Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!

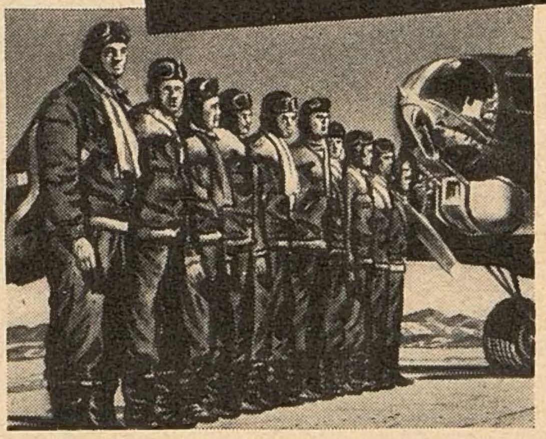
Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.



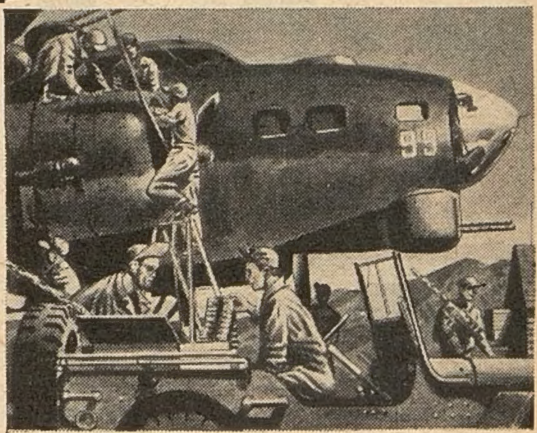
MORE AND MORE ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS

Do you know what it takes to bomb the enemy "round-the-clock"? See if you can fill in the blanks on this

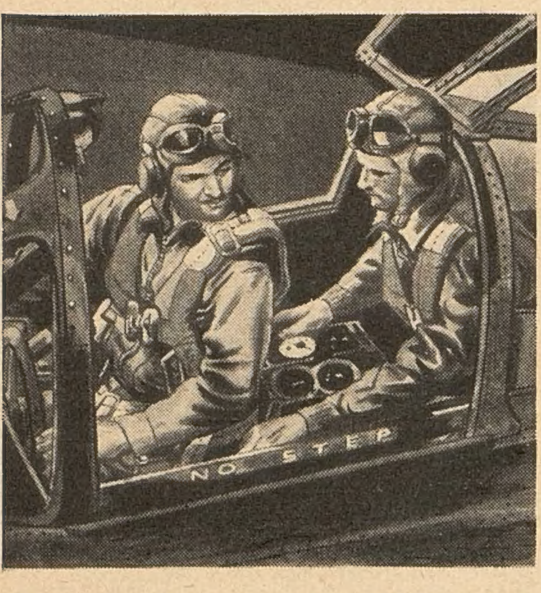
AVIATION QUIZ



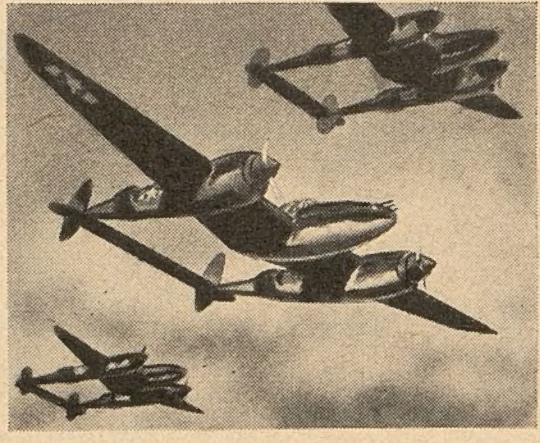
A single twenty-four-hour air attack requires ___1___ gallons of high-octane gasoline. For each man aboard a Flying Fortress . . .



___2___ men are required on the ground to keep the plane in repair, schedule operations, etc.



To train each pilot on this raid required an average of ___3___ gallons of gasoline.



The single-seater fighter escort planes carry about ___4___ gallons of gasoline and ___5___ quarts of oil.

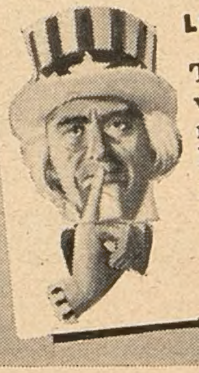
Practically all of the gasoline used by our Army and Navy is improved with ___6___ fluid.

Answers:

- **1** 3,360,000 gallons
- **2** 25 men
- **3** 12,500 gallons
- **4** 500 gallons
- **5** 88 quarts

6 **Ethyl fluid** is used to improve the antiknock quality of practically all U. S. fighting gasoline.

Here's one more thing to consider. While this bombing was going on and millions of gallons of aviation gasoline were being consumed, hundreds of thousands of tanks, trucks and jeeps all over the fighting fronts were also using fantastic quantities of high quality gasoline. In order that no Allied fighting men will ever be "out of gas," government agencies have placed limits on the quality and quantity of civilian gasoline. Remember—Gasoline Powers the Attack —Don't Waste a Drop!"



LOOSE TALK HELPS THE ENEMY!

The statements in this advertisement have been submitted to the Army and Navy, and they have no objection to their publication.

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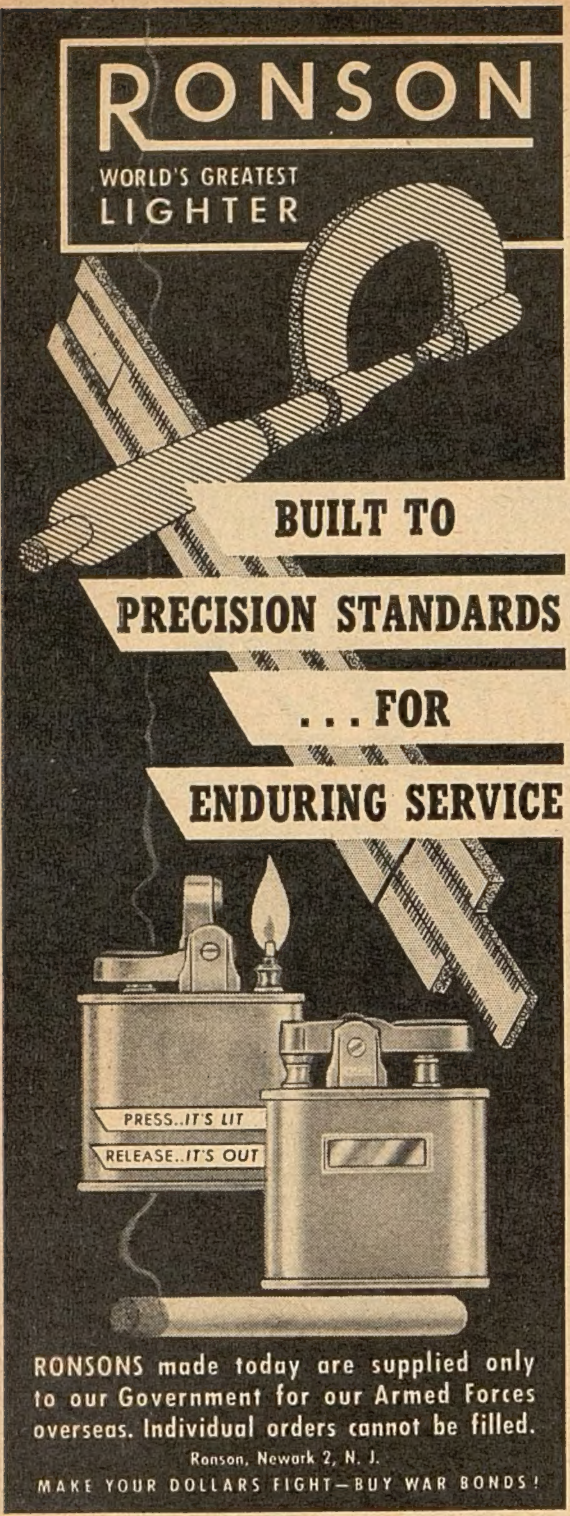

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Cover: On the Target—with an 81-mm. mortar!

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Liberty, August 19, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 34. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Greater than the Love of Woman was the Faith He Sought-and Found

IN *"The Razor's Edge"*—THE INSPIRING NEW BOOK *by* W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, *the Greatest Story Teller of Them All!*

WILL YOU accept a copy of "The Razor's Edge," free, while this offer lasts? You do not merely *read* "The Razor's Edge," you *live* it. You stand close to Larry Darrell, whose quest for a faith was greater than the love of beautiful Isabel Bradley, greater than any material thing he could have acquired. You feel the presence of Isabel, who waited so patiently for Larry, but who, in desperation, finally tried to compromise him in order to save him from himself—and who, after marrying another, plotted craftily to disgrace the woman who might have brought happiness to Larry.

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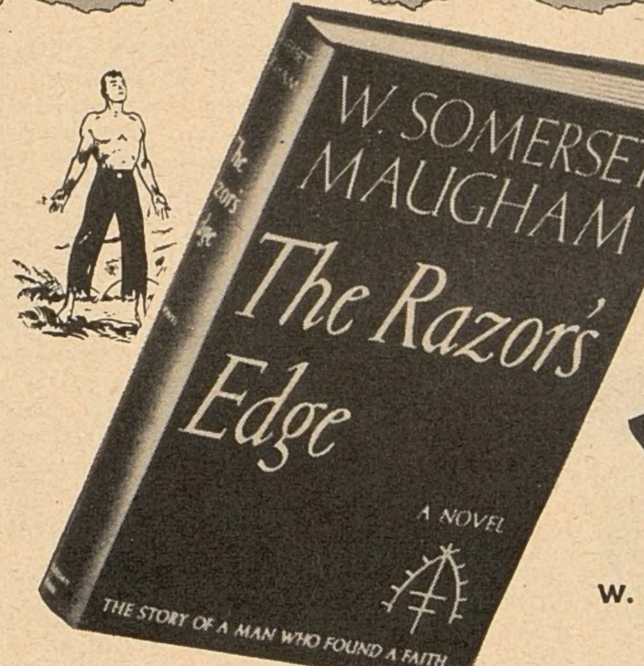
These are the principal actors in a novel so brilliantly written, so deep, so charming and so tender, that you will understand why W. Somerset Maugham is generally conceded to be the greatest story teller of them all. The famous author of "The Moon and Sixpence," "Rain" and "Of Human Bondage" again shows why his books are hailed with such enthusiasm by critics, the public and the motion picture directors. "The Razor's Edge" is destined to be the most-discussed novel of the year. No one who delights in a moving, inspiring, gripping story should miss it. Thousands are paying $2.75 for the publisher's edition. Now *you* may have a copy absolutely free, with your membership in the Literary Guild, as explained below.



W. Somerset Maugham

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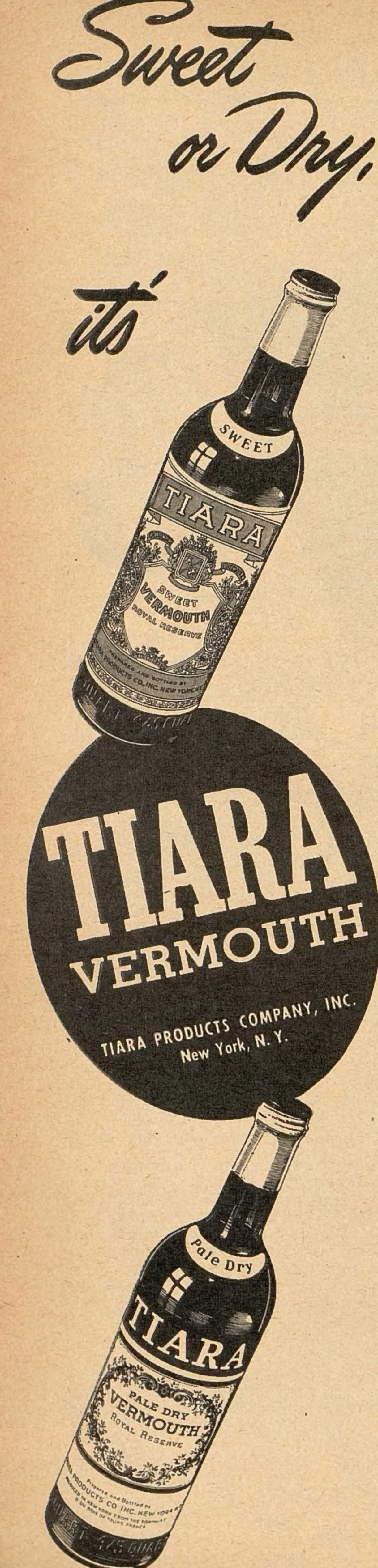


VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

AGE BEFORE DEWEY?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In his acceptance speech at the Chicago Convention, Governor Dewey said that the present Administration had grown old in office. Wouldn't it be more accurate to say that it has *grown up* in office?

At the Republican Convention it was repeatedly remarked that certain things in the working out of the New Deal are reminiscent of things which transpired in Europe during the rise of Fascism. It strikes me that an important section of Dewey's speech is *also* reminiscent of something. Didn't they have *Youth Movements* in Germany and Italy?—*Rachel Fossett.*

SOUTH SEA ISLAND MAGIC?

SOUTHWEST PACIFIC—I have always liked Liberty Magazine very much. But I'm even more enthusiastic because of the article you published on the South Pacific (April 22). People in the States have a preconceived idea of the beauty of the native women here. I have been out here for nineteen months and I have never seen any of the dark-skinned beauties of the movies. Thanks again for giving some straight dope of the life out here—*Corp. Carl E. Kinney.*

MAP MAKER

SOUTH GATE, CALIF.—I wish I could tell you how much I liked James Lewicki's map of Europe (July 1 Liberty). I wish Liberty would have him make another map of those many islands in the South and Central Pacific. Also, let's have an article on those B-29 Superfortresses now that the "hush-hush" has been lifted.—*Maggie Travis.*

Your wish about an article on the Superfortresses is going to come true. We have an article on the B-29s coming up.—VOX POP EDITOR.

REMEMBER BELLEAU WOOD?

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.—In the article Our War in Italy by John Daly (July 1 Liberty) this statement appears: "The longest time spent in the line without relief by an American division in the last war was twenty-eight days."

For John Daly's information: On May 30, 1918, the Second Division, then on the way to the lines to relieve the famous First Division at Cantigny, which had been there some three weeks, was suddenly turned about and rushed to the Château-Thierry sector. The Second Division met the enemy on June 2 at Belleau Wood, where it stayed until relieved on July 9. The First Division, having no relief, had to remain another two weeks at Cantigny.

Of course we wonder how much of John's article is as inaccurate as that statement. However, there *is* one point on which we agree: the American G. I. today is the same as he was yesterday and the day before—the best damn soldier on earth.—*James F. Hendrix, formerly Co. C 2d Engrs., 2d Div.*

HUDDLERS AND FUDDLERS

WARREN, PA.—Referring to the article Roosevelt's Place in War Strategy (July 1 Liberty), Roosevelt's place has been to be informed on other nations' resources for defense and to organize the resources of the U. S. A. He has performed his job faithfully and intelligently to the good of the U. S. A. and the world, while other narrow, selfish "purps" "fiddled and fuddled and muddled."—*F. Victor Braquier.*

P. S.: I'm aged 77—a Republican that can see and appreciate!

ST. GEORGE GRABS THE BRASS RING

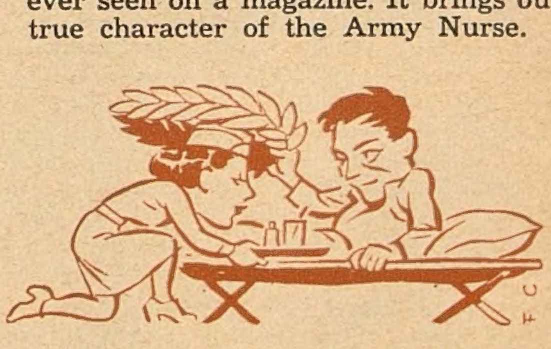
c/o FPO, NEW YORK, N. Y.—In regard to Cpl. Thomas R. St. George's story c/o Postmaster (April 22), I say it's 4.0. Having traveled with the Army, I can fully appreciate the many incidents, humorous and otherwise, that make life in the service interesting.—*Robert J. Lane, SF2/c.*

SCHOOL DAYS

TACOMA, WASH.—I just finished reading an article about Boyington by Fred Hampson, and would like to let you know how much I liked it. I was especially interested because he was a schoolmate of my daughter. I think Hampson did a very good job on the article.—*Mrs. B. R. Mahoney.*

DOUGHBOYS COVER GIRL

CAMP LIVINGSTON, LA.—Your May 20 cover is the most inspiring picture I've ever seen on a magazine. It brings out the true character of the Army Nurse.

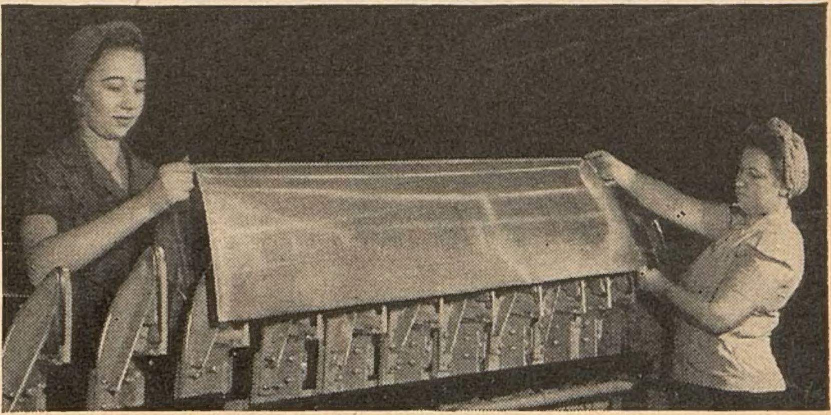


The Army Nurse rates a whole-hearted salute from everyone. A salute is just a small way in which we can say thanks to an organization which does so much for us and asks so little.—*J. E. B.*

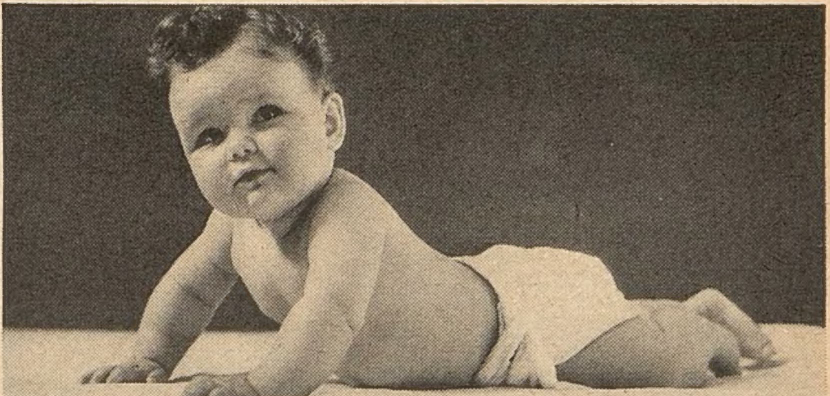
"This is a fan letter about our silent Servel"

writes Brian Donlevy *soon to appear in* "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST," *a Paramount Picture*

"If I wrote ads," says Brian Donlevy, "I'd say that the Servel Gas Refrigerator was the refrigerator you hear *about*—but never hear. Ours never makes a noise, never needs fixing." Today two million owners know that Servel is the *different* refrigerator . . . the one with no moving parts in its freezing system to wear and need repairs.



Our plant is 100 per cent on war work today, making parts for America's planes and guns. We have made some refrigerators, but the Army and Navy need them. That's because Servel is the one refrigerator that can go where the fighting is hot—or anywhere else in the world. After the war we'll make more Servels—and even better-looking ones.



More new home comforts will carry the Servel name. One will be the Servel *All-Year* Air Conditioner. It will heat homes in winter, cool them in summer—keep proper humidity all year round. We had this product ready before the war, and units are installed in hundreds of homes right now . . . and proving more than satisfactory.

SERVEL
GAS REFRIGERATOR
stays silent—lasts longer

The Servel Gas Refrigerator was first announced by your own Gas Company. And that's where new Servel products will be introduced. If you plan to modernize your home after the war, your Gas Company can help you now. Meanwhile, Uncle Sam offers you a wonderful way to save for home improvements—War Bonds and Stamps.

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Daniel Webster
who pronounced Old Crow
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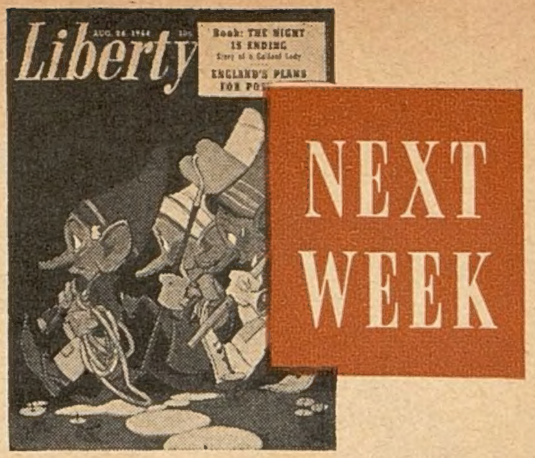


NEXT WEEK

THE NIGHT IS ENDING
By James Ronald
Liberty's Book Condensation

Ruth Malvern was faced with problems about which she could do nothing. But she made a gallant battle against frustration by taking on a houseful of another woman's troubles. There's great warmth and insight in this story of how she found happiness the hard way.

"NUMBER SIX—O. K.!"
By Robert Reuben, correspondent with the U. S. Airborne Forces

Drop into predawn France on D Day with the first correspondent to land, and relive the moments of terror and triumph which awaited the courageous paratroops!

THE DENTAL MAGIC OF FLUORINE
By Edwin Diehl

Aching voids may be banished if scientists are right about this element which, added to the water supply, combats tooth decay.

G. I. GENERAL STORE
By Don Wharton

Grass skirts, Italian paintings, half-pound hamburgers, and ladies' handbags—it stocks them all. Here's the story of the world's biggest retail-store chain, the Army's post-exchange system.

LORD WOOLTON, REPAIRER OF THE REALM
By Molly Castle

Putting England together again will be a gigantic task. But the British say, "Old Fred will do it." A profile of a peer who is the people's choice.

FUR OR FLEECE?
By Lowell Brentano

The fur business can be a skin game in more ways than one, but Max Bachrach's science detects the trickiest fakes.

A MOST UNUSUAL SEASON
By Willard H. Temple

Dames don't belong on big-league teams, but during the war anything can happen and usually does. And who can say it's not more fun that way?

WHERE WE AREN'T
By Richard Howells Watkins

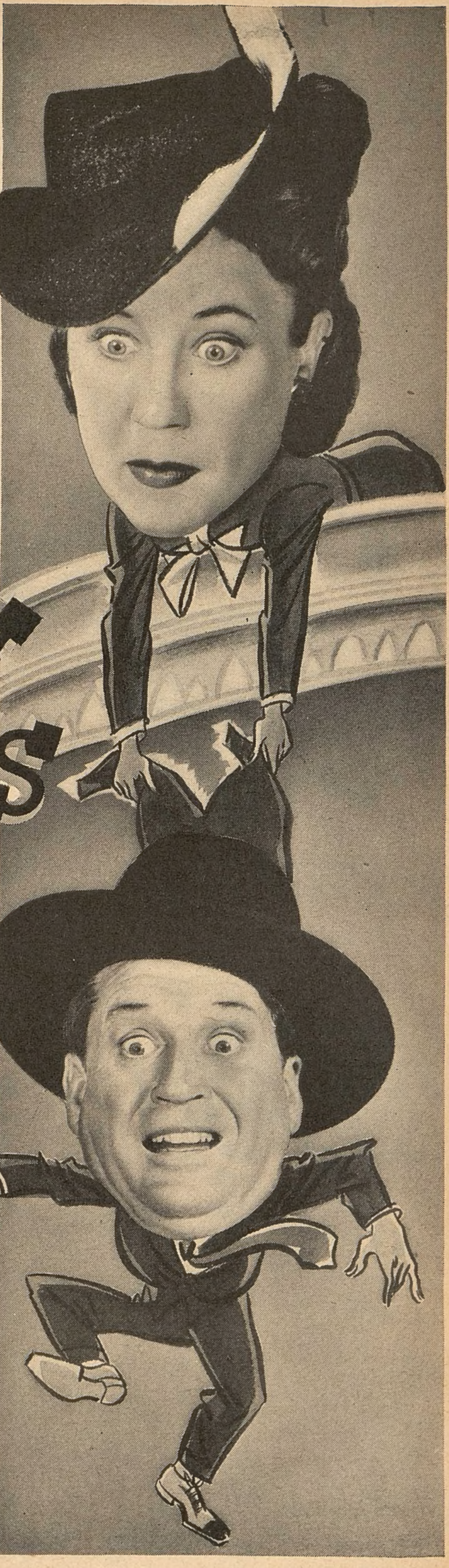
The stricken ship off in the snow squall looked neutral and harmless. But Dan, the gun captain, was a suspicious lad and not one to fall for Nazi tricks.

THE HERO
By Samuel W. Taylor

It's tough to see a phony hero charm your girl's kid brother, then your girl, and then her whole family! But events always catch up with guys like that, and then they're through!

The McGees Un-Cap the Capital!

Fibber and Molly storm Washington to start a crusade in Congress! McGee raises voice in Senate... Senate raises McGee off the floor! Your top radio comics' funniest adventure!



Fibber McGee and Molly

IN

Heavenly Days

WITH

Eugene PALLETTE · Gordon OLIVER · Raymond WALBURN
Barbara HALE · Don DOUGLAS · Irving BACON

Produced by Robert Fellows · Directed by Howard Estabrook

Screen Play by Howard Estabrook
and Don Quinn
Original Story by Howard Estabrook

Another
of the
great
RKO
RADIO
PICTURES

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

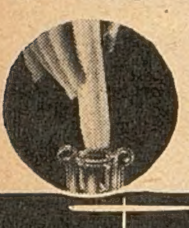
You're as lovely as I remembered you...

He's looking forward to seeing you in person, not just in dreams. You want him to say: "You're as lovely as I remembered you."

For that all-important moment, let the warm glow of candlelight enhance your beauty.

But not all candles are the same. *Taperlites* burn evenly, without smoke. Are dripless, odorless. The *Firm-Fit* end holds them perfectly erect.

Ask for Taperlites at department, drug, houseware, grocery stores and gift shops—or wherever candles are sold.



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GIVES your face youthful loveliness. Tingles refreshingly as it removes dirt grime. An excellent powder base. Buy AMBROSIA Liquid Beauty Aids at Drug, Dept. & 10c Stores
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LICORICE SWEETIES

Gay, candy-coated licorice flavored for 'Sweet' Eating.

5¢

We're supplying the Armed Forces. They come first. So if your dealer doesn't have these sweets today, look for them tomorrow.

ANOTHER QUALITY CONFECTION MADE BY
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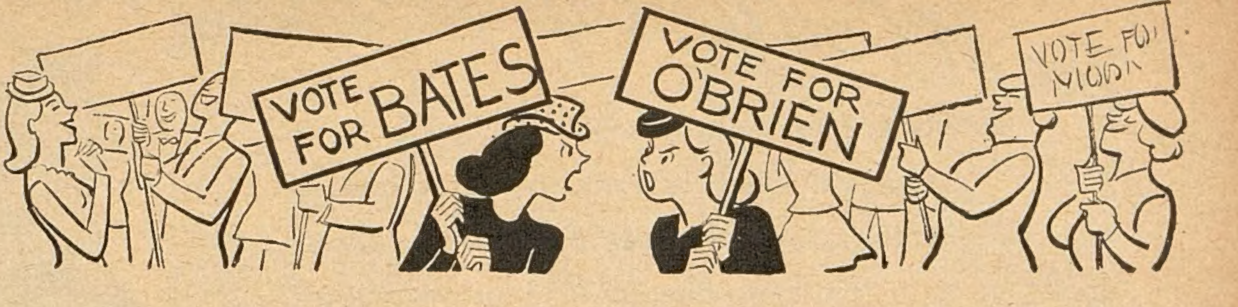
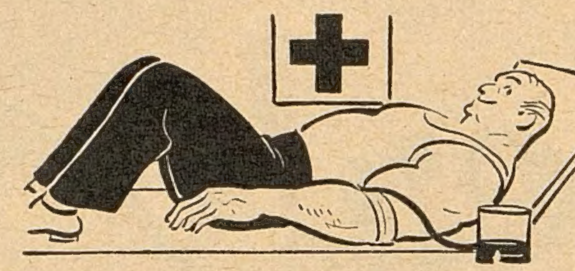
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



HIGH TIME, TOO! Beginning with D Day, the Blood Donor Service of the New York American Red Cross at 2 East Thirty-seventh Street was swamped with would-be donors. Colonel Earle Boothe, director of the service, said that there were about three times the normal number of telephone calls asking for appointments. Three weeks later, the urge to give blood continued, and the earliest appointments available were for two weeks later. Asked if there were any possibilities of last-minute cancellations, eager men and women were told to call late each afternoon, or drop in, on the chance that they might fit into canceled time. At long last, giving blood seemed as vital as getting an appointment for a permanent! Let's hope the public will keep up the good work, and bring home many fighting men who could not return without the gift of good red blood. As the Red Cross card confirming appointments phrases the situation: "This time is reserved for you. If you do not come it may cost some soldier or sailor his life. If you cannot keep the appointment, please notify us." Eight weeks must elapse between donations, although there are donors on record elsewhere who have managed to give more frequently. Edward Stanley Howard, sixty-seven-year-old former wrestler of Philadelphia, has given blood as a hobby for fifteen years for a total of 1,102 times.



TEACHERS STAY HOME: Officials of the New York City Board of Education have revealed the fact that in the nine-month period ending February 29, 452 teachers resigned, only seventeen of whom were men. The shortage of domestic help is believed to be the major cause. Says Dr. Jacob Greenberg, associate superintendent of schools, in charge of personnel, "More than half of our women teachers are married and a great many have children. They simply can't continue in service without domestic help. I've interviewed hundreds of them and they tell me there is nothing for them to do but resign. They just can't get help, or if they can the wages demanded are so high there is no good reason for the teacher not to stay home and do the work herself."

GRISLY SALES TALK: The German high command has issued a manual, a copy of which has reached Stockholm. Its inspired author points out that "Every newborn healthy boy is one strong soldier more in twenty years." To maintain the German nation's fighting power "every family must, on the average, have four children." The manual nervously observes that in 1932 families averaged only two children each, and "today, not yet three." What a noble incentive to child-bearing, the thought that "Every stout boy born now can become a brave soldier twenty years hence"!

SOCK IT AWAY! Workers who are earning high pay in war manufacturing industries would be smart to sock a good fat nest egg into war bonds every month, and also to build up savings accounts for emergencies. The Commerce Department recently reported that employment in the war industries has dropped an average of 100,000 workers a month all this year. The report also states that jobs in nonwar industries have declined almost 50,000 a month. The Department predicted that the war industries would continue to drop about 100,000 workers a month during the rest of the year because of "continued increase in efficiency, coupled with more certain knowledge of the size of the working force required for war output."

HOT STUFF: From the consumer's point of view the usual August fur sales will make little sense coming, as they do, at a time when frustrated ladies are hunting for hot-weather clothes to supplement wilted wardrobes. From the retail standpoint, pressing the sale of furs when furriers would otherwise be resting on their oars is all to the good. Of course the August sales *do* save dough. This year fashion prophets expect short fur coats to be popular, because the luxury tax of 20 per cent is lower than on the more expensive full-length coats. There is no luxury tax on all-cloth coats and none on cloth coats trimmed with fur *if* the cloth costs more than the fur.

HAIR-RAISING PSYCHOLOGY

When out of sorts with man and child
To a preposterous extent,
I know my disposition's riled
Because I need a permanent.
For when my hair is sleekly curled
Instead of drooping in my face,
I soon discover that the world
Is quite a pleasant sort of place.

VERY SPECIAL WAVES: Twenty Waves, the first feminine "pigeonmen" of the Navy's homing-pigeon service, were graduated recently at the U. S. Naval Air Station. They will be assigned to duty at pigeon lofts of lighter-than-air stations.

Safe highway home

You're not riding to school or coasting to the grocery these days, Jimmy. You're rocketing over ocean stretches and solid jungle in a high-flying kite with 2,000 horsepower packed into its nose. But New Departure, who made the coaster brakes and bearings in that good old bike, still rides with you, still helps to get you smoothly and safely home.

The bike you pedaled, the car you drove, your roller skates, the refrigerator you owned — all ran on ball bearings of many kinds and sizes. Nothing added so much to smoothness and economy.

The General Motors plants that produce under the name of New Departure were specializing in ball bearings before the motorcar was born. And they built up, year by year, a great fund of experience. They helped to reduce friction and postpone wear wherever shafts turned.

And then, right out of the blue came December 7, 1941. Engineers in industry and the armed forces wrote specifications for ball bearings into every kind and type of war machine.

What were once busy factories bloomed into enormous plants that made millions of ball bearings for planes, cars, ships and tanks — more ball bearings than produced by all America's enemies put together.

They are serving in props, engines, superchargers, turrets, bombsights and fire controls. Some are big. Some are smaller than the head of a pin. Bearings so tiny and exquisite had never been made in this country before, but General Motors engineers took the job of making them. Years of working for more and better things for more people had given them all the needed knowledge.

They had this knowledge because we live in a land where just rewards have always stimulated men to new accomplishments.

That idea helped provide a rich, full life for prewar America. It has helped production for war in countless ways.

And it promises more and better things for more people in the peaceful years ahead.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
★
Buy More War Bonds

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The famed Consolidated Vultee's Liberator assumes a new role for the armed services in its conversion to a combination ambulance-transport plane.

Geography of World Air Transport

You've heard a lot of talk about the air lines that will fly over or near the North Pole after the war. Well, one expert has come along to blast such an idea and he does so very effectively. He is J. Parker Van Zandt, long associated with aviation and now on the research staff of the Brookings Institution in Washington. In a book just published on The Geography of World Air Transport, he says most of us are wrong about a lot of things.

There's no sense in flying over the Pole, Van Zandt says, because air lines will be flying trade routes and the polar route requires too much of a nonprofit nonstop hop from nowhere to nowhere. Not a single major airway will even go above the Arctic Circle, he says.

Another idea Van Zandt blasted is that the Pacific Ocean will be important in postwar world airways. He says not, for the reason that most of the Pacific is in that part of the hemisphere having few land masses and little population. The airway to Asia will be a much shorter route—from the United States via Alaska and eastern Siberia—and all overland except the sixty-mile hop over the Bering Strait. The bad-weather Aleutians, 700 miles south, would be by-passed entirely. The all-land route to Asia would be in excellent weather zones for the entire distance.

Three countries or areas occupy the most strategic positions in the world airways, he says, and the United States owns one—Alaska. Labrador, a dependency of a British crown colony, is a second, and eastern Siberia is the third. But Van Zandt proves conclusively that no nation has a monopoly on international air routes. There is no longer such a thing as an "irreplaceable" airport in the world. Modern aircraft can by-pass any airport or nation that refuses to concede flying rights.

Strange as It Seems

Here are some geography ticklers.

After the war, when you take your aerial vacation to Australia, Africa, and Asia and almost all points south of the equator, except South America, you'll start your journey northward.

If you live in Dallas and are going to Victoria Falls, Africa, the shortest route will be via Labrador and Europe.

If you go to Shanghai by the Pacific Ocean airway via Wake, Guam, and other points, you'll travel 2,545 miles farther than if you had gone via Alaska.

Los Angeles is nearer to Moscow than it is to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Chicago is nearer Istanbul, Turkey, than it is to Buenos Aires, Argentina.

On all "flat" maps based on a Mercator projection, Greenland looms up very large—larger, in fact, than South America. Yet in the real global world it is only one ninth as large as South America, which gives you some idea of the distortions we have been accustomed to in traditional geographies.

A New Record

Hamilton Standard Propellers, a division of United Aircraft Corporation, that has produced the props for a good many thousands of military and commercial aircraft in the past several decades, has hung up a new record for all to see.

It seems that a conventional model hydromatic propeller has hit a new high mark of service. Its record is 13,881 hours and 44 minutes. This means that it has served faithfully for better than 2,750,000 miles of flying. That's a lot of reliability.

It was placed on a Douglas DC-3 air liner of TWA, Inc., on February 22, 1939, and has had regular overhauls. All major parts of the hub are original except the rotating cam, the low-pitch stop ring, and the piston sleeve. The hub has had several sets of blades, which are restricted to 10,000 hours of service regardless of condition.

The prop has now been overhauled again and sent back to TWA so that it can reach a new record of 15,000 hours.

Food Shipments via Air

If you live in New York City you may visit a grocery store that is selling lettuce shipped by air from California. In co-operation with research sponsored by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., is experimenting with lettuce shipments to see whether the lettuce is received in good condition and whether the Eastern housewife will pay a premium price for it a few hours after it is picked in California.

Three sets of recording thermometers will graph temperatures inside and outside the lettuce crates and the Department will receive hourly reports from TWA pilots on prevailing temperatures along the plane's route. When the lettuce reaches the east coast, some of it will be subjected to laboratory tests to determine the effect of varying temperatures from sea level to 13,000 feet. The bulk of the lettuce will be offered for sale at unadvertised stores. It will carry a premium price representing the estimated added cost of transport by air.

Meantime another experiment is under way in carrying hatching turkey eggs from Worthington, Minn., to California's San Fernando Valley. Arriving by Western Air Lines, it was found that routine handling and altitude of flight had speeded up the hatching process by forty-eight hours. Turkey experts believe there will be an expanding market by air shipments of hatching eggs.

Not to be outdone, United Air Lines has been experimenting with transporting baby chicks by air. The chicks have even been subjected to altitude-chamber tests, and no ill effects have been uncovered. On one flight a United Cargoliner carried 100-day-old baby chicks and twelve dozen hatching eggs which were fifty-six hours in transit from Chicago to San Francisco and return, including some hours at the west coast stop. Only one chick died. The eggs showed no ill effects. The University of Illinois is co-operating with United in the tests.

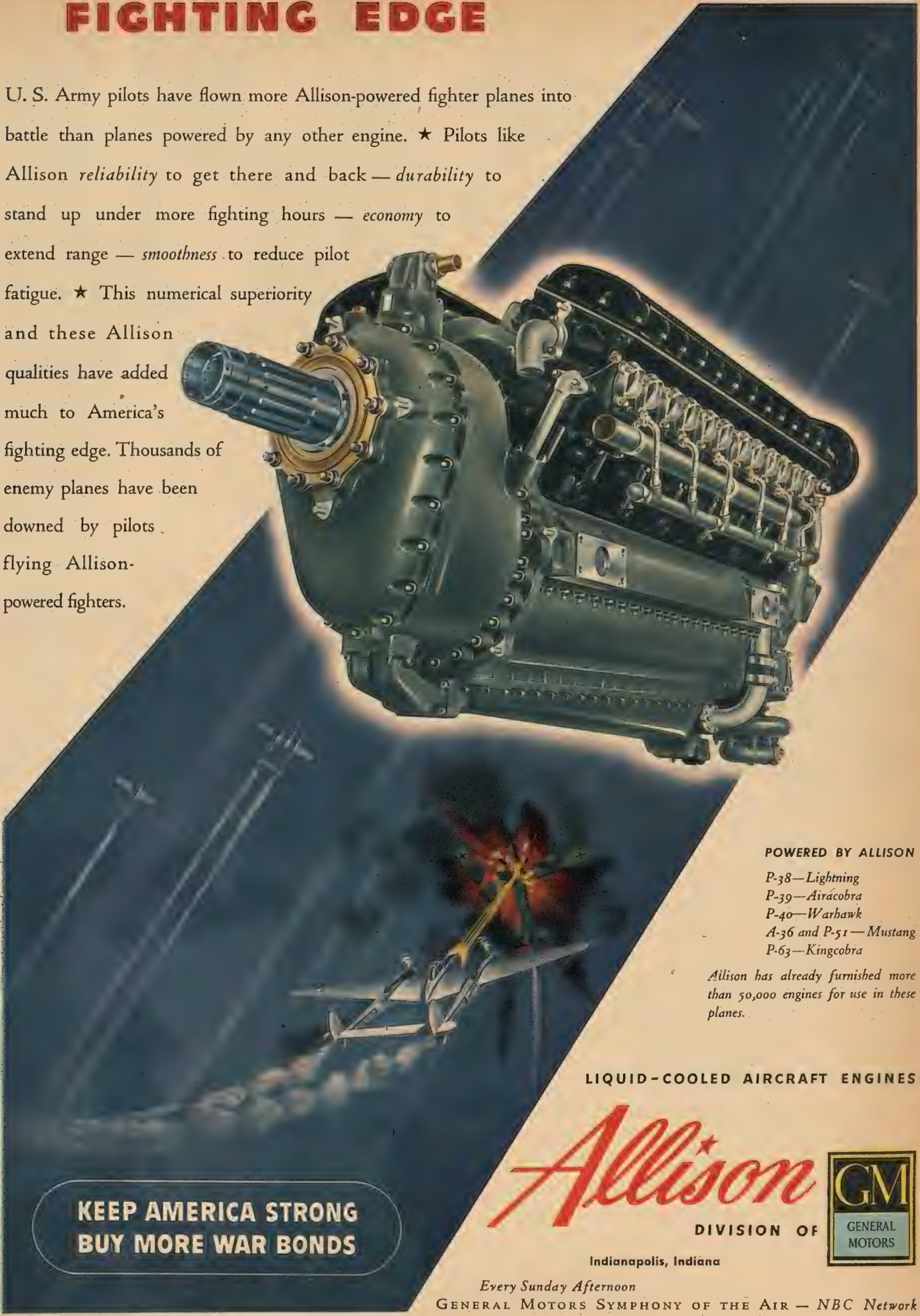
A Tough Job Ahead

When one considers that there are 233,000 miles of railroads in the United States, one begins to understand what a task lies ahead for the Civil Aeronautics Board. Applications for no less than 694,833 miles of air lines within the United States are on file, according to a survey compiled by American Aviation Magazine, and 516,870 miles of foreign routes are being requested by American air-line companies.

The CAB is digging into the piles of new route requests, and the first hearings for feeder air lines have been scheduled. In addition, the Board has tackled the immense and complicated foreign job by announcing hearings for applications to South America, the South Atlantic, North Atlantic, and the Pacific. The Board beat the applicants to the punch by proposing that U. S. air lines operate a total of 140,000 miles of global airways. Of this total, about 80,000 are already certificated to Pan American Airways and American Export Airlines.

FIGHTING EDGE

U. S. Army pilots have flown more Allison-powered fighter planes into battle than planes powered by any other engine. ★ Pilots like Allison *reliability* to get there and back — *durability* to stand up under more fighting hours — *economy* to extend range — *smoothness* to reduce pilot fatigue. ★ This numerical superiority and these Allison qualities have added much to America's fighting edge. Thousands of enemy planes have been downed by pilots flying Allison-powered fighters.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51—Mustang
P-63—Kingcobra

Allison has already furnished more than 50,000 engines for use in these planes.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison
DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS
Indianapolis, Indiana

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — *NBC Network*

EMERGENCY STEERING STATION on U. S. battleship. The helmsman gets steering instructions over a battle telephone. The two other men are intently watching their gauges.

The Big "Battle Wagons" Are Run by Telephone

There are more than 2000 telephones on just one battleship. And many, many thousands on all the ships in the Navy.

The needs of war have first call on the country's manufacturing capacity and manpower. That is why there is not enough telephone equipment to take care of all civilian requirements and why many people now have to wait for telephone service.

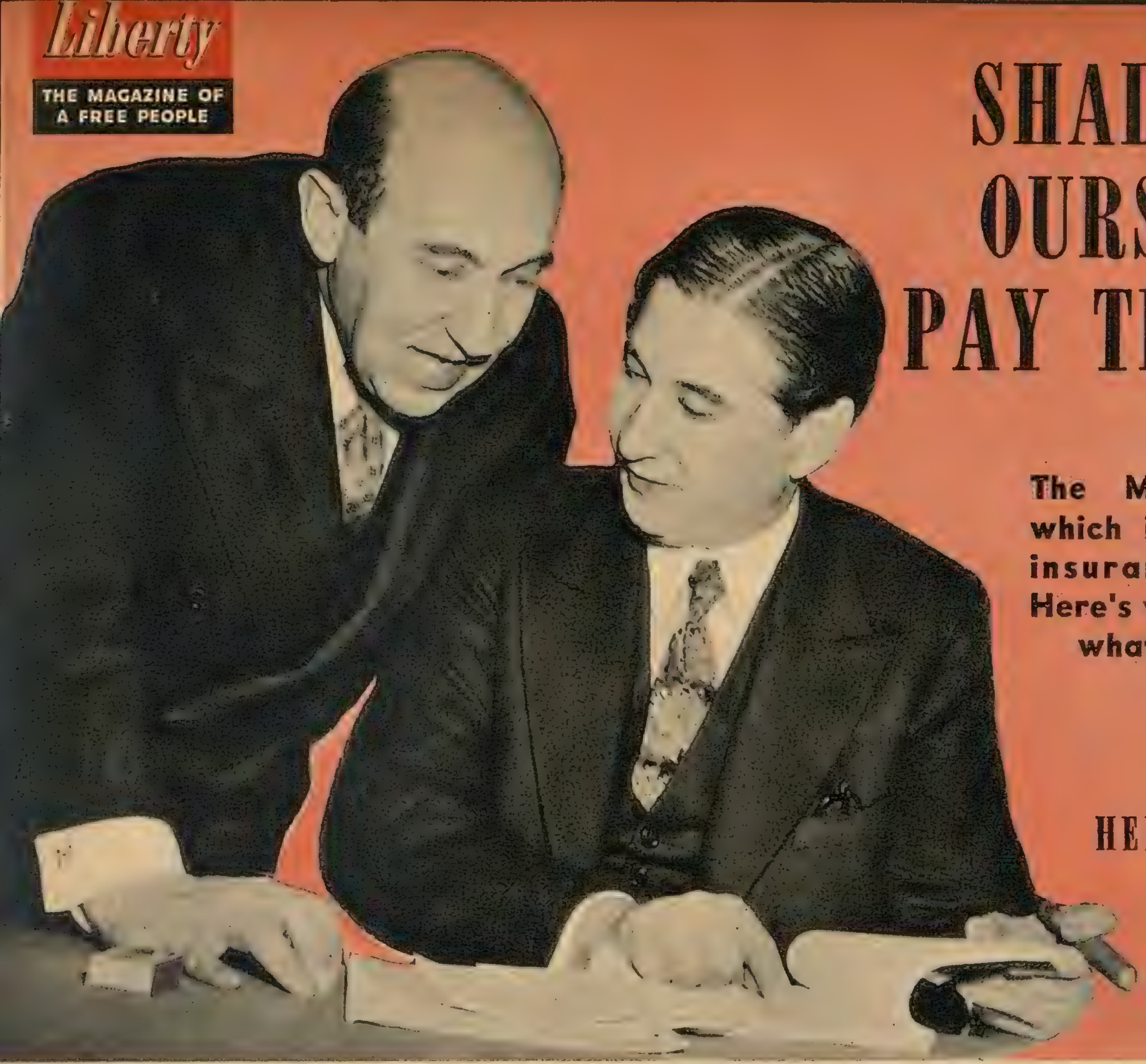
It will be some time before all who want service can get it. We'd like those who must wait to know that we shall continue to do everything possible to shorten that time.

"GIVE 7 TO 10 TO THE SERVICE MEN"

and help their night-time Long Distance calls from the camps get through quicker to the folks at home.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



SHALL WE TAX OURSELVES TO PAY THE DOCTOR?

The Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill, which includes compulsory health insurance, is before Congress. Here's what it is, what it costs, and what you'll get if it's passed

BY

HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

HARRIS AND EWING PHOTO

Senator Murray (right) is for health insurance, but A. M. A.'s Dr. Fishbein is not,

COMPULSORY national health insurance, soon to be voted upon by Congress, has whipped up a storm of words in the press, on the air, and from speakers' platforms across the country. Circulars for and against it pour from copy specialists' typewriters. Pamphlets condemning it come free with packages of pills at the corner drugstore. Thousands of newspapers and periodicals from Maine to California praise or lambaste it every week.

Compulsory national health insurance is the most revolutionary feature of the new Social Security bill written by Senators James E. Murray and Robert F. Wagner and Representative John D. Dingell. The law, if passed, will affect 110,000-000 of us right in the pocketbook, and will make our present Social Security tax look like peanuts. It will subtract a yearly maximum of $180 from the worker's pay envelope, as compared with the present maximum of $30, and a like amount from the employer. Of course, not many would pay the maximum, since three fourths of us make less than $3,000.

In return, this more expensive Americanized version of Britain's proposed cradle-to-the-grave insurance will protect us against the financial hazards of practically everything unexpected except toothache. It will provide compulsory insurance for unemployment, temporary illness, permanent disability, old-age retirement, and medical expenses.

Nine years ago the country's first general social security law went into effect. Congress well remembers the fight that preceded its enactment. But in those nine years we have come to like the idea. It guarantees a worker an income when he's down and out, a roof over his head, something in the pantry, and a few of the pleasures of decent living in his old age. That is, it assures all these *if* he doesn't get sick and run up a mountain of bills. But sudden illness, accidents, and permanent disability are still the biggest ifs in the economic life of the individual or the family today.

Under the present Social Security law the workers pay in 1 per cent and the employers an average 4 per cent (1 per cent for old-age and survivor's insurance, 3 per cent for unemployment, with slight variations by states). Under the new bill the tax would be universal, and worker and employer each would pay in 6 per cent of all wages up to $3,000.

The 6-per-cent tax would afford the worker seven benefits not now covered: weekly payments, up to twenty-six weeks in any one year, when he is ill and unable to work; twelve weeks of maternity benefits for married women workers; full Social Security credit for men and women in the services from the time of enlistment or drafting; full Social Security benefits for a large group of workers not now covered—domestics, farm hands, professionals, workers in nonprofit institutions, and the self-employed (the self-employed would pay 7 per cent instead of 6 per cent, and the government would make up the balance); permanent disability payments equal to old-age benefits (permanently disabled persons now receive no benefits until they reach retirement age, sixty-five); old-age retirement for women at the age of sixty instead of sixty-five; complete medical care and complete hospital care up to thirty days in a year for the worker and his dependents (his wife and unemployed children under eighteen).

In addition, the proposed law allows a uniform twenty-six-week unemployment compensation; increases minimum old-age benefits from $10 to $20 a month; increases the maximum (family) benefit from $85 to $120 a month; and grants additional aid to states needing financial help in caring for the blind, aged, orphaned, and others not covered by Social Security.

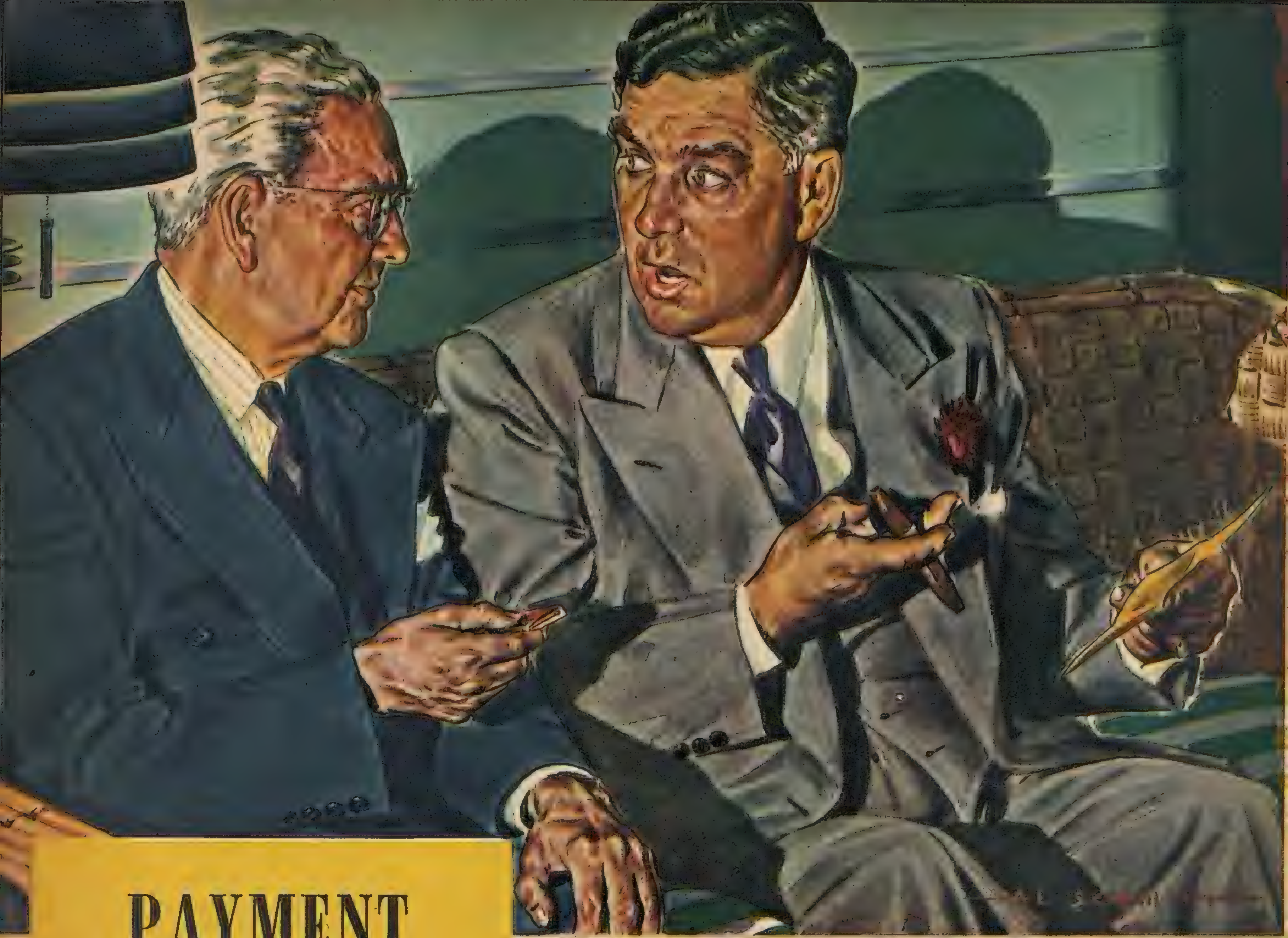
There haven't been very loud objections to most of these provisions. But the one for national compulsory health insurance has brought the opposition to its feet shouting. It is as touchy an issue as any to come up in an election year. It is a party bill, for the Roosevelt administration was the first to introduce general Social Security.

Just what is this plan for health insurance, and how would it work? Briefly, 1½ per cent of the wage earner's 6-per-cent Social Security tax would go into the national health insurance fund, and his employer would match it with the same amount. This means that the worker would turn over from a few cents to $3.75 a month for complete medical care and complete hospital care, up to thirty days a year, for himself and dependents. At present the wage earner pays out an average of 4 per cent of his income in doctor bills if he is in the "middle" income group, and roughly 5 per cent if he is in the low-income brackets. If he is in the low-low brackets, the state—meaning the taxpayer—pays his bills.

Is compulsory national health insurance desirable or necessary in this country?

Opponents, who call it "Communistic" and "un-American," believe it is not. They contend that doctors have always taken care of the poor willingly, and that other low-income families are free to take advantage of existing private health and

(Continued on page 53)



Hippinstall said, "Walt's lost and yet you're here fighting for Bob—"

PAYMENT IN FULL

BY WILLIAM TUNBERG

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

A life hung in the balance when Dr. Kennedy reversed the diagnosis, and the battle he fought and won for a friend brought more than its own reward

FOR a moment Dr. Kennedy sat in his car, stealing a bit of rest before entering his house. It had been a difficult day. Seven major operations, with consultations sandwiched between—it was no wonder he felt drained of all energy.

Wearily he regarded the house. It looked neat and homelike with its white paint and green window shutters, and before the Army had taken his son Walt and the other younger doctors, coming home had meant some respite from work. He sighed. Tonight the parlor would be crowded with patients whose aches and pains hadn't been grave enough for treatment earlier in this busy day, and he would be fortunate if he could eat dinner before nine or ten o'clock.

As he pushed out of the car he saw Mrs. Higbee, his housekeeper, standing anxiously in the service doorway, her ample figure outlined by the light from the kitchen, and he knew immediately that he was later than usual.

Squaring his wide shoulders, he strode briskly along the drive and took the steps to the back porch two at a time. He smiled into her plump, distressed face and said with forced cheerfulness:

"I'm hungry. The kitchen certainly smells good—"

Mrs. Higbee wasn't fooled. "Land sakes!" she exclaimed, her sharp glance upon his rumpled white hair and wrinkled suit. "You look ready to drop." She led the way inside, clucking over her shoulder, "No hat, no overcoat. You'll—"

"I know," he finished her sentence: "catch my death of cold."

"A man your age working like a plow horse—you'll have a stroke some day."

The dark consistency of her pessimism tickled his sense of humor. He grinned.

"If I do, it won't surprise you. You've been predicting it for thirty years. Any mail today?"

She shook her head dejectedly. "Nothing from Walt. I'm getting worried—"

"Nonsense. Probably we'll hear tomorrow." He motioned toward the door of his office. "Are there many waiting?"

"Too many. Mayor Hippinstall's there."

"Mayor Hippinstall," he echoed, and became silent. The mayor's presence was unexpected, considering the coolness which had been between them ever since that wild and stormy day, nearly a year ago, when the rampaging river had washed out the new bridge. The accident had happened because Hippinstall had cheapened the construction of the bridge in order to line his own pockets with taxpayers' money. Despite the fact that Hippinstall had been his patient, lying helpless in a hospital bed, he had denounced the mayor and threatened him with exposure to the people of Oakdale unless he mended his greedy ways.

"I wonder what he wants," Dr. Kennedy mused aloud.

HE counted the people in the room: two mothers soberly maneuvering a pair of children out of mischief; four men in working clothes; and Mayor Hippinstall, well-tailored and occupying the most comfortable chair.

"Hello," he said. "Sorry I had to keep you waiting. Who's first?"

Hippinstall, short, blocky, and florid, arose and thrust out a hand. "Orin Johnson's first, as usual," he said with a hearty laugh. "He heads the line every place—but I resent it most at the barbershop."

Johnson got to his feet. He shot a humorless glance at the mayor, and said defensively to Dr. Kennedy, "You told me to come in today."

"I did," Dr. Kennedy said. "How's the arm?"

"Acts fine."

"We'll take a look to make sure."

AN hour later only Hippinstall remained in the office. He seemed unruffled by the long wait.

"Well, Joe," Dr. Kennedy said, "haven't seen you since we got rid of that tumor."

"And the bridge as well," the mayor added, smiling.

"You look healthy and sound healthy," Dr. Kennedy went on. "Is this a professional or political visit?"

"Neither. It's social. I'm a happy man, doc. I'm at peace with the world."

Dr. Kennedy laughed. "In that case, how about dinner?"

"Let's see," the mayor ruminated. "This is the wife's late day at the canteen, so we'll have leftovers. Yes, if it won't be too much trouble."

When the meal was over, the mayor settled back and fired up a cigar. "Doc, I might as well come out with it. I came here to bury the hatchet."

"By all means—if you're still toting it around."

"I was angry," Hippinstall admitted, "mainly because you were right and I was wrong. Then I got to thinking. You could have exposed me and ruined my career, but you gave me a break. Then, with Bob such a good kid, going off to war, and the wife so brave about it—well—it makes a man see more clearly—"

"Bob and a lot of others we used to think of as irresponsible youngsters are doing a great job. We parents have a lot to live up to."

His eyes were distant as he thought of Walt, a captain in the Medical Corps, stationed somewhere in the European zone of war. Walt faced death daily to ease the suffering and save the lives of countless boys like Bob. It was a fine thing, in accordance with the best in a medical man's code, and he wouldn't have it otherwise. But Dr. Kennedy wished for a letter. It had been so long since the last one—three months. . . .

The mayor's voice took on an oddly gentle tone: "Doc, Bob's coming home."

"Great! No wonder you're happy."

"His train's due tomorrow, at noon. He made a point of wanting to see you—"

"Walt and Bob have always been close," Dr. Kennedy said. "I won't disappoint him."

The mayor became hesitant. "One more thing, doc. Bob was wounded, a bad leg injury, he wrote. I suppose he's in good shape now. I don't know. Would it be too hard on him to ask a few others, some of the boys down at the City Hall?"

"I don't think Bob'll mind—as long as you don't invite the town band."

The mayor snorted in laughter, once more his jovial self. He stood up and clapped Dr. Kennedy on the back.

"This visit's done me good. I'll be seeing you at the station."

After the mayor had gone, Dr. Kennedy remained quiet, listening to the hydraulic sounds from the kitchen. Mrs. Higbee was a noisy dishwasher, but tonight he was grateful for it. The clatter was a comforting reminder of another person in this house. It helped him control that host of fear pictures which had superimposed increasingly over well-loved memories with each day of Walt's long silence.

Suddenly the doorbell rang, and with its sharp summons the noise in the kitchen ceased. The bell rang again, and he rose from his chair just as Mrs. Higbee, drying her hands on her apron, shouldered through the swinging door.

"I'll get it," he said. "Probably Joe Hippinstall's forgotten something."

"If it's another patient, I'll—"

Her sentence expired in mid-air as he opened the door to a Western Union boy. Without a word Dr. Kennedy accepted a telegram, handed a coin to the boy. A tip of the cap and the boy ran down the front path to his bicycle.

Dr. Kennedy tore the envelope and read: "THE WAR DEPARTMENT REGRETS TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON, MAJOR WALTER KENNEDY, JR., M. C., IS MISSING IN ACTION."

Feet wide apart, he stood there like an ancient tree beset by a surprise storm. The lines deepened in his face, and he looked each one of his seventy years. He stared out the still open door with eyes that saw nothing.

Walt is gone. Walt is gone. The single thought emerged from a welter of thoughts and repeated itself. Recovering somewhat, he refused to believe it. Walt couldn't be gone; this was all a mistake. Walt was a captain, not a major—this ghastly message was intended for someone else. With dry, shocked eyes he re-examined the words. Walter Kennedy . . . missing in action. . . .

"Dr. Kennedy!" Mrs. Higbee's alarmed call penetrated his consciousness. He stared at her as if she were a stranger.

"Walt's been promoted to major," he said.

She snatched the telegram, read it, and emitted a stricken cry.

Remembrances, all poignant now, came into his mind, random pictures of many youngsters, all of them Walt. He saw a sturdy lad playing baseball in a school yard; and a youngster—tall, excited, and shy—escorting Candy Carter to the high-school prom. Another boy, arm broken in a football game, was enduring the pain without a whimper because his father explained each move in the setting of it. . . . Then there was a young man on graduation day, eager yet serious, receiving the M. D. degree. . . . There was a young doctor, rising to the exactions of his first operation; and still another doctor, agonizing over the first loss of a patient. . . . And, at last, there was an officer, saying good-by with a smile. . . . *I've lost my son,* he thought, *and now nothing matters. . . .*

The doctor was aware of great tension.

Mrs. Higbee's sorrow, verging on hysteria, claimed his attention. She was face-down on the couch, the telegram on the floor. Dr. Kennedy went over and lifted her to a sitting position.

"Mrs. Higbee, you mustn't—" he began. He picked up the telegram and put it out of sight in his pocket.

"He was like my own," she wailed. "Ever since his mother passed away—"

"Grief doesn't help him, or you." Desperately he searched for solace to give her, and said hollowly, "He's not dead, or they would have said so—"

"Missing," she sobbed; "it means the same thing."

He talked on and on, in tones of hope he did not feel, speaking of Walt's courage and resourcefulness and other qualities which would keep him safe from harm. At last Mrs. Higbee stopped crying, and, to his astonishment, Dr. Kennedy discovered that he had regained control of himself. He gave Mrs. Higbee a sedative and sent her to bed.

He returned to the parlor and sat down, enumerating, as if they were a string of precious jewels, the reasons why Walt was alive. Then he fell into an exhausted sleep, legs sprawled on a footstool, arms dangling over the sides of the chair.

THE chill of early morning awakened him unpleasantly. He sat up, stretching stiff muscles, and recalled the shocking news about Walt.

He went into the kitchen and made a pot of strong coffee. As he drank it he told himself that the very term "missing" was inconclusive; at the worst it meant Walt was so busy he had neglected to report back to base. The boy had never been strong on routine. Dr. Kennedy remembered the big flood of several years ago. Walt had made no reports then, and for a few days the authorities had listed him among those drowned. But Walt had come back, just as he would this time.

The telephone rang and, welcoming the interruption, Dr. Kennedy answered it.

"Doc," came Joe Hippinstall's agitated voice, "I need you right away. I'll be by to pick you up in five minutes."

"Not so fast, Joe. Begin at the beginning. What's happened?"

"They took Bob off the train at Lakeside. He's in the local hospital, down with meningitis. I don't know those Lakeside doctors. You've got to come."

Dr. Kennedy packed his instrument case and looked in on Mrs. Higbee, who was still sleeping heavily. The sight of her, features so plainly ravaged by grief, stirred compassion in him. He sat down to write a comforting note.

"Dear Mrs. Higbee," his pencil raced across the paper, "Walt is safe, I'm sure. Remember when he went off to war, you and I took on a job. It's our duty to maintain the health of the people here, to keep up the practice so Walt will have it when he comes home—"

The pencil stopped and Dr. Kennedy frowned. The note read like an inept sermon, all sweetness and light. It would serve only to heighten Mrs. Higbee's sorrow, and she felt bad enough as it was. He tore up the note and wrote another, a simple statement of his whereabouts, ending with a request to refer all emergency cases to Dr. Davenport at the Oakdale Hospital.

IT was nearly noon when they arrived at the tiny Lakeside Hospital.

Dr. Kennedy grasped Hippinstall's arm firmly as they entered the compact neatly tiled lobby. At one side was the Admittance Office, where a girl was on duty behind a telephone switchboard.

"Careful, Joe," said Dr. Kennedy as he

(*Continued on page 65*)

HITLER'S SECRET WEAPONS

BY WILLIAM van NARVIG

The Nazi talk of new weapons of destruction hasn't all been bluff, but they fall short because the Allies gum the works. Here's how they do it

EVER since the outbreak of the war Adolf Hitler has threatened destruction of his enemies by means of "secret weapons." There were veiled references to such instruments of destruction in every one of his speeches during the heyday of his war oratory, especially when he addressed himself to England. Eventually even the German General Staff, perhaps the most reticent body in the world on the subject of military secrets, was made to join the chorus of intimidation. In November, 1943, a General Staff spokesman declared that science has reached a point where "half the world can be blown to smithereens."

As the war years passed without an unveiling of the dreaded secret weapons, in spite of grave German reverses, public opinion in Allied countries came to look upon this talk as just so much propaganda designed to gain by Nazi bluff what could no longer be achieved by force of arms.

Allied military circles took a different attitude. It was their responsibility to win the war. Anything even remotely likely to interfere with this aim had to be dealt with. So it became one of the principal tasks of the Allied intelligence services to track down every rumor about a secret weapon. Whenever such a rumor was substantiated, immediate steps were taken either to counteract these new weapons or to deal crushing blows to the sources essential to their mass production and usefulness.

Air reconnaissance has been of prime importance in tracking down these rumors, many of which are planted by the Nazis themselves for propaganda or camouflage purposes. Allied air reconnaissance definitely established that the Luftwaffe had a considerable number of jet-propelled planes many months before these were sent into action. It also verifies the location of production centers, frequently hidden, where espionage reports the manufacture or assembly of new, unconventional weapons.

Even in a rigidly controlled police state like the German Reich, secrecy surrounding the manufacture of new types of weapons can be maintained effectively only during the inventive and experimental processes. As soon as the new weapon is put into mass production its existence ceases to be a secret.

The intelligence services of the Allies have managed to keep a small but effectively functioning espionage system in Germany. Competent Allied military observers are stationed in near-by neutral countries such as Switzerland and Sweden. Almost half of the Reich's munitions workers today are imported foreigners and many of them can be induced to talk under certain conditions.

Moreover, the new weapons aren't kept within the confines of the Reich itself. They are primarily intended for use on the various battle fronts on foreign soil. Thus the weapons go to huge storage depots in the occupied countries for use at the proper moment. And the underground sees to it that the Allied staffs get at least a partial low-down.

An R. A. F. fighter slashes across the sky in pursuit of a flying bomb, which it downed.

German scientists are guided by two principal considerations in their quest for new weapons. After Stalingrad, the German General Staff recognized that the waging of offensive war was beyond Germany's means; so its primary efforts have been directed toward creating a core of German resistance strong enough to withstand assaults from without. It demanded of German science the creation of new *defensive* weapons—weapons that would tend to discourage enemy attacks on what the General Staff hoped to preserve as a German bastion of cumulative strength.

The second consideration is the conservation of German manpower. The misdirected war on Russia cut deeply into the Nazis' human resources, so the General Staff demanded the invention of new weapons suitable for the conduct of a robot type of war.

In their endeavor to develop weapons that would discourage enemy assaults, especially from the sea, where Germany is weakest, the Germans engaged in a hunt for new powerful explosives. Here the occupation of Norway paid dividends.

Before the war Norway had several specialized electrochemical plants, the most important at Rjukan. These plants were devoted to the production, on a small scale, of heavy hydrogen water which, added to other chemicals, holds the secret of radically new developments in the industrial and medical spheres. Heavy hydrogen water can also be made to serve direct war purposes. As part of a secret chemical formula, it provides a new explosive of a powerfully destructive force.

As soon as the Nazis occupied Norway they extended the Rjukan plant to many times its peacetime capacity and proceeded with the construction of other such plants. Allied authorities were kept informed of these developments through the Norwegian underground, and in March, 1943, a raiding party of Norwegian patriots, trained in England, parachuted into the region of Rjukan. A few days later a large part of the Rjukan plant blew up and the Nazi war effort received a considerable setback.

In their effort to conserve their dwindling supply of natural and synthetic gasoline, the Nazis adapted the jet-propulsion principle to certain types of fighter planes. The first intimation that Germany was building jet-propulsion planes in considerable numbers was obtained by Allied air reconnaissance. The exhaust vents of jet-propelled planes leave a pair of distinguishing black smudges on the runways. No way has yet been found to remove these revealing smudges in short order.

Allied intelligence sources ferreted out the locations of Nazi factories engaged in the construction and assembly of jet-propulsion planes, and during the third week in February a strong U. S. bomber force pounded the vicinity of Oschersleben intensively. Likewise, during the second week of April, U. S. bombers flew as far as East Prussia and dropped a heavy bomb load on a concentrated target in the vicinity of Marienburg. While the airplane factories were largely of underground construction and expertly camouflaged, Allied observers returned with aerial photographs showing considerable destruction. Thus kinks were put into another of Hitler's secret weapons.

The Nazis have made considerable progress in the development of robot planes, armored vehicles, and missiles, but this progress has come rather late. The radio-guided glider bomb was the first such device effectively employed. Built like a small plane, the glider bomb is released from a mother plane circling at great height and is guided to its objective by an operator in the mother plane. Early in the Italian campaign a raid by Nazi air squadrons equipped with these glider bombs caused untold damage to Allied shipping in the harbor of Bari. Likewise, glider bombs sank the Italian battleship Roma while on her way to surrender to the Allies.

However, operation by remote radio control is unreliable. Once the opposing forces know its workings, they can employ counteractive radio beams to interfere with it. A glider bomb can be made to "buck up" and change its course away from the intended target. Thus the Allies hold the answer to this one in Hitler's arsenal of secret weapons.

The remote-controlled tank loaded with explosives, which our soldiers have nicknamed the "doodlebug," tended to inspire fear when it was first used by the Nazis in Italy. But it did not take long to find an effective countermeasure, and the doodlebugs were exploded harmlessly. During the Normandy invasion our engineers found ways to round up scores of doodlebugs without bothering to blow them up.

The Nazis also are known to have experimented with a dislocator—a machine originally brought into the field as a prospective defense weapon against aircraft. Operating on the principle of wireless power transmission, it was to disable a flying plane by inductive action on its electric parts. But this action, unless improvements have been introduced recently, stops at 12,000 feet and is impracticable against high-flying bombers.

According to a newspaper report at the time of the Normandy invasion, the electrical system of one of our destroyers was rendered useless by an alien influence and, as a consequence, the destroyer was sunk by enemy action. It is possible that a dislocator was used. If so, it must have been stationed along the portion of beach immediately occupied by our forces, because no further developments along these lines were reported. In that event the workings of the dislocator, and how to counteract them, are no longer a secret to our side.

THE secret weapon on which the Germans have been led to build their fondest hopes is the Wunderwaffe (wonder weapon), or Wuwa. This pilotless plane, or flying bomb, according to the Nazi view, would cause such destruction and fright that the Allies would settle for a compromise peace. It was put into use in June, and in July, Prime Minister Churchill acknowledged the seriousness of the robot-bomb threat in his first announcement of casualties. But the Allies already were meeting it with various countermeasures; were subjecting the launching installations in France to terrific bombing, and were destroying many of the robot bombs in the air by antiaircraft and fighter-plane fire.

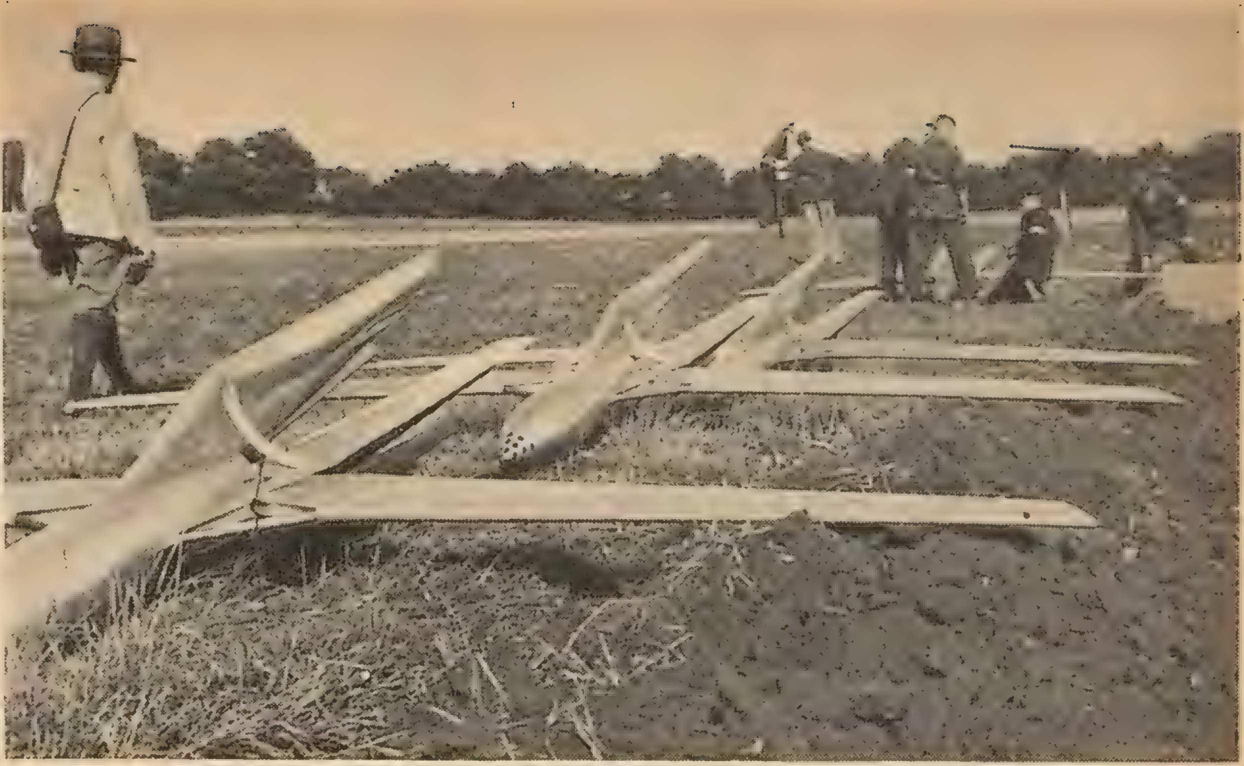
The inside story of the Wuwa starts in 1940. When Göring's Luftwaffe failed to prostrate England, Hitler summoned Erich Mueller, called by some the Todesengel (Angel of Death), and commanded him to devise a weapon that would compel the "gottverdammten Engländer" to pay heed to the Führer's wishes.

Mueller, whose name does not appear in reference books and who is known to very few Germans, was appointed Betriebsführer of the Krupp works by Hitler late in 1934, shortly after the blood purge. He is described as a short, heavy-set man with sparse dark-blond hair and a high, striking forehead. He made it a point never to appear at public gatherings and dealt directly with the late Major General Fritz Todt (making the sobriquet, Todesengel, doubly appropriate), and later with Todt's successor, Dr. Alfred Speer, Reich Minister of Armaments and Munitions.

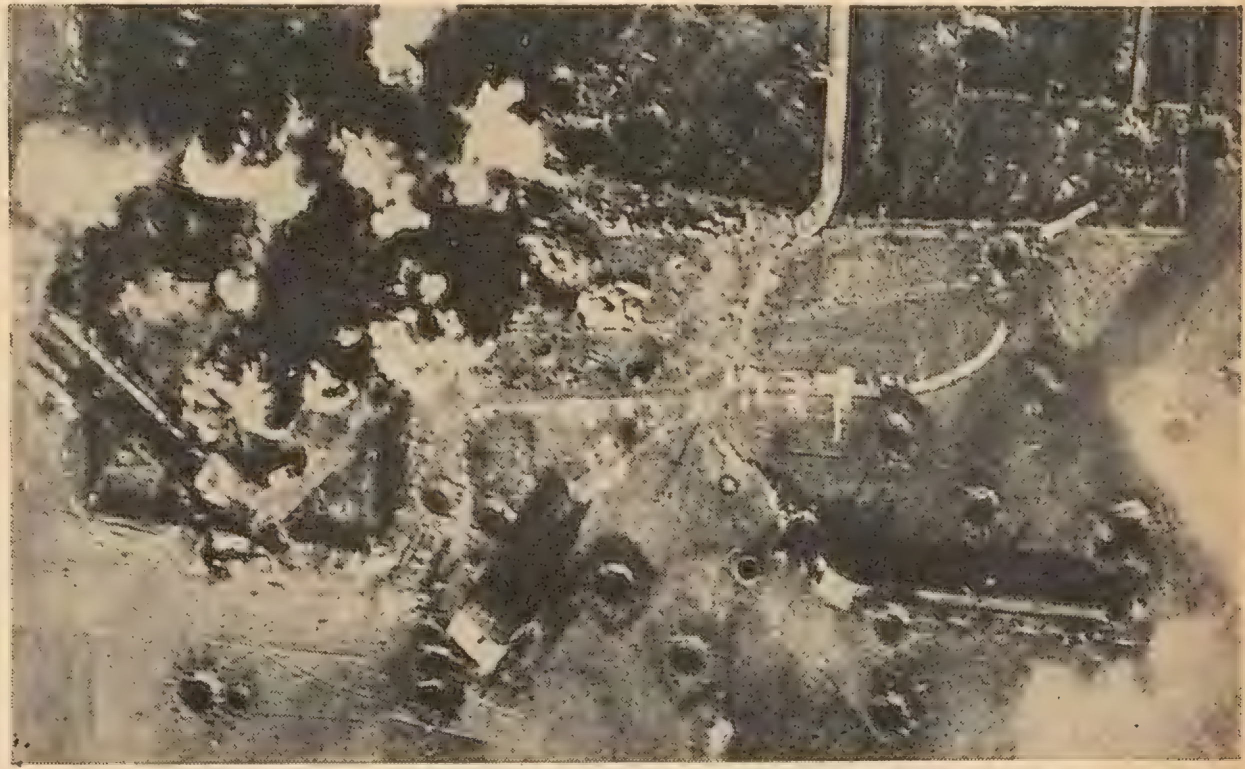
Mueller and a number of associates busied themselves in a bombproof subterranean work shop at Krupp's in Essen, and for many months there were only vague rumors of their activities. These rumors had it that Mueller was working on a "caliberless cannon—a gigantic gun without rifling, equipped with a device that lent a shell twice the velocity it was given by a conventional gun."

Eventually Mueller and his men transferred their activity to new laboratories adjacent to a specially designed proving-ground. These were located near Peenemünde on the Baltic island of Usedom. The entire shore line of Usedom, from Wolgast to Swinemunde, was heavily guarded, to insure secrecy.

The first practical application of the Wuwa came on the Russian front. Beginning in the early summer of 1943, besieged Leningrad was subjected to intermittent bombardment with a new type of missile which caused great damage in the former capital of the Czars. At the time, the new missile was described as consisting of a triple-chambered rocket with stabilizing



This picture, smuggled from the Reich a couple of years ago, shows a line-up of rocket gliders, an earlier secret weapon that fizzled.



The Allies are meeting the menace of Germany's flying bomb by hitting the hockey-stick-shaped launching ramps before missiles are loosed.

PHOTOS FROM ACME, BRITISH INFORMATION

Our engineers soon made harmless toys of the "doodlebugs," remote-controlled tanks sent against us in Italy and in Normandy.

fins or wings. It carried a 400-kilogram explosive charge of "uraniated" liquid air (implying the use of heavy hydrogen water) and a 300-kilogram charge of propelling fluid consisting of C_2O_2 and picric acid. The third chamber contained a radioactive salt in fusion with a mercury detonator. The initial propelling velocity of the Wuwa is sufficient to throw the missile some three to four miles; then the autopropulsive charge takes effect. Later, the Nazis started producing Wuwa missiles of varying size and velocity.

Hitler came soon to regret his experimental use of the Wuwa against Leningrad. The highly effective Russian espionage system ferreted out the secret of Erich Mueller's laboratories on Usedom and advised the Western Allies. In August, 1943, Peenemünde and Usedom were hit by a devastating Allied air raid that caught the Nazi defenses completely off guard. It was known that Mueller's elaborate testing grounds had suffered great damage. An unconfirmed report had it that Mueller himself was killed during the raid. At that time, however, the Wuwa and its winged missiles were already in mass production in new subterranean factories in many parts of the Reich.

The pay-off came a few months later. Largely to forestall any further devastation of Leningrad from Wuwa bombardment, the Russians launched their highly successful northern offensive which threw the Nazis back into Estonia. In the course of this action the Russians came upon partly destroyed Wuwa installations, and the cat was out of the bag. So enraged was Hitler over this development that he immediately relieved Field Marshal von Küchler, commander in chief of the northern group of armies, of his command.

IT did not take the Allied staffs long to figure out that the Wuwa was intended primarily for use against England. For some time Allied air reconnaissance had observed vastly increased German building activity along the Flanders coast, and now it was obvious that the Nazis were busy erecting bombproof subterranean Wuwa installations throughout the area. For weeks the so-called "rocket coast" was subject to all-out Allied air bombardment. Otherwise, the Wuwa bombardment of southern England which the Nazis finally launched during the third week of June might have been much more devastating. It might even have played havoc with the Allied invasion fleet.

Thanks to information from Russia, the Western Allies also knew what strategic materials are essential for Wuwa mass production. In the second week of March strong U. S. bomber formations subjected the Eckener ball-bearing works near Berlin to a smashing daylight precision assault. Diplomatic pressure was brought to bear on Sweden to stop the export of ball bearings to Germany. Factories in Gotha known to produce gyroscopes for Wuwa missiles were bombed intensively. Pressure was exerted on Spain and Portugal to cut Germany's principal supply of wolfram.

There is evidence that the Nazis are seeking to apply remote radio control to the Wuwa. On May 15 a German projectile closely resembling the Wuwa crashed in southern Sweden. Apparently it had strayed out of control of its guiding radio beam. It carried two spherical mines filled with concrete—evidence that the missile was engaged in an experimental flight. There are reports that the Nazis are adapting the Wuwa principle to their U-boat warfare. The missile landed in Sweden may be a clue in this direction.

(Continued on page 55)

WILL-O'-THE-WISP WEBSTER

An engrossing story of the Solomons, and an unsung native hero who risked his life to give the Japs something to shoot at—a target they never expected

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY CAPTAIN ROYAL F. MUNGER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

LONG ago, when missionaries first came to the Solomon Islands, they ran a considerable chance of being made into either a roast or a fricassee.

But now the shoe is on the other foot. Grim patrols of armed men, ready to shoot on sight, haunt every jungle trail. The Japanese have demonstrated their instant readiness to massacre every living soul in a village if a single member of the tribe is caught aiding a white man. And when the Jap turns to massacre and destruction, the results are not pretty.

In this jungle warfare a muscular savage armed with a two-foot knife and wearing a G string, instead of dominating all he surveys, is as helpless as a child. His poisoned arrows are helpless against a Browning automatic, and his naked body would be cut to shreds by a single sweep of bullets from a tommy gun. He lives by sufferance, and knows it only too well.

Because of this, Webster looked around cautiously before he came out on the open beach to gather oysters from the mangrove roots at low tide. Webster's native name was N'gamba, but a missionary had called him Webster at the mission school, and he wore the title as proudly as his father had worn a piece of human bone skewered through the cartilage of his nose.

Before daylight Webster had left his "black Mary" and a dimpled little baby in a tiny palm-leaf hut hidden in a dense bit of jungle high on the side of the extinct volcano that made the core of the island. As he went, he had brushed out his tracks with a broom of ferns, until even he could see no sign of his trail in the soft jungle loam.

He hefted the machete in his hand appreciatively. It was an Army model, a gift from the Americans for burying a fallen scout and marking the grave with the man's steel helmet atop a rough wooden cross. He had done the thing just as a sort of taboo, to carry out the mission teaching, but the machete was worth a month's pay. And, better than the big knife, the members of the American patrol on the other side of the island had smiled at him in friendship and spoken to him as an equal.

But the presence of the Americans a day's journey across the island was no guaranty of safety here; quite the contrary, for the Japanese must be somewhere not too far away. As he packed the shellfish in his palm-leaf basket, his carved ebony muscles were tight with alertness, his ear was attuned to the slightest of jungle noises, and his nostrils kept sniffing the air with a scent as keen as that of a bird dog. To seaward, the golden sunshine danced on the surface of the still lagoon and the green palm trees of the island were mirrored, inverted, on the shining surface.

What he heard to give him the alarm, he could hardly have told himself. Perhaps a twig snapped somewhere in the jungle depths. Perhaps a palm frond had rustled more than it should in the faint breath of stirring air. Even the distant scent of spoiled rice and unwashed bodies may have reached him through the heavy moist air. Smoothly as a snake he slipped back from the beach, faded in among the vines and tree trunks, and began to glide back toward the mountains. His practiced eye chose automatically the spot for each step, and his bare feet made no sound as he set them down in the tangle of ferns.

Ahead of him he glimpsed a patch of brown uniform and a grayish wrapped legging. He swerved aside, went on his hands and knees the length of a fallen tree, and drifted like fading smoke through a festoon of looped and trailing vines. A rustle of dead fern directly in front turned him aside a second time, and the motion of a branch, pushed aside in passing, turned him yet again. The line seemed to be closing in toward the beach. He doubled swiftly back, dodged around a buttress of tree roots, and came face to face with a beady-eyed Japanese soldier, his cocked rifle held at the ready.

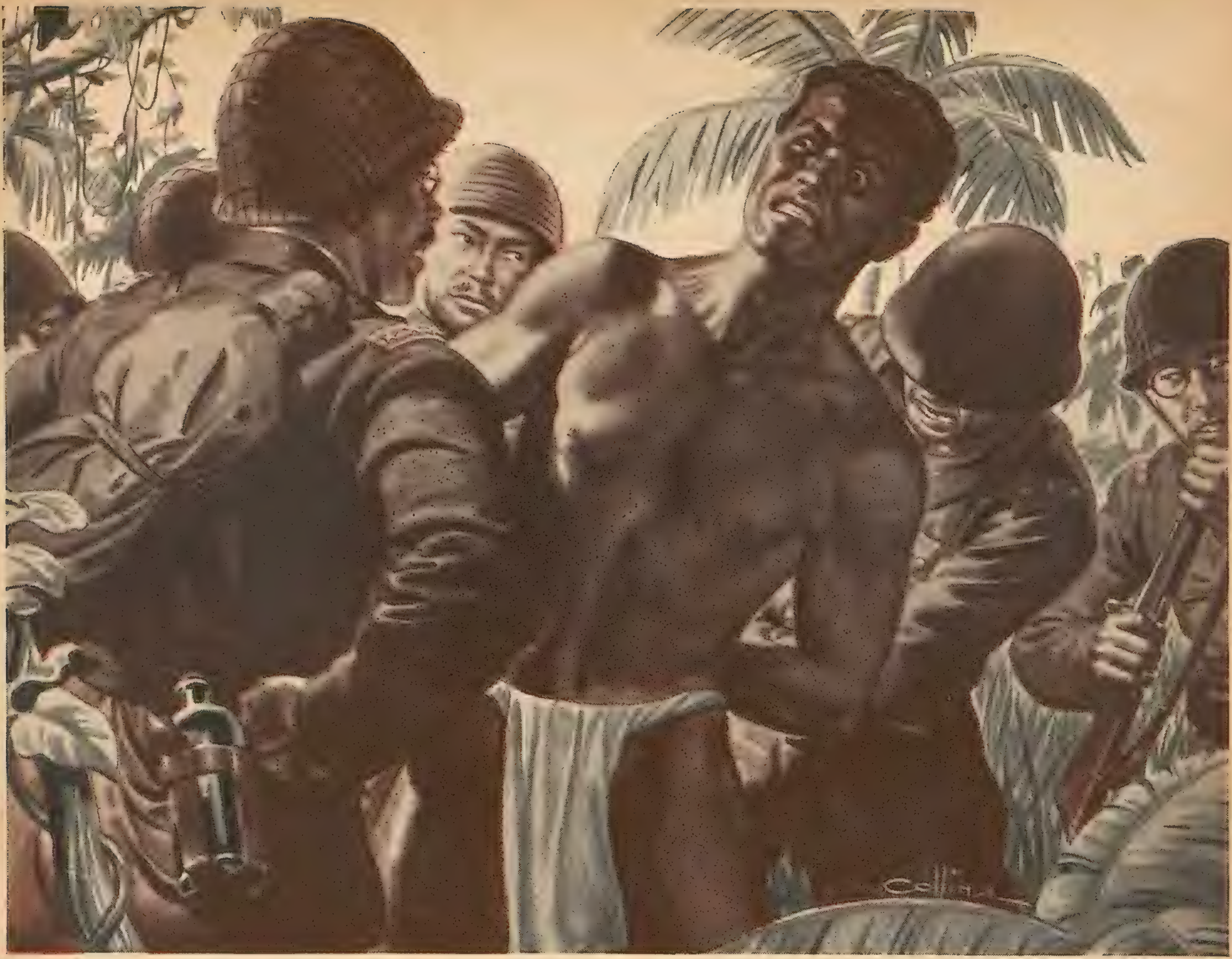
WEBSTER froze where he stood, and his ebony cheeks turned gray with fear as leaves whiten in a breeze. His mind raced back over his morning trail to try and remember if there had been any oversight by which he could be backtracked. Dumbly he heard the soldier's outcry and the rustle and crash of the patrol assembling. More and more of them came packing into the opening between the trees. There were sixty or seventy of them, muscular and stocky, with dull expressionless faces and eyes that held no hint of sympathy or mercy. His heart sank.

A soldier took Webster by the arm and twisted his wrist back in a hammer lock. Another soldier twisted his other arm behind him. A broad-shouldered little officer wearing eyeglasses pushed in front of him.

"White masta bilong marine he sitop?" he demanded curtly.

Webster nodded despairingly. He shivered, and the "U. S. A." on the handle of the machete dropped by his foot seemed to stand out in letters of fire. By an effort of will he kept from looking at it.

"Yupala wokabaut bring dispala masta place belong marine," directed the officer coolly. He drew his pistol and held it negligently pointing in the general direction of Webster's naked chest. Webster nodded agreement with a sickly smile, and with a little hesitation, looking at the of-



A soldier twisted Webster's wrist back in a hammer lock. Another twisted his other arm. A little officer pushed in front of him.

ficer, retrieved his machete as the soldiers released him.

A brief order to the trained troops, and the party was in motion. Webster led the way, flicking vines apart with a noiseless slash of his machete. Close behind him, stepping softly, came the Japanese officer and sergeant with drawn pistols. After they had passed almost out of sight, the rest of the platoon followed, single file, behind another sergeant, their rifles at the alert.

Usually Webster was not much given to thought. His senses brought in him a constant string of messages from the jungle; the growing heat of the day, the feel of the weather, the scent of growing things, the rustle of a palm frond, or the cry of a bird. His mind, under its thatch of frizzy hair, worked vaguely, like a camera slightly out of focus.

BUT today the images were sharp with the clarity of desperation. He saw the young marines, watching and listening according to the book, but unsuspecting for all that. He saw his black Mary, waiting in the jungle tangle high on the mountainside. He could see himself tortured and riddled with bullets, a crumpled bit of bloody flesh, decaying in the jungle as a procession of jungle ants methodically picked the bones white. He trembled uncontrollably, and the Japanese officer prodded him warningly with his pistol.

Without further hesitation, Webster led them directly inland, deep into the jungle and then uphill along the twisting bed of a watercourse. The slope grew steeper, and even Webster stopped with heaving chest. The two Japanese at his elbow were drenched with sweat. Then he led them on again, always climbing, crossed over a spur of the mountain, and down into another valley. The tree roots were slippery, and in the still jungle the hot moist air was like a steam bath. He hesitated, and began the ascent of the second spur. The Japanese officer watched him with the grim contempt of a man trained from babyhood to prefer suicide to capture.

As they all stopped, panting, halfway up the second ridge, Webster turned to the officer and laid his finger significantly across his lips in a sign for silence. Then, stealthy as a snake, picking the spot for each step, he led his two guards almost to the top of the ridge. Beckoning the officer, he rose slowly from his crouch. Just beyond the ferns of the ridge crest, they glimpsed the crown of an American steel helmet, its owner evidently sitting or lying in the ferns.

Instantly, Webster gestured the officer down and led him back with the same careful avoidance of even a rustle in the vines. Webster gestured forward with his arm in a sweeping motion. The officer nodded, the sergeant crept back, and faint woods noises showed that the Japanese were advancing deployed on each side of the trail.

As the line reached them, the officer made a sign for Webster to advance, but the black threw himself down on the ground, trembling in every limb. The Japanese half raised his pistol, thought better of it, and with his thumb directed a soldier to stand guard over the prostrate native. The line crept forward another ten yards. Webster raised himself on his hands, glared down an opening in the jungle, and pointed excitedly.

THE guard looked where he pointed, trying to penetrate the tricky shadows and half crouching against the unseen menace. He turned again just in time to see Webster fading into the jungle thirty yards away. The soldier whipped his rifle to his shoulder, but hesitated to wake the crashing echoes with a shot. He sprinted after the black, only to stop, baffled, in the breathless silence of the jungle.

At the ridge top, the officer barked a sharp command, and the line swept forward with a savage yell. Then it stopped, to cluster disgustedly at an oblong mound of earth, where a steel helmet, capping a rough wooden cross, marked the resting place of a marine whose last service to his fellows had been the final deception that made him a silent and unconscious sentry for their protection.

THE END

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Sneeze no more, my lady! A one-operation scratch test like this one finds your hay-fever allergy and the sure cure for it.

HAY FEVER GETS THE NEEDLE

BY PRISCILLA JAQUITH

IF you're one of the 5,000,000 Americans who annually suffer the torments of hay fever, here's good news: a new, swift, simple treatment. In ninety out of every hundred cases it banishes sneezes and sniffles without the countless hypodermic injections of older methods.

See what happened to eleven-year-old Johnny, a Chicago youngster who came down with hay fever last year. For weeks the family doctor hunted the cause, scratching Johnny's arm and rubbing into each scratch a drop of a different pollen extract. Johnny suffered all through the hay-fever season. Then he learned he was sensitive to twenty-one different pollens.

The doctor wrote for advice to Dr. Arthur F. Coca of Lederle Laboratories, the man who is largely responsible for putting the new technique into a family doctor's hands. Now, instead of being injected with twenty-one different pollens, Johnny is getting just one—ragweed's.

It all stems from the discovery, based on twenty years of medical research, that in this country all of the scores of hay-fever plants can be grouped into four families: ragweed; grass; pigweed and Russian thistle; and wormwood. If you are sensitive to the pollen of any plant, you can be cured by the antigen of that plant's family—the pollen poison which, injected, works to immunize the body. And if you live east of the Mississippi, you can disregard all but the ragweeds and grasses, the only hay-fever plants growing in that area. It's as simple as that.

But hay fever itself is far from simple. Let's take a look at this strange malady that strikes one out of every thirty of us every year.

Fifty years ago there were only 200,000 Americans who suffered from hay fever. But today it ranks first among all the nonfatal chronic diseases in the United States and afflicts 10,000 new victims every year.

It isn't really a fever and it's never caused by hay. It comes from tiny particles—pollens, dusts, kittens' fur, dandruff, or any of hundreds of other things—which to some people are as poisonous as a full-fledged influenza virus. Imagine yourself feeling as if stricken with flu, with sinus headaches and malarial chills thrown in. That is not at all an exaggeration of the torments of a severe hay-fever attack.

Not to be sneezed at is this good news for millions of hayfever sufferers—news of a new, swift, simple treatment to banish those agonizing harchews

Small wonder, then, that "hayers" will go to extremes to escape their affliction. Some lock themselves up in their homes, with doors and windows shut tight against the offending pollen. Others install expensive air conditioning. One mid-Western housewife wears a gas mask. It makes her look like an amiable English bulldog, but what does she care? She suffers less. A business man uses nose filters. They have a tiny silver connecting ring that loops between the nostrils. It's comfort he's after, not looks.

By far the greatest number of hayers, however, escape by simply running away. Every year thousands of them flock to the mountains of New Hampshire or Maine, the lake cities of the Midwest, or any place relatively free of the pollen infesting their home towns. Often, comrades in misery, they form clubs like the thirty-year-old Hay Fever Club of America. Its 3,000 members make Duluth, Michigan, their headquarters and meet there each summer to turn their affliction into pleasure with picnics, bridge parties, boating trips through the harbor, and as gay a round of social doings as any suburban country club.

Ten years ago one member, a Kansas City business man, put off his annual trip to Duluth a little too long. Came the pollens and he fled north in a refrigerator car, the only way he could avoid the clouds of yellow dust en route.

Real as these sufferings are, people who have never felt them are likely to regard hay fever as a joke. Perhaps that explains why practically all the research on hay fever has been done by doctors who were themselves its victims. In fact, it wasn't until a little London doctor, driven to action by his yearly bouts of sneezing, sat down one hot summer day in 1819 and carefully wrote down all his symptoms that medical men even recognized hay fever as a disease. That pioneer was John Bostock, and so exactly did he describe hay fever that even today doctors still follow his analysis in diagnosing your illness.

Dr. Bostock insisted that the disease was new and that its cause was sunshine. Not for fifty years was that theory exploded—and then only because the little son of a country doctor happened to pick a bouquet of grasses for the fireplace

(Continued on page 51)

"I DO"—BY APPOINTMENT

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

LONESOME? MEET NEW FRIENDS!
Refined ladies, gentlemen. All ages. Confidential! Dignified! Personal introductions!
Call in person . . . or write!
Open daily and Sunday, 1 to 9 P. M.
CONTACT CENTRE—Clara Lane, Consultant.

BLASE New Yorkers raised quizzical eyebrows when this advertisement appeared recently in public transportation vehicles. A matrimonial bureau permitted ad space in buses, trolleys, and Els? Out-and-out marriage marts in America (not to be confused with Lonely Hearts clubs) just don't get the off-hand acceptance accorded to the corner hamburger stand. Yet there was implied endorsement of this agency's integrity in the fact that its advertising was accepted in the city's transit systems.

The question arises, "How in heaven's name did they do it?"

Clara Lane's Contact Centre had flourished for almost four years before it started its present large-scale advertising. An estimated 7,500 happy (at any rate, married) couples in the East owe their conjugal state directly to Miss Lane's efforts. When the Contact Centre occupied only a tiny office on Forty-second Street, most of its clientele was solicited directly. Miss Lane checked off widows and widowers in the obituary columns, bought files on divorce cases, and wrote personal letters to prospective mate seekers

In time, the mimeograph machine came into play and poured forth cordial messages like this: "Dear Friend: My Social Introduction Series is for the purpose of introducing to you someone of the opposite sex who will fit into your social background and perhaps become a life companion," etc. In more cases than one might suspect, the messages provoked curiosity or interest.

Things began to happen. The Contact Centre took over the entire basement floor of a midtown hotel. It was a tough struggle for three years, but, says Miss Lane, "It was worth it. In my opinion anyone who furthers the state of matrimony is performing a social service as well as sponsoring one of the greatest blessings of humanity." The Contact Centre's tax returns, one might add, are a growing blessing to Washington.

Iowa-born Clara Lane, now in her late forties, keen and effervescent, was in an ideal position to gauge the importance of wedlock to the lonely. Before opening her marriage bureau, she was known for many years in "astrological and mystic circles." From Iowa to New York, from Paris to Athens, Madame Cassandra had her followers. Madame Cassandra and Clara Lane are one and the same.

The business of marrying other people off is not new perhaps, but the way Clara Lane does it makes news—and more business

As Madame Cassandra, astrologer, Clara Lane made several important discoveries. First, she found that ninety per cent of all her clients asked basically the same question: "When, how, and to whom am I going to get married?" Secondly, she discovered that she herself had developed a knack for judging men and women and sensing the kind of mates whom they would find congenial.

So, with a backlog of a couple of thousand dollars, Clara Lane tossed aside her astrological charts, to organize a matrimonial agency.

The business of marrying other people off, as Clara Lane realized, is not entirely new. The novelty involved in her venture is its type of clientele rather than its basic procedure.

In the Orient today it is still customary for respectable marriages to be prearranged, if possible, without any previous meeting of the engaged couple. Children of India are sometimes scheduled for marriage at the tender age of five. In Turkey, until recent times, the marriage vows themselves attested to the singular hazards of wedlock. "Will you take this woman as your wife, be she halt, lame, or blind?" was a question that a young Turk had to answer affirmatively, before even glimpsing his future life mate.

In Turkey, India, and throughout the Orient, however, the prearranging of marriages originated on a social, and not a business basis. Sometimes a friend of both families of the couple-to-be would broach the subject. The families would then meet, and eventually get down to brass tacks—or piasters, or rupees. Of course, the father of the bride paid, on the theory that he was getting off cheaply in not having to feed her any more.

The marriage broker first came into his own as a business man among the Jews of Europe. In countries like Poland and Russia, where the Jews were forbidden to congregate openly, normal social intercourse was greatly curtailed; so the *schad-*

(Continued on page 63)

Clara Lane takes a lot of the haphazardry out of romance and plays commercial Cupid in her busy marriage agency.

DAVE ROSENFELD

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

FOR the record, there is much laughter when Freddy Sandford (self) appears at various recruiting offices some time ago offering to shoulder a musket. This ribaldry is occasioned by the fact that I have title to a set of molars which would provoke titters in the Home for Aged and Decrepit Gentlewomen.

Howso, I strongly suspect that Gen. Hershey does not sleep so good after failing to unveil himself of the Sandford services. Not a nice thing on one's conscience, that. Anyhow, before long I read that they relax the dental requirements.

Ha, I think. It is now clear to Hershey that the general idea is not to bite the cupolas off the Palace of Heaven. So I give him another chance. And this time . . . low! The next thing Camp Anthony Wayne knows, it draws Sandford.

Well, one of the first acquaintanceships I make at camp is that of Top Sergeant Timothy Mullins. And in no time, Sergeant Mullins becomes my particular Betty Nora.

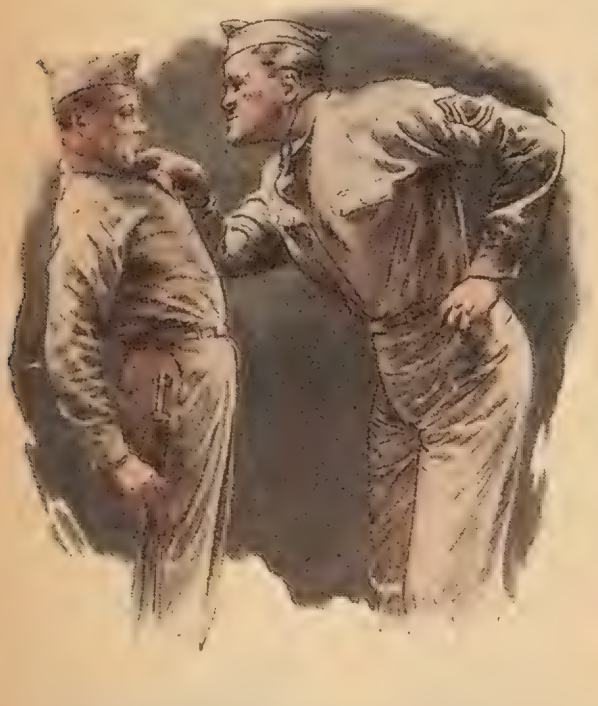
The fundamental trouble between me and the sergeant is that we disagree about how a war should be conducted.

Me, I take the broad outlook. The aim of this enterprise is to get to Berlin (plus Tokyo) with the least fuss and feathers. This—and I make my views clear around barracks—can best be accomplished by eschewing piddling details such as unbuttoned buttons, unshaven chins, shineless shoes, etc., and keeping the eye on the main objective. What boots has it, I maintain, if the Yanks march under them lindens in stocking feet, so long as they march?

But the sergeant cannot grasp the beautiful simplicity of this thinking. His red-tape mind concerns itself with trifles, like the above-mentioned buttons. A man of little or no vision, probably an office underthing in civil life. So, from the kickoff, Mr. Mullins and I are not in Rappaport, as the fella says.

Consequently, he sets out to make me the butt of jest.

"You!" he roars at drills. "You, a soldier? They sweep up the nursery and expect us to make a Army out of it. Attention, mister! Stan'-ona-ballsa-yer-feet! Stick-in-yer-chin! Wipe-off-'at-smile!" This and more, inexplicably amusing to my compatriots in the ranks.



So Sergeant Mullins and I are not in Rappaport, as the fella says.

I may add that Mr. Mullins owns a voice which probably startles residents of the Andaman Islands.

All of which brings me to this 5-day leave I get suddenly. And I am hurrying home to Shadow Orchard, N. Y., to see my girl, one Connie Parker.

Miss P. is something out of this world in blondes, with eyes that look like they were removed from the Mediterranean at midnight with ice-cream scoops.

The camera reconnaissance of an indignant small fry turned the tables for Freddy when his sergeant put a rift in his romance—a rare blueprint for blackmail

But I have certain difficulties with Constance. The female is a sucker for something she calls "glamour." This embraces, roughly, anything that shaves once a week and which she has not met before.

Well, I am hastening through the Penna R. R. Station when there comes a shout which rocks the edifice. I look up, to confront Sergeant Timothy Mullins.

"Ah, Freddy," says the sarge, "where would you be going?"

"Home," I says briefly.

"Boy!" He shakes his head. "Any guy with a home to go to is lucky."

"Come, come, sarge," I says. "Stop talking like a foundling left on a doorstop. You must have a home, too."

"Sure, Freddy," says the sarge. "Only it's in Walla Walla, Washington."

"Well," I says, "that is tough."

"Freddy," the sarge says, "you don't know how tough it is. Like yourself, I got a leave. But, not like yourself, I got no place to go. So what'll I do? Well, I will mop around canteens and USO organizations. And like as not eat doughnuts handed out by Betty Grable."

"Heck," I says tentatively. I am toying with an idea. "I can visualize worse fates."

"Confidentially, Freddy," he says, "the outlook is not hot. I . . . By the way, soldier, there's a button . . . but skip it! After all, we are on furlough."

Something in his voice gets me. And—well, Impulsive is the word for Frederick.

"Look, sarge," I says, "all winter you have ridden me down hills and dales. But, just to show that I bear no grudge, how would you like to spend your leave with me in Shadow Orchard?"

For a moment I think he's about to kiss me. "Freddy," he says, "you are a pal. And I am a rat."

I trouble to deny neither of these voracious assertions.

Now in Shadow Orchard there is an institution known locally as "Al's." This is a soda bar of outstanding merit. There is a kind of drugstore affixed to the fag end of the fountain. We drop into Al's on our way up from the station.

At sight of me Al's eyes light up.

"Well, well, well," says Al redundantly, wiping hands on apron. "This could be a red-letter day. Put it there, Freddy. I sense a business boom."

"Hiya, Al," I says. "Shake hands with Sergeant Mullins."

Al does same. "Any friend of Freddy's," he says, "can write his own ticket in here."

"Now, Al," I says, "suppose you forget Mrs. Post a minute and give with a couple of Dreamy Day Delights."

"Coming up, Freddy. This is like old times."

THE Dreamy Day Delight is an idea of my own. Three dips of ice cream, chocolate, vanilla and butter pecan respectively. Cover till immersed with chocolate syrup. Add marshmallow, nuts and a dollop of whipped cream. Crown creation with a maraschino and serve cold.

Al is in the groove and the sergeant eats with appetite. But it is presently brought out that beneath his forbidding façade he is not the man Frederick is.

"O. K., Al," I says, spooning the last of the succulence. "On the horse again!"

The sarge gapes. "What? You wouldn't eat two of those?"

"Mr. Mullins," says Al, "I appreciate your astonishment. Freddy's astronomical feats are legions in Shadow Orchard."

"Geez," says the sergeant, waving elegance, "his insides must be zinc-lined." With that he goes into the drug department to buy post-cards for his folks in Walla Walla.

Directly he is out of earshot, Al leans over the fountain. "Look, Freddy," he says "Do you think it wise to bring that fellow home with you?"

"Al," I says, "it's a stroke of genius. I obligate my top kick to me and thereafter have peace and quiet in the Army. Furthermore, this little gesture might even lead to promotion."

Al tsk-tsks. "Peace and quiet, Freddy? Promotions?" Then he does drier things with Scripture. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own girl?"

So fantastic is this that I snigger. "Al," I says, "could I lose my girl to a guy with a face that would be rejected by the mother who bore him?"

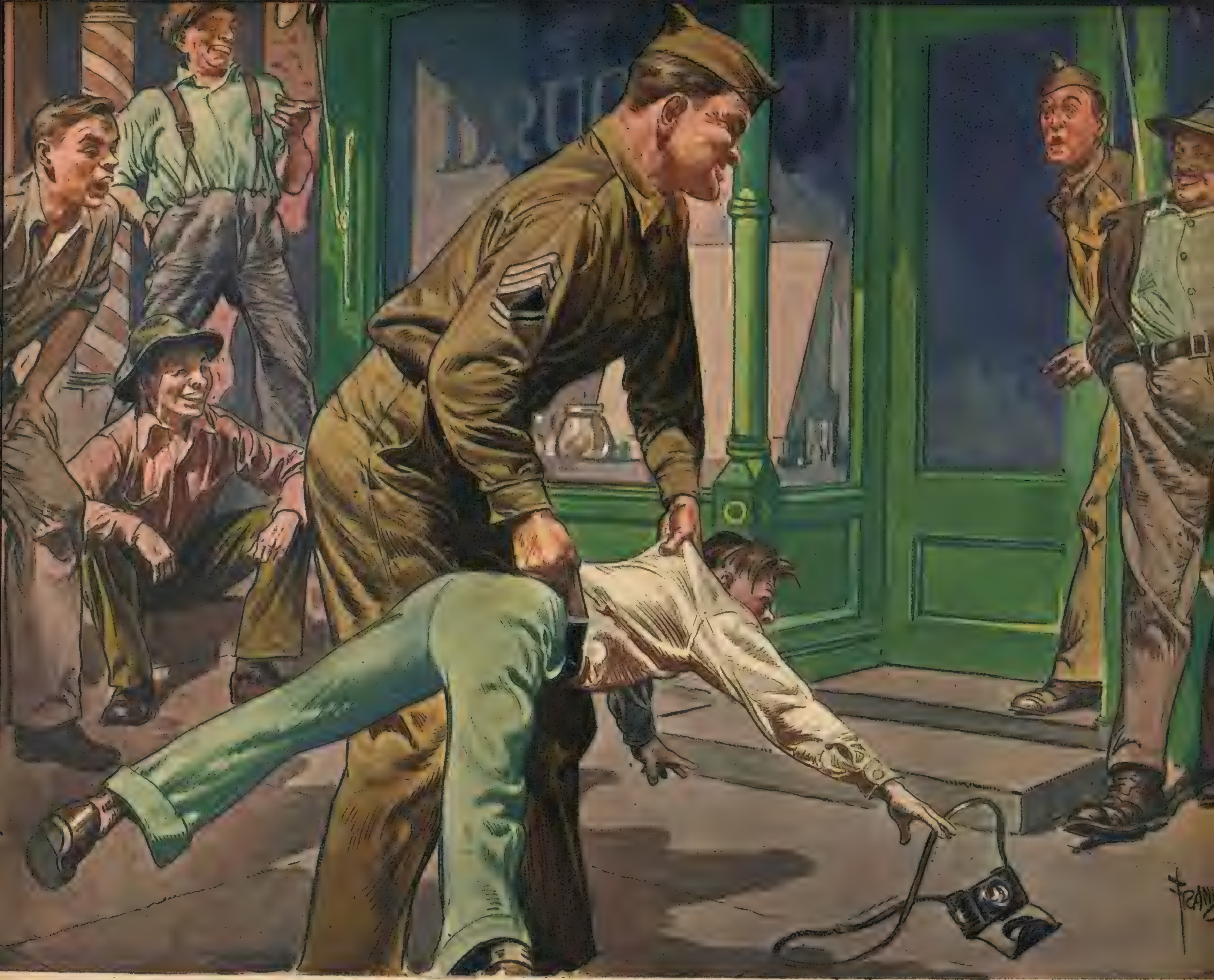
"Ah," says Al, "it is plain that you are not oh fay with conditions in Shadow Orchard, Freddy."

"See here, Al," I says. "If you have anything to say, speak out. Like a man."

"Well, Freddy," Al says, "it seems that a new school of thought has sprung up in our city. This—this cult is female in composition and it holds, I am informed, that in the past too much emphasis has been placed upon uniforms of the higher brackets."

"Verree interesting," I says, a touch sarcastically.

"Scoff if you will, Freddy," Al says,



The sarge grabs Beanie by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants and sails him through the air.

pained. "But the aim of this informal society is to give the private and the noncom a break, for once. These ladies have pledged themselves no longer to be swayed by glitter alone. They are seeking strength, steadfastness and such things in men, no matter what the uniform. In short, they have decided to look beyond clothes."

"Al," I says, "I am pleased to be placed abreast of home-town developments. But what has this to do with me?"

He begins polishing glasses languidly. "Freddy, it so happens that your girl—Connie Parker—is the mainspring and—er—fountainhead of this organization."

"Well, heck," I says, mystified. "So she goes for common soldiers. So what? I'm the commonest soldier there is."

"Ah," says Al, "let me finish. Right at the moment, I hear, there is heavy buying in sergeants. And if a girl can produce a top sergeant—especially one rugged of aspect—her stock flutters at around two hundred over par. Well, Freddy, you know Connie. And you have had the temerity to bring home a top kick"—he glances drug-department-wards—"who is undeniably rugged. I am not sangwine as to results."

I stare at him. "Al," I says, "nobody loves sergeants."

"Wait," says Al, "till you get a load of your native hearth."

At this point who should enter but Beanie Parker, Connie's kid brother. Same is a dangerous character aged twelve.

"'Lo, Freddy," says Beanie, like I have never been away. He climbs onto a stool. "Coke, Al. An' put it on the cuff."

Al moves not. "Horace," he says, "it has come to my attention that there is an account outstanding since, roughly, last November. I fear, Horace, that until you can see your way clear to making a remittance, our transactions must be on a strictly cash basis."

Beanie climbs off the stool. "Oh, well," he says, philosophically, "there wasn't no harm tryin'."

"Here, Al," I says, "I'll buy for Beanie."

"Oh, in that case." Al draws the coke.

While Beanie is absorbing it, the sergeant comes back. Beanie inspects him at length. "You a norficer?" he demands finally.

"You're darn hootin', kid," Sergeant Mullins says.

"Well," Beanie says, "I guess mebbe you're worth a picture." He whips out a little camera and snaps the sarge.

"That's a candid camera," Al explains. "Horace got it for his birthday."

Beanie scrutinizes the sergeant further. He appears impressed.

"C'mon outside," he suggests. "Light's better."

Well, I know that the sarge is a weasel of the first waters, but I do not know till then that he is also a lens louse.

"Sure, kid," he says. "Who am I to deny your grandchildren?"

I follow them out, but I am supercargo. Beanie evidently considers Mr. Mullins the answer to a photographer's prayer. He takes him from all the angles. And the sarge loves it. He smirks hideously, expands his chest, bulges his biceps, even shadow-boxes a little.

But the performance ends abruptly. "That's all," Beanie announces. "I ain't got no more fillum."

The sarge squints at him with benignity. "O. K., kid," he says. "I'm getting kinda tired, anyhow." And, thereupon, he makes the mistake of his life.

He places a Smithfield-ham hand on Beanie's head and brings Parker hair over Parker eyes. He makes a fist and playfully misses Parker jaw. And then . . . some guys get on their knees and ask Providence for it . . . he grabs Beanie by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants and sails him through the air. Not content with that, he piles up the indignity by patting Parker's west end somewhat emphatically as he sets Parker down.

"On your way, small fry," he says. "And be glad I gave you the time."

(*Continued on page 56*)

DINK'S DOUBLE HERITAGE

BY DARBY ST. JOHN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

How Dink would handle his inheritance was anybody's guess, and even his girl didn't dream that he'd invest it so wisely—or why

DINK ANDREWS, coming up the walk with Sandra, didn't see the landlady anxiously waving a telegram from the doorway.

A little knot of young fellows squatted on the sidewalk. They wore the identification badges of aircraft workers. Ripper, the fat one, juggled a pair of green dice in his palm. He said, "How about it, Dink?"

Dink's shadow and the girl's fell across the group. Dink was a rangy boy, well put together. Slow thinking and slow with words. His long fingers juggled coins in his pocket.

Dink said, "Guess not."

The landlady was holding up the yellow envelope, trying to catch his attention. The short lad with small eyes looked up.

"Dink's saving his dough." He grinned. "Dink's got a girl now."

They grinned at Sandy. They liked her. Sandy's yellow hair fell straight to her slim shoulders. Her mouth was wide and soft. She stood with her hands clasped behind her and smiled back.

"Nuts!" the freckled kid said loudly. "Dink's just scared of losing."

Very slowly Dink went over to the kid. He yanked the kid to his feet. Dink said, "I'll match you."

The kid was shaking. "H-how much?"

"How much you got?"

The kid dug in his pocket. "Three—four fifty."

"We'll flip for it."

They flipped. The coins dropped between them. They rolled a little. Heads.

Silently Dink pocketed the money. He turned on his heel and walked up the steps. Sandy had to hurry to keep up with him.

"Why do you get so disagreeable," Sandy asked, "whenever money or gambling is mentioned?"

"I'm not disagreeable," Dink said.

"You are, too."

Dink stopped.

"Listen, kid," Dink said. "If I don't want to gamble, it's my business."

The landlady gave Dink the telegram.

Sandy watched Dink's face while he read it. Then she said sharply, "Dink, what is it?"

He looked up. There was a slightly dazed look on his face.

Dink said, "It's from Mr. Watts, a lawyer. My Uncle Ben has died and left me forty-two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Dink!" Sandy threw her arms around him and hugged him. "Dink, isn't it super! Isn't it?"

Dink rubbed his long jaw. He looked kind of helpless. "Yep," Dink said. "Sure is."

Sandy was dancing with excitement. Feverishly. She ached to tell Dink about the man in the brown hat who had visited her father in his store that day and left her father's shoulders stooping a little lower. Forty-two hundred—

"What are you going to do with all that money?" Sandy cried. "What?"

Dink thought. "Dunno," Dink said.

THEY had dinner with the Humberts that night. Mr. Humbert was somebody at the airplane plant in Santa Monica where Dink worked. He came to work in a good suit and he disappeared behind a door marked Private. Mr. Humbert had known a cousin of Dink's father back East, and so he invited Dink to dinner now and then.

Dink put water on his hair, and he wore his blue serge suit and his manners. He was proud of Sandy. She looked like a straight young daisy in a white and yellow dress. Dink liked the quick shy smile that came at the corner of her mouth and the way her hair fell, not curly, except where it touched her shoulders.

Over the coffee Mr. Humbert lighted a cigar and, leaning back, said, "Well, young fellow, what's new?"

Sandy blurted, "Dink has inherited forty-two hundred and fifty dollars."

Mr. Humbert's bushy brows went up. "That so?" he said. "Relative die?"

Dink said, "Yes, sir. My Uncle Ben."

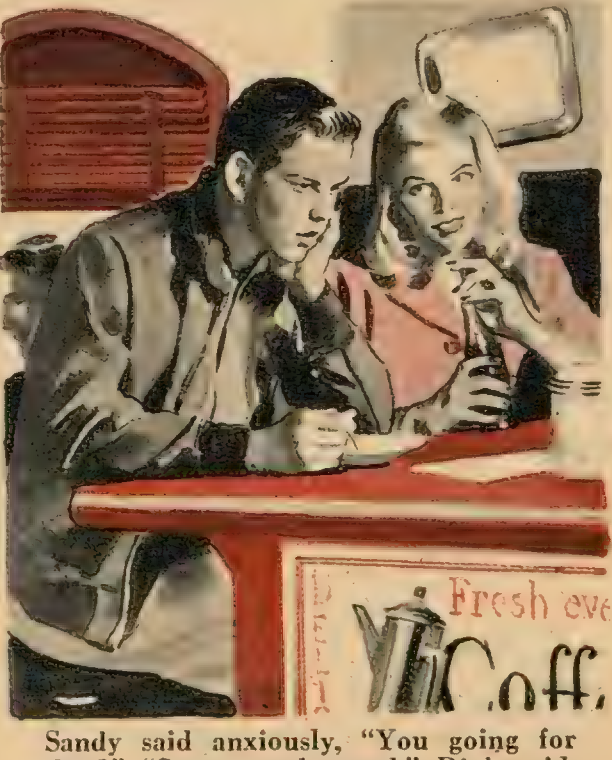
He was stiff about it. A scowl had settled on his face. Sandy could see that she had made a mistake. Dink did not like to talk about his family or money either. Something closed up in him.

"Ben." Mr. Humbert tasted the word. He said, closing his eyes, "Don't believe I knew him."

"Ben Andrews," Dink said. "He was my father's second youngest brother. He was a bookkeeper. I guess that money is his life's savings."

"Now I suppose you'll buy a house," Mrs. Humbert said. "Isn't that what all young people want?"

Dink looked at Sandy across the green centerpiece. Sandy raised her coffee cup like a shield that she could hide behind. Over the rim she looked at Dink, and found him watching her.



Sandy said anxiously, "You going for that?" "Sure sounds good," Dink said.

Mr. Humbert dropped a cigar ash on his saucer. Carefully he said, "What *are* you planning to do with the money, my boy?"

"I don't know, sir," Dink said. "I'll buy some war bonds, of course."

Mr. Humbert nodded. He cleared his throat quite a lot. He said, "It's not my place to offer advice—"

"I wish you would, sir."

"Well, then," Mr. Humbert said, "why not buy airplane stock? It's a good investment. And it's always wise, I say, to invest in the firm you work for."

Dink looked at him. The idea seemed to overwhelm him. Little wings of panic beat against Sandy's temples as she saw Dink's interest and thought of her father tiredly bending over his ledgers. Dink, she knew, had never suffered the heartbreak of seeing a business fail for lack of a small amount of capital. Don't let him do it, Sandy prayed. Don't let him!

"Sure sounds good," Dink said.

"If you like," Mr. Humbert said ponderously, "I'd be willing to see about acquiring the stock for you."

"Now, that's mighty nice." A thoughtful line settled between Dink's brows. "I'll think it over. I sure will."

Mr. Humbert looked a little offended. "I didn't mean to presume—"

"You didn't," Dink said. "Thanks."

DINK never knew how the news got around. Everybody at the plant seemed to know about his inheritance. They kidded Dink. He felt, too, their envy. Suddenly he was set apart. Nobody else Dink knew had forty-two hundred and fifty dollars in cold cash.

A mechanic, name of Rocky, sidled up to Dink. His small bright eyes peered at Dink under a tuft of mahogany hair.

"Listen, bud," Rocky said. "You like to get in on something good?"

Dink looked up. "Sure."

"O. K., pal. Meet me after work."

"Sure."

Sandy was waiting for him at the gate, as usual. They all went to Gus's Diner. It was early. The place was empty except for Gus himself, with a white apron around his large girth, polishing a glass behind the counter. Dink ate a bowl of beans, and Sandy sat beside him sipping a coke.

"I'm telling you, bud," Rocky said, "it's the chance of a lifetime." Rocky pushed his face close to Dink's. "It's the ground floor," Rocky said. "This here friend of mine, he knows how to manufacture this little gadget. It's absolutely essential to the war effort."

"What is the little gadget?" Dink said.

"It's a military secret. A new gun sight. It works on the darkest night," Rocky said. "He ain't told even me more. But you can take my word, it's absolutely essential." Rocky nudged himself closer. "Now this friend of mine has got a set-up over in Huntington Park. It's all ready to go. Only needs a little backing. You got to have a percentage of the brass before the government supplies the rest. I'm telling you, it'll be a million-dollar proposition with government money."

"Sounds good," Dink said.

"Good! It's a cinch!" Rocky twisted closer. "Like I told him, all you need in this war is government backing and you're set. I told him. I said, Geez, if I had a little coin, if I'd saved my dough— It's enough to break your heart. Like you, pal. Forty-two hundred and you can make millions. How does it listen?"

"Good," Dink said, eating beans.

Rocky said, "Well, friend, shall I say you're in?"

"Sure sounds good," Dink said.

Rocky flashed a small roll of bills and peeled off a five spot. "Hey, Gus," Rocky said largely, "the party's on me."

Gus brought the change and put it on the counter. Rocky gathered it up.

"That's the real thing, boy," Rocky said. "A million dollars, quick. None of this messing around with five or six per cent dribbling in. You got to make it fast. I'll tell him you're in then, eh?"

"Sure sounds good," Dink said.

Rocky finished his beer. He stood up and put out his hand. "O. K., brother," he said, smiling largely. "We'll shake on it."

Dink ate beans. He said, "Guess I'll think it over."

Rocky's smile frosted. "Why not settle it now, bud? The sooner we get going—"

Dink munched. "Guess I'll think it over."

Rocky's outstretched hand fell to the counter. He said feverishly, "I'm giving you first call. Confidentially, there's another fellow trying to raise the money; probably tomorrow he'll have it. I'm telling you, you better grab now."

"I'll think it over," Dink said. "I'll tell you tomorrow."

Rocky stood a minute, irresolute. His sunny smile came back. He gave Dink a brotherly slap on the back.

"Why, sure, old man," Rocky said. "Don't mean to rush you. Take your time. So long, bud." He touched his hat. "Pleased to meet you, Miss Potter."

Rocky went out.

As the door slammed, Sandy said anxiously, "You going for that, Dink?"

"Sure sounds good," Dink said.

Sandy looked at Dink, her eyes large and wistful. Gus moved along the counter. His mustache bristled.

"LISTEN," Gus said. "You ain't falling for that character?" Gus was mad. Dink shoved back his bowl. "I'll have a hot dog."

Gus speared a hot dog and put it in a split bun. He set it down in front of Dink. Gus leaned a beefy elbow on the counter. His eyes glistened beneath the bare overhead bulb like two brown-and-white marbles.

"Listen," Gus said. "That Rocky, he's full of prunes. That's all I got to say."

Dink ate his hot dog slowly. He nodded. "You think it ain't on the level?"

Gus picked up a steel and grimly started putting an edge on a carving knife.

"Millions!" Gus said. "Pah! Horsefeathers!" Gus put down the knife and leaned on the counter again. "Now me," Gus said, his shiny face close to Dink's. "This diner, I'm willing to sell it for forty-two hundred and no strings."

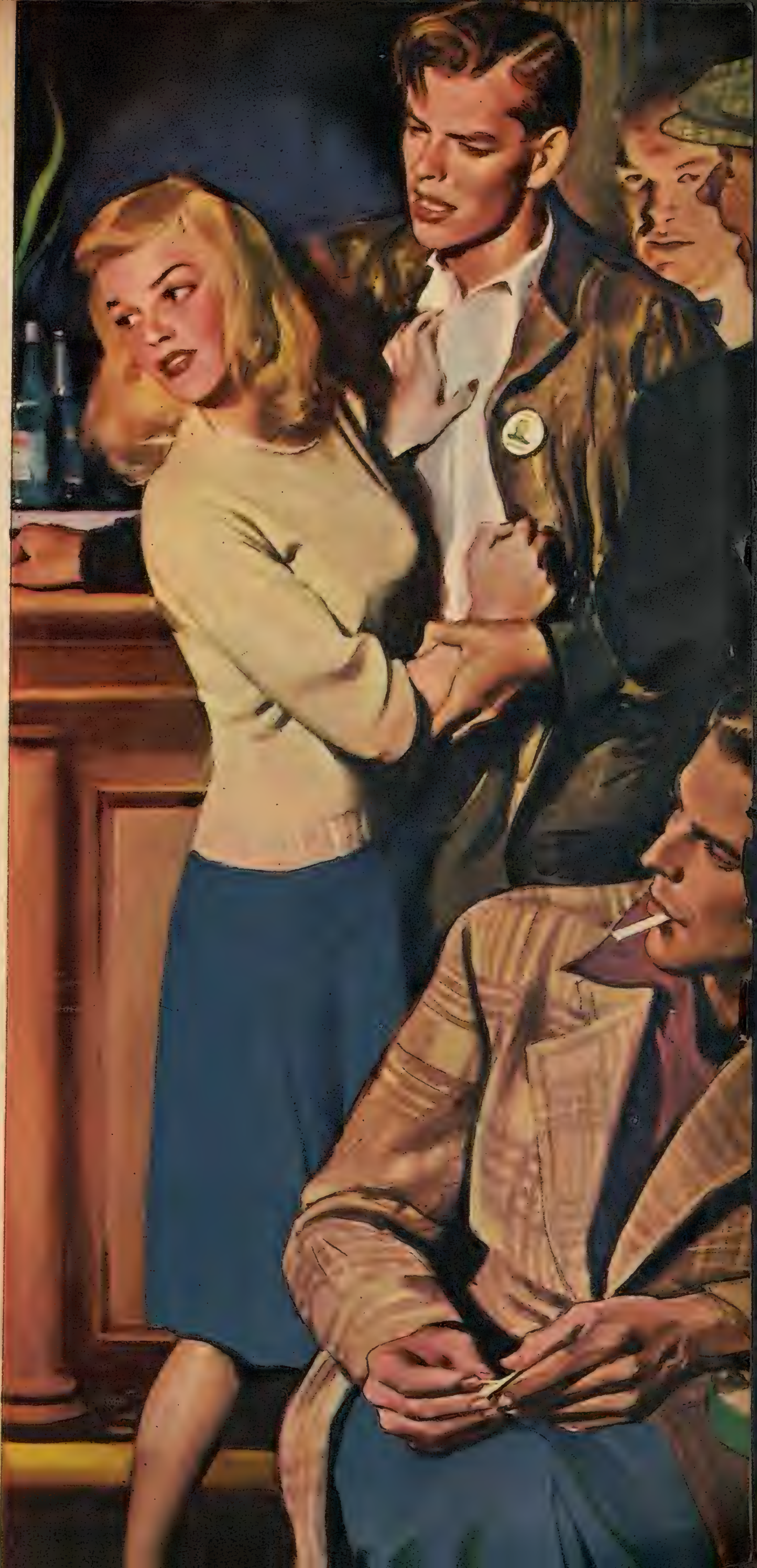
Dink looked at him, munching.

"Steady income, seventy-five a week clear," Gus said. "Honest value. A little gold mine."

Dink said, "Why sell?"

Gus shrugged. "I got enough," he said. "I can retire. It's just that when a chance like this comes along where I can sell for ready cash, I sell." Gus's broad features spread in a beaming smile. "You like it?"

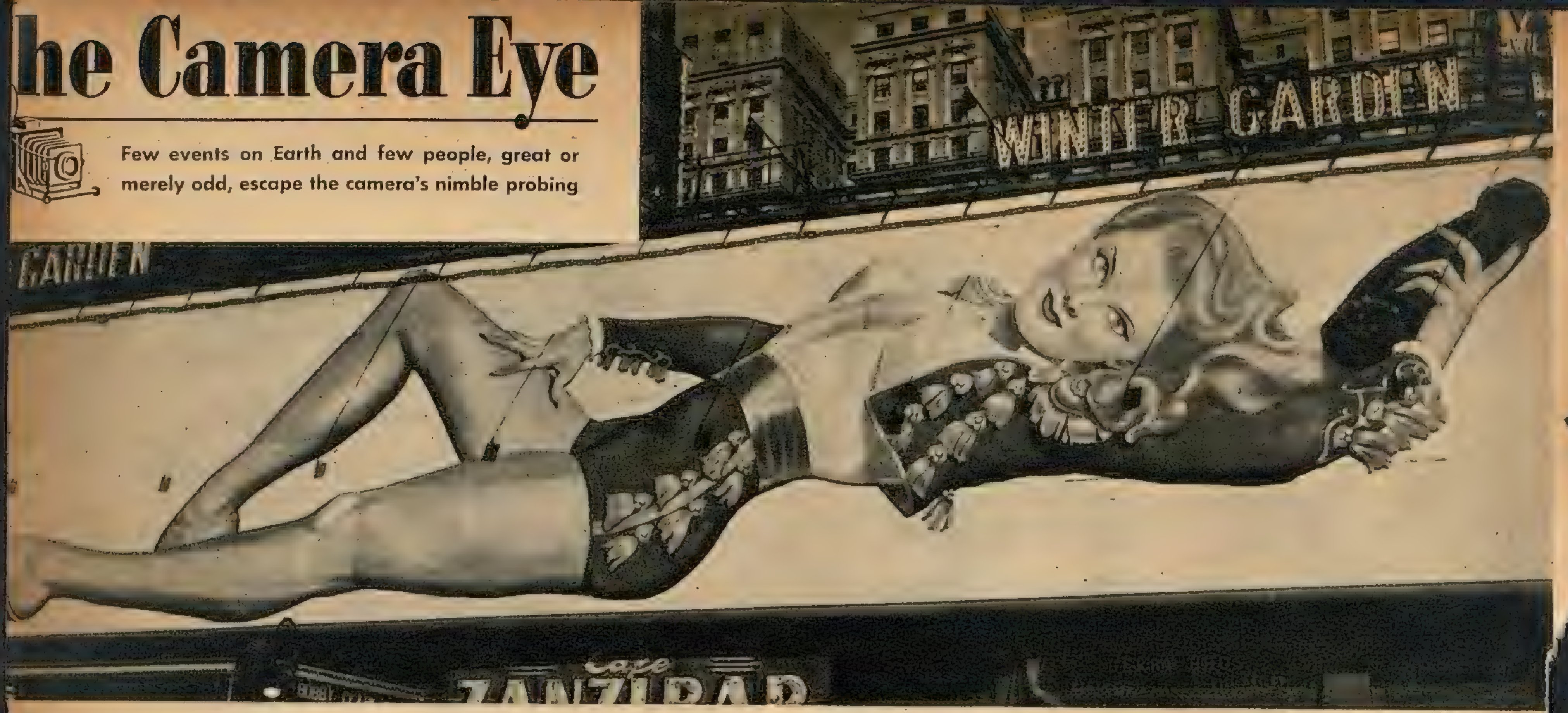
(Continued on page 68)



Sandy knew she was being conspicuous. "Let me go!" She tried to pull away.

he Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



A. (SIGN APPEAL)—Here's the original paint-up girl, New York's eye-catchingest billboard, whole block long. She's a Varga gal, of course, with curves by the square foot, an advertise-ent for Mexican Hayride. The ogler is Bobby Clark. You can glimpse it at Broadway and 50th. ↑

FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR—Tex Thomas, Los Angeles parking-lot owner, figures his corn yield by the square inch instead of by the acre. A screw driver solves the farm-tool shortage for Tex.

←

HITLER YOUTH—Der Führer is sending boys to do men's work, judging from this batch of German soldiers captured in Normandy battle. These teen-agers seem no more worried than if they had been captured in a game of tag.

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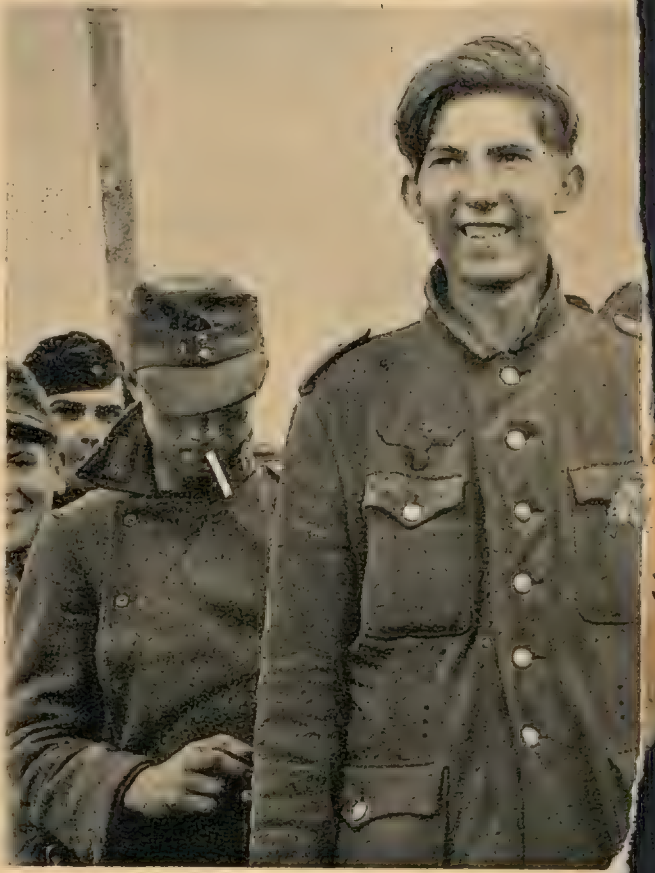
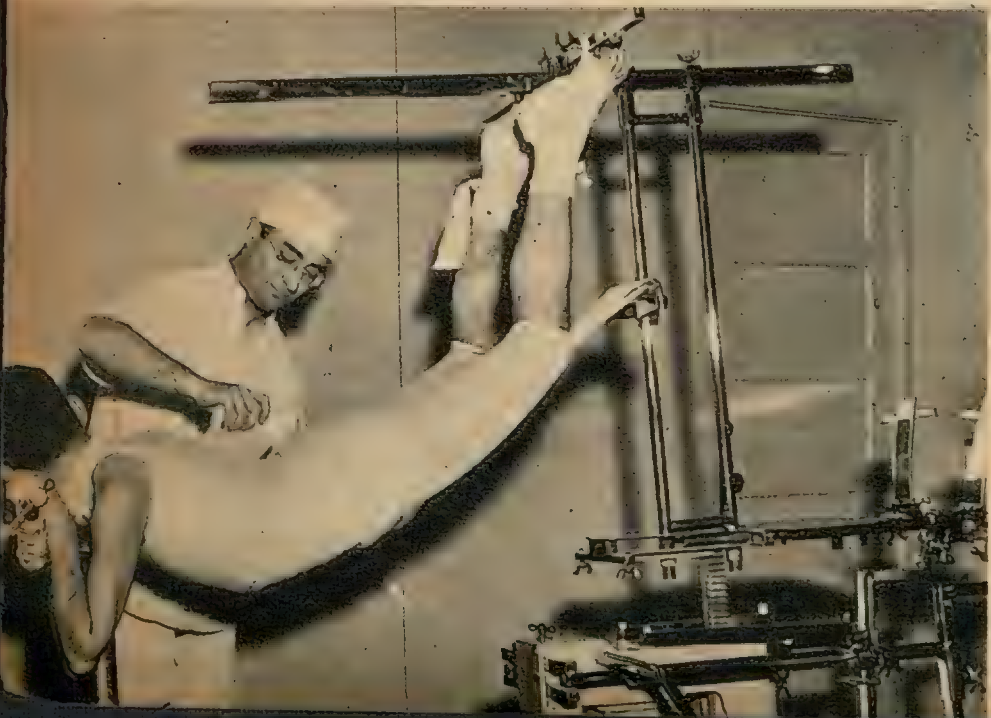


LASTER CASTER—Even a broken back presents no problem to Dr. lorris L. Goren of the Army Hospital at Palm Springs, Calif. ere he applies a cocoonlike cast for a compression fracture. ↓

FEMARINES, 1917—These lassies are applying for enlistment in the Marines during the last war. Judging by the Theda Bara glances, they weren't recruited, but vamped their way in. ↓



HONEYCOMB—The South Americans turn out some pretty fancy structures. This is a government building in Rio de Janeiro built for light and air. Those underpinnings look flimsy, but it'll stand, so the Brazilians say.

BAT OUTA HELL—In addition to Japs, Marines Lester Bachran and William Walden, both of Maryland, had to contend with things like this in New Britain. Bachran killed it, adding it to his score of 25 Japs.

MYSTERIOUS MARSHAL—Yes! It's Tito, the almost legendary leader of the Yugoslav Partisans, tracked down at last by the camera. Man on the left with the engaging grin is Yovanovitch, his Chief of Staff.

MILITARY MASS—A jeep's radiator serves as altar while American soldiers hold a service for our invasion dead. Memory has for this moment softened faces toughened by war.

UT, TUT, GRANDMA—Looks shocked, doesn't she? But it's really the young and beautiful Greer Garson made up to look 83 for her part in M-G-M's Mrs. Parkington.

LITTLE MISS SMARTY

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, world-famous architect, sat propped against a tree, looking like a man who has been cruelly betrayed. The Wrights were in the throes of a family picnic. Small, damp, sticky brats, with jelly on their chins and peanut butter in their hair, squirmed all over the place, squabbling and squealing. Mothers nagged and fathers scolded. "My Lord," said Frank Lloyd Wright, gazing sadly at his progeny, "did I do all this!"

Up to that time Anne Baxter, age three, hadn't paid much attention to her distinguished grandfather. But that made a profound impression on her.

Mr. Wright, whose work in America is characterized as "the New School of the Middle West," and in Europe as "the American Expression in Architecture," and who has become a legend in his own lifetime, had six children by his first marriage. His third child, Catherine, became a well-known interior decorator, and married Kenneth Stuart Baxter, who is manager of the Frankfort Distilleries. Their only daughter, Anne, was born May 7, 1923 —just four months before Grandfather Wright had the exquisite pleasure of saying "I told you so" to the Japanese government.

Mr. Wright was the architect of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, and the cost of the Imperial Hotel was far greater than the haggling Japanese wanted to pay. But on the morning of September 2, 1923, following the severe earthquake of the previous day, the Imperial Hotel was one of the very few buildings left standing in Tokyo —and the hotly disputed pool was the only water supply for thousands of homeless. The Japanese government hastily presented Frank Lloyd Wright with a medal.

Anne Baxter's grandfather is a genius, and movie directors and critics call her a little genius. But Anne's happy if you call her dumb—and beautiful

Anne Baxter has inherited her famous grandfather's imagination, an imagination laced with a practical sense of humor. It undoubtedly has had much to do with her becoming an excellent actress at an early age. Publicized as a second Helen Hayes when she appeared on the screen in The Great Profile, in 1940, Anne is generally accepted by the movie critics today as the most talented and most intelligent of the younger screen actresses.

But, like Helen Hayes, Anne would much rather have people call her beautiful than intelligent. A mere five feet four, she wears high heels and upswept hair-dos in an effort to add to her height, and suffers through strenuous stretching exercises. "If only I could look long, lean, and hungry," she says with a sigh, "like Katharine Hepburn."

Anne Baxter would rather be called beautiful than smart. But, drat it all, she's both!

What she considers her best compliment to date was not meant as a compliment. She overheard two producers discussing her on The Eve of St. Mark set. One of them said, "Do you know whom that Baxter child reminds me of? May McAvoy. Very pretty but no talent."

Anne, twenty-one last May, is well on her way to the top of the Hollywood heap. She signed her first contract with Twentieth Century-Fox for $400 a week, which since has been tilted to $1,250 a week. She is in great demand by directors and leading men. Tyrone Power stubbornly held up production on Crash Dive until he got Anne for his leading lady.

Recently she won the most desired role of the summer, that of the sex-starved paranoiac in Guest in the House, the film version of the New York stage success. As the mentally ill Evelyn, who goes to visit relatives and ends up by wrecking everyone's life, little Miss Baxter will have a real down-to-earth part for the first time.

Lewis Milestone, who directed her in The North Star, plugged for her for Guest in the House, which he is also directing. "Besides being one of the finest young actresses in Hollywood," Milestone says, "Anne also has one of the most beautiful voices on the screen. I asked her as a favor to read offscreen the Elizabeth Barrett Browning sonnet in The Purple Heart. It turned out to be the most talked-about sequence in the picture. Anne has a very keen understanding of other people and their problems. She is very unusual for a girl so young."

Winning the part of Evelyn made up for Anne's great disappointment of last year when she lost Bernadette to newcomer Jennifer Jones. "What Of Human Bondage did for Bette Davis," says the Stromberg publicity department solemnly, "Guest in the House will do for Anne Baxter."

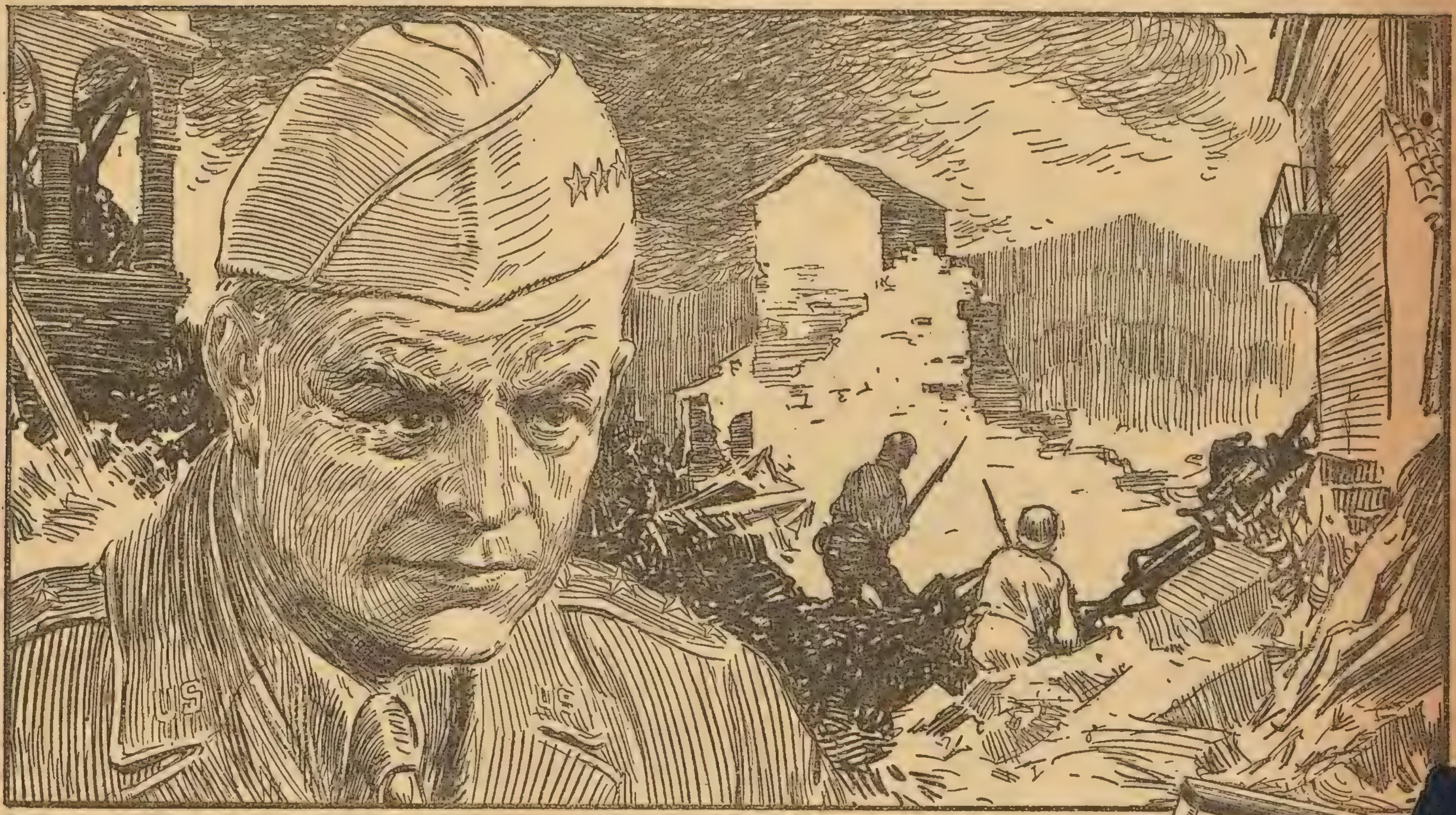
On her twenty-first birthday Anne also came into a sizable sum of money—the 50 per cent of her salary which, under California statute (referred to as the Coogan Law), has been impounded by the state ever since she drew her first pay check.

Anne promptly bought herself a mink coat, her first, and her first Hollywood

(Continued on page 48)

★★★★ EISENHOWER Man and Soldier

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER



Meet General Eisenhower. These are authentic and revealing glimpses of his typically American boyhood, his West Point days, his Army career, and the magnificent qualities of character that made him the logical choice for one of the decisive responsibilities of world history.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

LAST Christmas Eve the eighty-three-year-old mother of General Dwight Eisenhower stood watching boys in uniform pass her home. Her neighbors say she remarked gently, "I have a boy in the Army, too."

Records in the War Department at Washington give that boy's birthplace as Tyler, Texas. Records at West Point give it as Denison, Texas.

Mrs. Eisenhower, Sr., says, "Dwight was born in Denison, Texas, on October 14, 1890. We lived there less than two years. We had two other little sons then. Dwight's father, David, was an engineer, employed by one of the railroads. We went to Denison in 1889."

There is also a controversy over General Eisenhower's name. The family Bible names him as David, with Dwight as a middle name. He was named David in honor of his father. But his mother soon found that when she called David, both the father and the son answered. Therefore she began to use the son's middle name and ended the confusion. She didn't like "Junior," and so he became Dwight. The names were reversed from that time and have remained so.

Mother Eisenhower also had another reason. She dislikes the shortening of boys' names: she knew David would soon be Dave. It annoyed her, as it did when her son Arthur was called Art and her son Edgar, Ed.

"I knew there was no short cut for Dwight," she explained.

But not only did Dwight become Ike; all her sons became Ikes—an inevitable nickname from the first syllable of Eisenhower.

That has always been a thorn in the side of the General's mother. Once when his wife sent her a letter saying that she and Ike were traveling and hoped to stop off in Abilene, Mother Eisenhower replied that she was looking forward to welcoming them, but would like to

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know "who this 'Ike' is with whom you are traveling."

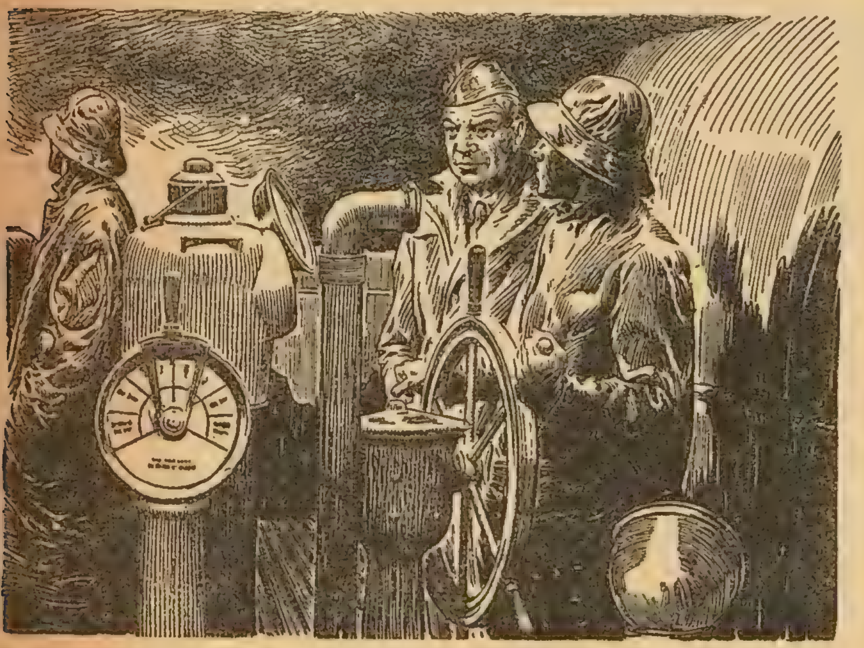
Mrs. Eisenhower sympathized with her mother-in-law when her own son John became known as "Eisey" by his West Point classmates.

Mother Eisenhower soon found herself with six Eisenhower boys. They were called by their playmates "Big Ike" and "Little Ike," with such varied exceptions as "Ugly Ike," for the General, and "Red Ike" for the redheaded Earl.

Mother Eisenhower disclaims all knowledge of these nicknames.

When Dwight was two years old David and Ida Eisenhower left Texas for Kansas, where they established their lifelong home in Abilene. In this town Ike lived until he was twenty years old. It is still his home, and he has said, "When my work is finished I hope to go back to Abilene and spend my days."

In General Eisenhower's boyhood this was a city of some forty-five hundred people. It had dirt streets, mostly board sidewalks, perhaps a dozen motorcars, a half dozen churches, and was building new schoolhouses. It was the center of a rich farming country, offering plenty summer jobs for youngsters like the Eisenhower boys. ey were a clan of their own. They worked together, yed together, and Dwight, the third in age, was liked y everyone. He was jolly, generous, and had initiative. In school and in the social doings he was always a leader. He seemed to have the social instinct tempered with respect for his associates.



Abilene, like all progressive American communities, has its home-town newspaper, one of the best-edited in the United States. Its editor, Charles Moreau Harger, gives us this insight into the background which molded the strong character of General Dwight Eisenhower: "The General's outstanding characteristic is his love for the simple things of home life. His youth was among the modest people of our town. They were workers, money was scarce, it was no disgrace to work at anything honest. They lost nothing of caste among their fellows, for most of them were in the same category.

"One summer Ike worked in a creamery, emptying milk cans, delivering ice and proving his energy and resourcefulness. Betweentimes he and his brothers tended garden on the four-acre home place.

"One of his attainments was cooking. He fancied himself a chef and proved it. His ambition was to make a pie. After many trials he accomplished it. The pie was declared satisfactory by his parents, and Dwight was greatly pleased by his triumph. He added pancakes and vegetables to his menu and enjoyed the task.

"The dishwashing was done by the tossing method. From hands to hands the crockery flew, with only occasionally a crash. When Dwight came home, the first room he visited was the pantry, and he longed to try his hands at cookery again. His wife tells of his prowess yet. In their Washington home he frequently took the preparation of meals into his own hands. He prided himself on the perfection of his steak.

"At the camps where he has been stationed he always, if possible, set out a garden, raising vegetables for the mess. It was amusing to his comrades, but he went at it seriously. On the home lot he and his brothers raised potatoes, tomatoes, beans, and similar products and sold them around town, thus earning money for their clothing and school demands."

A friend of the family, Kenneth S. Davis, a young writer who has collected much data for this book, with the family's approval, says: "The boys were raised in a home which took Christianity very seriously. Their Aunt Amanda was their Sunday-school teacher and the boys attended Sunday school regularly. They did not, however, attend church services as a general rule, for Sunday was the parents' 'day off,' and the boys had all the cooking and housework to do that day.

"Dwight and Edgar were the official cooks. All of the boys were encouraged to make games of their work, though if the work was not done well it had to be done over at once, and the cooking of Dwight and Edgar was no exception. However, it is doubtful that the family as a whole would have enjoyed the pastries the two prepared if they had known just how those pastries were made.

"On one occasion, Dwight and Edgar were making an apple pie. Edgar made some 'crack' about Dwight. Dwight let fly a handful of pie dough at Edgar. The two played baseball around the kitchen with the dough, dropping it on the floor once or twice. In the process, the dough turned several shades darker than it should have been. The kitchen was a mess when the boys heard their father and mother drive up. Dwight, in a hurry, collected the somewhat grimy remains of his pie dough, dumped it back into the bowl, and made his pie, while Edgar rapidly policed the kitchen. The overbrowning concealed the grayness. The family pronounced the pie 'pretty good for a kid cook.' Not until a long time afterward did Dwight and Edgar tell the true story of that pie."

The Eisenhower orchard raised all the different kinds of fruit that grows in Dickinson County—apples, cherries, pears. The Eisenhower garden raised potatoes, sweet corn, cabbage, peas, beans, tomatoes, berries, practically all the vegetables, including celery. Dwight and Edgar were the family gardeners. Neither of them particularly cared about gardening then. But they seemed to have "planters' hands"; they had the "feel," and things grew well for them.

Each of the boys had assigned chores, but these were changed every week to avoid boredom. They took turns by weeks in getting up at five thirty in the morning to build the kitchen fire and put on the mush, then driving their father to work. They took turns selling and delivering eggs, chickens, vegetables, fruit.

TO understand Dwight Eisenhower today—his absolute lack of pretension, his genuine friendliness, his talent, amounting to genius, for handling men of all types and making them almost worship him, his tough "fighting heart"—you have to understand his upbringing as one of six boys. No one raised with five sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued brothers is likely to have much pretense left in him by the time he leaves school.

Dwight was "just about the most normal boy" you could imagine, according to his brother Milton. If there was any clean fun, he was in it. He used to swim in a hole in Mud Creek, which meanders through Abilene. In the winter, if and when the stream froze over, he played hockey—or "shinny" as they called it—using a tin can as a puck. When he grew older, he "graduated" to the Smoky Hill River, where the older boys took their sport, fishing and swimming. He attended Lincoln Grade School in Abilene and was considered one of the best athletes in school.

The one thing normal boys hate above all else in their fellows is conceit: the assertion, conscious or unconscious, of any individual's superiority. Dwight's hatred of conceit and vanity was particularly strong. This stems from his father, whom all the boys loved dearly. He was a modest and retiring but self-respecting man who taught the boys early that success in life must be earned; that nothing worth-while can be gained save through effort. That was what his father had taught him.

Grandfather Jacob Eisenhower had been a preacher-farmer, pastor in the Brethren in Christ Church, a religious sect which believes in the simple life, plain living, and frugality. He and his wife had reared their family in a nine-room house on their hundred-acre farm in Elizabethville, Pennsylvania. The old homestead is now owned and occupied by Ira R. Romberger, former treasurer of the county in which it stands.

"General Eisenhower's grandfather built this house for two purposes," he says. "As a home and as a meeting-house. The Brethren in Christ—frequently but not wholly accurately called the Dunkards—gathered here for worship. There are still Dunkards living in the county who came to those services. Once a year they held a love feast in the big room downstairs. Some came from as far as seventy-five miles and stayed two days. When the house was filled they went to the barn to sleep.

"If a vagrant or a beggar knocked at the door he was welcomed by Pastor Eisenhower and invited in. No one was ever turned away. He fed them, and slept them in the attic—where he used to repair the children's shoes."

The old living room was heated with a stove—of course there was never any heat upstairs. They got water from the never-failing spring in the back yard.

"The Eisenhowers of the old days knew nothing about modern comforts," Mr. Romberger comments. "Bathroom and heating systems were unknown to them. During their simple lives they would have considered them unnecessary luxuries, probably never intended by God."

One venerable gentleman who recalls going to meetings of the Brethren in the Eisenhower home says, "They were all good people, so kind and ready to help others. Just the kind of people you would like to have for neighbors. They never quarreled, never got into any trouble—just fine Christians."

FROM this home General Eisenhower's father, David, set out, a young pioneer, on the trail to the Great West, to follow a trail of his own. It led through a course in engineering at Lecompton College—one of those early Kansas schools, set on the frontier, which were more like vocational training institutes than like colleges of today.

Though he did not take a degree, he did win a wife. She was Elizabeth Stover, from Virginia, one of his college mates. They were married in the summer of 1885. By 1889 David was the father of two sons, and was working in his father's store and bank, back in Hope, Kansas. He continued studying engineering through a correspondence school, specializing in "stationary engineering," which is now called mechanical engineering. The offer of a job in Denison, Texas, took him there with his young family just before Dwight was born. From there the trail went on, to end at Abilene.

When Abilene people recall young Dwight now, their anecdotes seem to center on his high-school days. He managed to carve out an athletic career second only to that of his older brother, Edgar ("Big Ike"), who was in his school class. He gave some indication, in his senior year, of the organizing genius which was to mark his military career.

Prior to Dwight's senior year, sports were not officially connected with the school. The teams had worked out at the county-fair grounds, bought their own uniforms, and employed their own coaches. Dwight, by laying the foundations of the school's Athletic Association and obtaining the approval of the high-school administration, helped inaugurate a new era in Abilene's athletic history. The high school ever since has been notably strong in football. Ike was president of the Athletic Association in 1909.

Classmates describe him as "strong as an ox" and the "scrappin'est" kid in school. In one football game—the last game of the 1908 series—he is reported to have "roughed" about half of the Salina High School line because his friend and teammate, J. F. McDonnell, had been accidentally knocked out by Forest Ritter, a Salina player.

Salina High had come down to Abilene that year with an unbeaten team. It was prophesied that Abilene would lose by a big score. McDonnell, who played quarterback for Abilene, called a fake play, faking a pass to one Bud Huffman, who was playing right half, and then started around left end himself. A Salina player came charging through and hit McDonnell hard at the knees, laying him out. It was then that "Little Ike" went to work tearing up the Salina line—and the final score was 18 to 0 in favor of Abilene.

"In his school work, Dwight was not outstanding," his old schoolmates tell us. "He made about average marks in grade school, and slightly better than average in high school, with the exception of history and mathematics. Some reports have it that he knew more mathematics than the high-school teachers. He was so intensely interested in history that his teachers had to give him extra long assignments in order to give the other students a chance."

In Abilene it is the easiest thing in the world to get people to talk about the General.

Dwight's mother, they say, was the driving force of her family, and chiefly responsible for the boys' upbringing. She it was who saw to it that the boys had regular schedules of work at home, that they kept up with their work at school, and she was the family disciplinarian. She rarely used the rod, but when she did it was with such effect that Dwight, for one, still remembers. Dwight and Edgar once got a severe "licking" from their mother for neglecting to deliver lunch to their father at his work place one noon.

They "got to playing and forgot."

They never forgot again!

"General Eisenhower is about the least impressed with having his picture in the paper or on posters of any prominent person alive," Editor Harger tells us. "When his home town ordered five thousand copies of a gaudy portrait, and hundreds of them were placed in windows, a friend wrote to him, 'They are the worst pictures of you I have ever seen. They show you with a mouth like Joe E. Brown and features like nobody at all.' However, he added more favorably, 'It is a splendid picture of a uniform.'

"Back from North Africa came this reply: 'If it is in order, I will apologize for the appearance of the picture poster you tell me about as floating around Abilene. The artist may have done a bum job, but, after all, he didn't have a hell of a lot to start working on. Anyway, what was the occasion for the picture? Am I supposed to be selling a particular brand of cigarettes, or is the war-bond drive still on?' "

Editor Harger relates: "One day when Ike was not so prominent he arrived in town and sputtered the indignation he felt. He had just got off the train and it must have been full of isolationists. He was boiling mad over the apathy of our people. He said people ought to learn what the hell was going on; that Japan had been preparing for war for ten years, and was going to jump on us one of these days and we'd have nothing to fight 'em with. He said he had intended retiring that year and moving back to Abilene, but that he had decided not to, because this country soon would need every soldier it could scrape up."

HERE are Lieutenant John Eisenhower's impressions of his father, given in April, shortly before his graduation at West Point:

"Dad is about five feet eleven inches tall, weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. The last time I saw him he looked, I thought, considerably heavier. He has extremely big bones and powerful hands and arms. His ring is several sizes larger than mine. He moves easily, but sometimes has a slight limp due to a football injury.

"His hair is a fringe around the side of his head, light brown. The sparse growth on top led him once to shave it, in disgust, and he kept it that way about two years in the Philippines. He tried once to do it himself with a safety razor, and his nicked head was a pretty sight.

"His eyes seem gray to me, and his nose is rather small. He is extremely direct in speech. His voice is clear and powerful and even in ordinary conversation he talks with all his attention. No hemming and hawing, no 'ers' or 'uhs.' Dad's general interest in everything is remarkable to me, who am inclined to be easygoing. He relaxed on the trip home from the Philippines—at times. That is, he did what he called relaxing all the time. In the mornings he would sit and watch the sea, but in the afternoons he was up on the bridge learning from the captain how to navigate the ship. He was slightly impatient because I was willing to look at the sea all day long.

“His physical endurance is his biggest asset. One thing that astounds me is how dad can think of home even under pressure. His letters illustrate this.

“Although dad has been my idol all my life, his position is his; I have nothing to do with it. I'm just an average cadet, and any literary association between dad and me would really have to be an example in contrasts.

“DAD was never very tough with me,” John Eisenhower added laughingly. “He had me well frightened from the start, and always boasted that he never had to lay a hand on me to make me mind. So far as I can remember, he never did. However, when he told me to do something *I did it!*

“He likes to tell one story, unverified by the rest of the family, about when I was small. It seems that I loved to play records on the electric phonograph. The women of the family would come around and pick all the records off the floor when I was through. One day he was sitting in the room while I was playing them, and when I was through he made me pick them up.

“This was a new idea to me, and I didn't like it. I sat and howled and the rest of the family looked at him as if he were beating me with a ball bat. But he made me pick up every record and put them away.

“When I was through, the whole family were good and peeved at him. But he left the room to go to the basement for some reason, and I ran after him asking if I could come along and watch him. The family practically silenced us for the rest of the day.

“Dad has perfect ability to relax,” explains the son. “He enjoys boat trips because of the lack of responsibility and worry, and I've mentioned how going across the Pacific he would sit on deck for hours and just look at the water or read a book.

“Dime Westerns and sport magazines are great relaxation for him. He goes through a pile of them in one night.

“You have dad's athletic record, and can probably see why he has always encouraged me as much as possible along those lines. Though I am no athlete myself, he always said he would buy me any athletic equipment I wanted, and has carried it out to the letter.

“It seems that he has tried his hand at about every game there is. When he does, he doesn't fool around. He improves as much as he can, and claims that improving oneself is all the fun in playing.

“Dad is a great lover of music. By this I do not mean Chopin and Beethoven, but songs such as Abdul the Bulbul Amir, The Old Spinning Wheel, The Last Round-Up, Casey Jones, Steamboat Bill, and, above all, The Beer-Barrel Polka. Though he plays no instrument, he has the virtues of a powerful voice, ability to carry a tune, good memory for words, and lots of enthusiasm.

“He loves to cook. His vegetable soup, which he likes to spend Sunday afternoons making, is the best I ever tasted. He also makes fine potato salad. It was always a great treat when he would allow me to help him when I was very young, and would entrust me with the important mission of peeling the potatoes.

“One of my earliest recollections of dad is his lying on a bed trying to pull his boots on—in a fury. In view of his injured knee, I believe that his language could be excused.

“He was always far from a dude, however, and believed that cleanliness and neatness were all that is necessary in dress. For that reason he hated to go to parties. I can still see him sitting out in the front room, dressed up and looking very uncomfortable, chewing nails while mother sat in the back room fixing her hair.

“When she got him to the party, however, and he got to singing and talking with some friends, she had a very difficult time getting him to go home. He likes people and likes to exchange ideas with them, but he sure hates to doll up to do it.

“Dad enjoyed West Point very much. In contrast to earning a living shocking wheat, he thought it was an easy life, and I agree with him. He liked the athletics, and, being a great lover of history, he was very much impressed by the traditions of the place. He always swore he wouldn't force me to go to West Point, and always pretended to try to talk me out of it. However, he gave himself away when he made me do foot exercises because my feet were too weak to pass the entrance examinations.”

Among those who knew Dwight well in high school is Mr. J. W. Howe, member of the school board and a civic leader. He gives these recollections: “My first contacts with Dwight came about 1907, but it was a year later when he and his high-school gang, as they called themselves, began to be frequent visitors at my office, the Abilene News, my weekly newspaper. This contact came about rather oddly. I had taken a boy, who had little opportunity in life, to work in the office. He was a baseball pitcher, a left-hander, and for one of his age was above his class. He and Dwight became close friends and were together a great deal. Ike came to my office, as did many others. I was single, a member of the school board, and had time to sit around and discuss subjects with them.

“In those days,” Mr. Howe explains, “all a newspaper editor had to do to get exchanges was to write a letter to the paper he desired and ask for an exchange. It was generally done. So I had dailies from New York, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, as well as many of the Kansas dailies and weeklies. Ike began by looking through them—then to read them. Most of the time he read newspapers from a distance. He said, ‘I like to read about what is going on outside of Kansas.’

“I also had a large library,” Mr. Howe continues. “Many books I bought, but I also received many complimentary copies from publishers for reviews. They wanted to ‘get the small-town view of the publication.’ Many of these books dealt with educational matters. The boys would come to get a certain book to get information to write some essay, theme, or thesis. It was a bright intelligent ‘gang’ of boys that came to my office. Ike was among the best. He had his school difficulties like the others and many times asked me to help him out with his work. And, like all schoolboys, was sometimes of the opinion that the teachers had it in for him.

“I do not recall his ever being in any serious trouble. In fact the ‘gang’ never went that far. However, I never knew him to miss a Halloween round-up or any other event wherein he could expend some of his surplus energy and have a good time. I never knew of his going out to hunt up the town bully just to lick him. I never knew of his being a rodeo rider or a cow hand. He was a good boxer and I used to watch him and the other boys box in a little room I had provided for them. He was not revengeful. He never went out looking for trouble but, at the same time, if he became unexpectedly involved, he never ran away from it. I think his grin saved Ike a lot of trouble.

“I ALWAYS wondered why the ‘gang’ called him either ‘Ugly Ike’ or ‘Little Ike’ instead of a more attractive name like ‘Smiling Ike.’ Dwight had a good personality. He was generally well liked and made friends easily. He never rubbed it in on some boys who were unfortunate, or who from no fault of their own became involved in some difficulty. He was not vindictive. However, he did resent certain slurs or underhand ‘shots,’ as the boys called them, and would come back with an appropriate retort.

“He had self-assurance, but never in all my contact with him did he ever show any conceit. He resented this in other boys more than anything else. In fact, he would dislike a boy for being conceited much more than for something he had done. He had a good physique, wore his clothes well, was never overdressed but usually had good material in his clothes, for he had to make them last. Ike had to work at all times when not in school. He would take any job he could do and seldom complained about the work being too hard.

“To me the outstanding point of his character,” Mr.

Howe points out, "was that he never showed any bitterness about having to work. He took this for granted. However, in sessions of his 'gang' he took the attitude that a better equalization of economic affairs should be made. As I stated, he made friends with many people, but still and all, he had, of course, his selected group. The Eisenhower family had no special pull anywhere, and never asked for any.

"Dwight had two outstanding qualifications which, when properly applied, will mean success to most people in almost any vocation they may choose. He was especially observant. He could walk through a plant, or a building, or a manufacturing establishment, or watch someone who was adept at his work and be able to tell you everything he had seen.

"The other outstanding quality was his ability to listen to a conversation and then at the proper time ask questions that would bring him the information he wanted. He liked to debate subjects and had the faculty of asking controversial questions so as to confuse his opponent and make him come forth with some outstanding facts. If, in the discussion, he was being cornered, he would come forth with some witticism and put on his best smile. In that way he generally ended the debate by disposing of his opponent's argument.

"One occasion I vividly recall was a football game," Mr. Howe relates. "It seemed that Ike and a couple of other boys who were players on the high-school team had it intimated to them by the high-school principal that they might not get to play the Friday afternoon game. This was a blow because they were playing a neighboring town—the one town they always wanted to beat. Accordingly they called on me. I was supposed to be the boys' friend and was also a member of the school board, and they insisted it was my duty to compel the school authorities to let them play. They, of course, had been behind in their school work.

"I endeavored to explain to them that I was not responsible for their not complying with school requirements. I told them I could not see where I came in, and that it was not my fault. However, the argument was of no avail. They told me that I was a fine school-board member and that I certainly lacked the school spirit. I gave them no satisfaction, so they left the office, slamming the door and telling me they would not come back nor would they ever ask me to do anything for them again.

"However, they all came back. They played in the football game.

"Another occasion of this kind was when some of the boys, including Ike, went skating or hunting during the time school was in session. They were instructed what they must do in order to return to school. The boys thought it too hard a task. So I was again called upon to intercede. About the same arguments were made pro and con. I was again charged with not being their friend. However, they came back in a day or so. I mention these things to show that Dwight was firm in his demands, yet even as a high-school boy he could see, after thinking it over, he was wrong and the authorities were right.

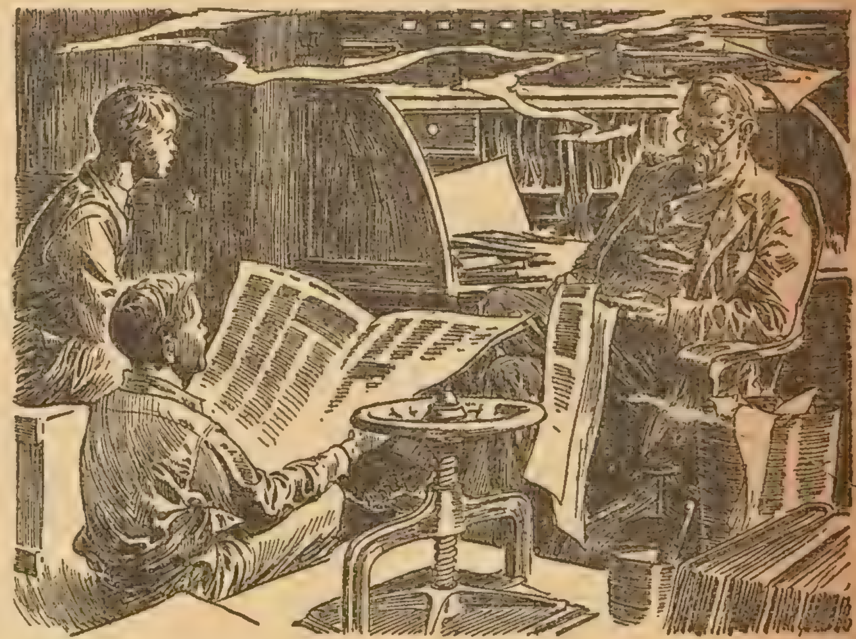
"TWO incidents stand out in my mind that apply directly to Ike. I had a book, The Life of Hannibal. It started out with Hamilcar telling Hannibal what was expected of him. It told of some of his war strategy. Ike got to looking at it and then later began reading it. I do not know whether he ever finished it, but my reason for remembering it was that several other students looked at it and remarked it was too deep for them.

"The other incident was after Ike's appointment to West Point, when he was preparing for his examination. He came into the office one evening after school and wanted to know if he could borrow my Century Book of Facts. He said he guessed he would have to do some real studying now. He afterwards remarked that it certainly helped him.

"At the 'gag' sessions in the evenings, when national, state, county, city, and school affairs were discussed, as well as sports, and many times the conduct of various citizens of the town, someone would start to sing. Now that was one place Ike got into trouble. He at that time had to struggle to carry a tune and the boys used to insist he was the discordant note. There were others, as far as that goes, but Ike evidently is a much better general than he was a singer.

"Dwight was a good athlete. He was a good ballplayer—playing left field mostly, I think. He was a good football player. He played the game with all the vim and enthusiasm he possessed. He was not what the boys called a 'dirty' player. He took advantage of the opponents' weaknesses, but that's about all. One of the rules that we laid down to the boys whom I sponsored—and there were about thirty of them—was that there was to be no rough stuff in any game."

In summing up the life of Dwight Eisenhower as a high-school student, Mr. Howe says, "We found him going along the average road. He never impressed his knowledge on others, nor did he approve of their doing that to him. He respected his elders. He was always for the underdog, if he thought the boy or girl was right. Money was not his aim. The rich and poor alike respected the Eisenhower family and on several occasions I have seen Ike go to the rescue of some boy who he thought needed help. He, as everyone else, became angry, but soon cooled off. In other words, he was a real boy."



Dr. Harger remembers a sort of club formed by some dozen couples of the school crowd and named "Bums of Lawsy Lou." The name did not mean anything, but the memory of its meetings still lingers in the minds of staid matrons.

"The initiation of a girl was that she should be kissed by every boy," explained one of the members. "On the night I was accepted I got the first kisses of my life from ten boys, and was I embarrassed?"

Remembered vividly by the old "gang" is a feat of prowess that endeared Ike to the sporting crowd in the home town. It seems that one Dirk Taylor, a Negro heavyweight, had achieved something more than local fame as a fighter during Ike's absence. Dirk was a handy man around town, mowing lawns, doing odd jobs, and acting as porter in a barbershop when he wasn't fighting or training. Dirk was good, all right, but he was cocky about it. Husky, belligerent, and boastful, he declared he could "lick any man in Kansas."

Dwight arrived home on a brief leave. He had taken up boxing at West Point and the boys appealed to him to take some of the wind out of this heavyweight.

They told Ike, "He thinks no one in this part of the country can stand up against him for one round. Why don't you take him on?"

Dwight was much lighter, but wiry, and had become known as one of the best boxers at the Academy. He took off his cadet uniform, changed into old clothes, and went over to the barbershop to get a shave. Dirk glared at him out of the corner of his eyes and mumbled, "I can knock out any man in Kansas." Ike listened quietly as he sat lathered in the barber chair.

When the shave was finished he surprised everybo by stepping from the chair and remarking, "Dirk, I know you're good, but how'd you like to go across the street to the basement of Stirl's clothing store while we see just *how* good you are?"

"Sure," replied Dirk. "There ain't nuthin' better I'd like ta do."

With Cadet Eisenhower and Dirk, the entire crowd in the barbershop, with the exception of one poor barber who had to stay behind, trooped across the street. In a few minutes they all trooped back again, carrying Dirk. The "champ" had been knocked out in the second round. Ike had boxed with precision against Dirk's power. Dodging a terrific uppercut, Ike came back with a solar plexus that laid the town's boaster flat on the floor. But there were no hard feelings. The two were good friends. Dirk became one of the town's most ardent admirers of Ike and called him a "swell fellow." And Ike gave Dirk many recommendations that got him extra jobs.

Incidentally, it should be said that in Abilene, as in most of Kansas, there is seldom any racial prejudice. Ike has never had anything but friendship for the Negroes and they are his stanch friends. Negroes played on the high-school team with him.

DWIGHT EISENHOWER graduated from the Abilene High School when he was eighteen years old. He then worked around Abilene for more than a year, helping his father and doing various jobs as a fireman and refrigerative engineer before he made plans for a career.

Finally he decided. He was intrigued by the biographies of great military leaders. His decision took his family by complete surprise.

"I'm going to enter the service of my country," he announced.

The Eisenhower family were religiously opposed to war. But Dwight insisted he knew what he was about, and no amount of persuasion could change his mind. His ancestors had felt "called to the ministry"; Ike felt "called to the service of his country."

Two pals had reached their decision together. Ike and his friend, Everett Hazlett, were going to Annapolis and enter the Navy. Hazlett passed his entrance examinations, but it was discovered that Ike, twenty years old, was a few months over age.

He bade his friend Hazlett good-by and went into a secret session with himself.

Again Ike came out with a decision: he would go to West Point and serve in the Army. Immediately he lost himself in all the official information he could obtain about the United States Military Academy. Ascertaining the qualifications required, he began to study day and night. Finally he felt assured he was equipped for his first battle with the examinations.

Appointment to West Point required political confirmation. Ike first enlisted two family friends, Editor Harger of the Abilene Reflector-Chronicle and Ed Heath, postmaster of Abilene. Other influential citizens were soon lined up.

Ike passed his examinations with flying colors against competitors. On a June day in 1911, surrounded by friends at the railroad station in Abilene, he stepped on the train to go East. He waved to the group on the platform as the train chugged out of sight. And something told them, "We'll hear from that boy; he's heading out for a great future."

As a "plebe" in 1912, Cadet Eisenhower ranked fifty-seventh in a class of 212. In 1913 he was eighty-first in the ranks of 177 members. In 1914 he climbed up to sixty-fifth.

He was graduated in 1915 as sixty-first with 164 graduates. Thus he remained huddled in the center of the upper section. He was neither a "bookworm" nor a classroom combatant, but rather a soldier in the ranks.

It was in military tactics, strategy, mathematics, historic campaigns, and battles he showed deepest interest. He liked problems of maneuver, organization, and movement of armies, the scientific rather than the academic. All the while he was absorbing the human knowledge of soldiery and warfare, contacts and relationships with his fellow men, in which he excelled.

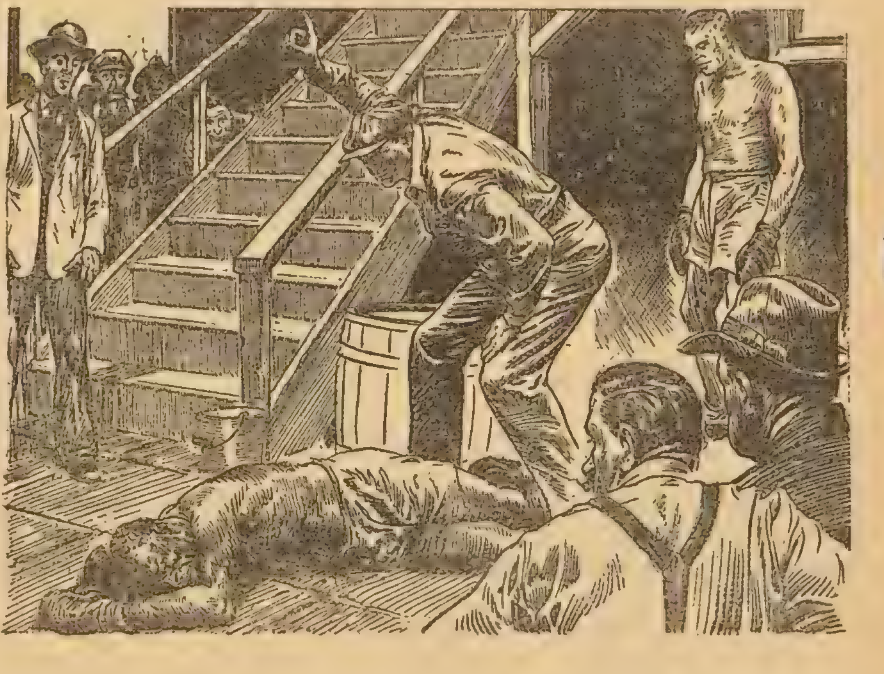
As an athlete, Ike left his name emblazoned on a bronze tablet at West Point and attained the Hall of Fame. The coveted "A" won at West Point was the first decoration Dwight Eisenhower ever won. On the football gridiron he was fast and furious and as a halfback they dubbed him the "Kansas Cyclone."

His football career was cut short when in a game with Tufts, which Army won, Eisenhower, while making a brilliant attack, went down in a crash and was taken from the field.

Army surgeons discovered that a kneecap had been fractured. The gridiron hero was laid up in a cast, unable to get back into shape for the rest of the season. Later he became coach for the football squad at Cullum Hall.

It was a grievous disappointment to Ike, and football experts said that the Army and the football world had lost "one of its greatest promises." His love for the game, however, quickly found a new outlet when he became a cheer leader. But that broken kneecap almost ended his military as well as his athletic career. Over a period of years the medical boards which gave him his annual physical examination stretched their official consciences to keep him in active service. Here, at least, was one instance in which such spiritual elasticity returned rich dividends to the Army and the country.

Gaily and gregariously Ike carried on through his last two years. He did his share of the grousing, enough to show that he was a thoroughly normal cadet. To his classmates he remained always a leader, a man whose views and decisions on any important matter were to be considered fully, and usually to be accepted.



For four years Ike maintained a fairly uniform academic average which finally graduated him at the top of the middle third of his class. His best showing in any subject was in English. Even now his former instructors recall his trenchant and frequently unorthodox style, a characteristic which has grown more pronounced with the years.

He has never wasted words, nor left any doubts of the meaning of what he had to say.

This future commander was not overburdened with chevrons. Frankly, he was not interested. True, in the final year he emerged as a color sergeant. Fine physique and a bit of dash are called for in the proper handling of the colors at ceremonies. Ike had both.

The greatest excitement of Ike's life at West Point came during his last year, when World War I swept over Europe. He believed that ultimately the United States would be drawn into the conflict and eagerly expressed his own desire to get into action.

Graduated as a second lieutenant in June, 1915, young Ike was assigned in September to the Ninteenth Infantry at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas, a few miles from his birthplace in Denison. Six months later, when Pancho Villa began his raids over the Mexican border, Second Lieutenant Eisenhower was made inspector-instructor of militia on the Mexican border. This was his job from August 1, 1916, to April 1, 1917.

Daniel S. Miller, now a military policeman at the

Brooklyn Navy Yard, tells of his being the first orderly of Eisenhower at Fort Sam Houston in the fall of 1915.

"One day a young second lieutenant came to the fort and joined our company," says Mr. Miller. "His name was Eisenhower. He was a strapping youth and seemed to know his way around.

"One evening I had a date at San Antonio and needed a pair of civilian shoes, so I sneaked a pair of the lieutenant's without being caught. The next morning I arose early to replace them under his bed. As I was cleaning his room that morning the lieutenant quietly remarked, 'If you want a pair of shoes, don't be bashful, ask me for them—don't sneak them out! You can use those shoes any time—they are yours.'

"He never mentioned the incident again, and after that we became real friends."

Young Eisenhower received his promotion to first lieutenant while stationed at Fort Sam Houston on July 1, 1916, and on that day was married to the charming Mamie Geneva Doud in Denver, Colorado. The soldier groom was twenty-five years old and his bride was nineteen.

Miss Doud had left Iowa, her birthplace, and gone to Denver, Colorado, during World War I. Her parents were in San Antonio, Texas, and she went to visit them. The story in the Eisenhower family is that when young Dwight met her he decided then and there, "This is the girl I'm going to marry."

On the night Mamie first met Dwight she had a date with another man and was anxious to get away. Together with her parents and a neighboring judge and his wife, she was having dinner at the officers' mess. Mamie didn't want to stay. Her mother told her they would be polite guests—Mamie's young man could pick her up at the post after dinner, or not at all. There was to be no argument about it. Mamie stayed. She was a beautiful eighteen-year-old girl and extremely popular with young men.

This was on a Sunday night, and Dwight was at the officers' mess. He and Mamie got along well from the beginning. Before her date, Mamie walked around with Dwight to inspect the first sentry. The next night Dwight called the Doud residence again and again. Mamie had gone to a picnic. When she returned, the maid told her a Mr. "I Something" had been calling every fifteen minutes. The telephone rang again and Mamie answered it.

"He asked me to go to the show at the 'big night' at the Majestic," she admits. "Well, all of us girls were always dated up for that night, so I told him it would be four weeks before I had an evening open."

After much futile argument, Dwight took the engagement four weeks ahead, but he says he managed to arrange some dates in advance of the big event. The courtship started in October, and in December they were engaged.

Mrs. Eisenhower says that the wedding was the only occasion on which she ever saw her husband nervous. He was so afraid that he might crease his white pants that he refused to sit down until the ceremony was over. (She insists, however, that while the General is a neat dresser he resents all appearance of being a Beau Brummell.)

THIRTY-NINE days after we entered the first World War, First Lieutenant Eisenhower became Captain Eisenhower. He was sent to Camp Wilson to train the National Guard of Illinois, and later became assistant mustering officer of the Southern Department.

The first American troops landed in France on June 5, 1917. Captain Eisenhower was at this time the regimental supply officer, with the Fifty-seventh Infantry at Leon Springs, Texas, from April 1 to September 20, where he made a reputation as one of the ablest young officers in American training camps. He was sent to Fort Oglethorpe, in Georgia, as instructor at the Officers' Training Camp from September 20 to December 1.

It was during this period, in September, 1917, that Eisenhower's war bride presented him with his first son.

Young Eisenhower was stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for a time as instructor of provisional officers at the Army Service Schools; he then organized the Sixty-fifth Battalion Engineers at Camp Meade, in Maryland; and finally was commander at Camp Colt, the old Gettysburg battlefield in Pennsylvania, not far from the birthplace of his father, from March to November, 1918.

At Gettysburg, Ike had a junior officer who always agreed with him. Turning to the yes-man, he exclaimed, "I want you to figure out some things which are wrong with this camp. You make me uncomfortable by alway agreeing with me. I feel that you either don't say what you think or that you are as big a fool as I am!"

Ike handled privates with the same tact he used with presidents. While stationed at a camp as C. O. he had a pair of privates who were constantly battling with each other. He solved the difficulty by assigning the two to a window-cleaning detail. They were ordered to work on the same pane at the same time, one doing the outside, the other the inside. At the beginning of the task the two had nothing but scowls and growls for each other. They could not keep up their enmity for long as the humor of the situation began to dawn on them. Soon they burst out laughing and harmony was restored.

Ike, like his forefathers, was now a pioneer. The age of mechanized warfare was beginning. Fortifications on wheels, known as tanks, were to revolutionize land battles. He saw in these moving forts, leading the way for infantry charges, a great future, and began to master their intricacies and develop strategy and maneuvers with amazing skill. He was training and sending his Tank Corps to France, where they were making notable records in battle.

The attention of the General Staff at Washington was directed to this young captain, and he was made major of infantry on June 17, 1918, while at Gettysburg. Four months later he was promoted to lieutenant colonel (temporary) of the Tank Corps.

Young Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower was in command of 6,000 men at Camp Colt. It became the best-organized camp in the United States and netted its commander the Distinguished Service Medal at the end of the war. The citation read, "For displaying unusual zeal, foresight, and marked administrative ability in the organization, training, and preparation for overseas service of technical troops of the Tank Corps."

Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower appealed to Washington for a chance to go overseas and get into action with his men. But Washington insisted that the work he was doing in training soldiers at home was of equal importance—without these trained Tank Corps men the battles in France could not be won.

Nonetheless Ike persisted in his appeals to Washington and at last they were to be rewarded. He was going to France. He was with his new tank unit aboard the transport, ready to sail on November 11—when the news came. World War I had come to its sudden end.

The ship's captain knew of young Eisenhower's eagerness to get into action. He also knew of his explosive nature if and when his plans were thwarted. Approaching him guardedly, he remarked:

"Sorry, colonel, sailing orders canceled. *It's all over over there!"*

Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower was silent. As a soldier he must take orders. But his friends state that he believed it was a grievous mistake not to force the Germans to fight it out to a decisive battle on German soil. He had dreamed of roaring with his tanks on to Berlin. He believed the Germans would interpret the armistice as a tactical victory, saving them from disaster, and begin preparations for another war.

"The Germans must be beaten on their own ground. Their own fatherland must be conquered and their military spirit broken before they will settle down as a peaceful people," was Ike's conviction. Time proved him to be right.

EISENHOWER commanded Tank Corps troops at Camp Dix, New Jersey, in November and December, 1918. Thence he went to Fort Benning, Georgia, until March, 1919, when he was ordered to Fort Meade, Maryland, to serve as executive officer and command various tank battalions for the next three years.

While at Camp Meade, Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower's temporary war rank reverted to his permanent rank as captain on June 30, 1920, but he was promoted two days later to major, the designation that he was to bear for the next sixteen years. At Camp Meade, his son, Doud Dwight Eisenhower, died in 1921.

In January, 1922, Ike sailed for the Panama Canal Zone, where he remained as executive officer of the Twentieth fantry Battalion at Camp Gaillard until 1924. He had een recommended to Major General Fox Connor by the then Colonel Patton, the tank commander who in future years was to serve under Eisenhower.

In Panama, Ike casually remarked one afternoon, "This is a fine day to have your appendix removed." Asked whether that organ had been troubling him, he replied, "No, I don't even know I have an appendix, but it might rear up and put me out of action sometime when things aren't so quiet."

General Connor said of him: "The work of the day was always first with him, but every spare moment was devoted to higher studies. His grasp of the lessons of the World War was superb. It was evident that he would go far."

In 1924 Eisenhower returned to the States from Panama. He served for three months as a recreation officer in the headquarters of the Third Corps Area at Baltimore, where he encouraged sports and was the coach of the football team.

He then was ordered to Colorado, where he served as recruiting officer at Fort Logan until August, 1925. It was in Colorado, where he had married Mamie Doud seven years before, that another son was born to them. The second son was born in Denver on August 3, 1923, and christened after his mother's father, John Doud. This lad was to live to follow in his father's footsteps, graduating from West Point during World War II.

Major Eisenhower was then assigned to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he was graduated with honors in June, 1926. He was assigned to Fort Benning, Georgia, as assistant post executive and commander of the Second Battalion, Twenty-fourth Infantry, from August, 1926, to January, 1927.

Always vitally interested in military history, he was ordered to Washington and detailed to the American Battle Monuments Commission, under General Pershing, serving at this assignment from January to August, 1927. He pursued his studies in the Army War College at Washington, and was graduated in June, 1928, leaving immediately for France, where, until September, 1929, he was again on duty with the Battle Monuments Commission in Paris.

For fifteen months Major Eisenhower journeyed over the battlegrounds of World War I in France, jotting down notes and making maps for an official Guide to American Battlefields in Europe.

While Eisenhower was living in Paris he met the leading military figures and statesmen of the time. He attended sessions of the Chamber of Deputies and the French Senate, went to Geneva to observe the League of Nations in operation, and became an ardent student of international relations and world affairs.

Eisenhower was then assigned to the War Department in Washington, as assistant executive in the office of the Assistant Secretary of War. Here he remained from November, 1929, until February, 1933.

MAJOR EISENHOWER'S next assignment was as special assistant to General MacArthur, then Chief of Staff. MacArthur was exerting his energies to arouse both Congress and the American people to the immediate necessity of establishing a mechanized army. Working unceasingly, Eisenhower was collecting the materials and evidence for General MacArthur's reports to Congress.

General MacArthur, receiving an urgent appeal from the Philippines to plan their defenses, answered the call. And in September, 1935, Major Eisenhower crossed the Pacific to serve with General MacArthur. He was stationed at Manila from 1935 to 1939, becoming a lieutenant colonel in 1936.

Eisenhower was placed in charge of the organization of the Philippine Air Force. He designed the fields and outlined training plans. He helped establish the Philippine Military Academy and wrote the Commonwealth Defense Act.

As it was necessary for him to fly around the islands in mapping out strategy, he decided it would be a good idea to add flying to his many skills. A firm believer in the future of air power as one of the decisive factors in warfare, he studied aeronautics and became an expert pilot at the age of forty-seven.

"There's exaltation, being up there in the blue all by yourself," Ike said. "No muddy roads, no detours, no signs. If you want to take a look at something, you dive down and take a look at it. If you don't like it, you soar up and find something else. You can do any damned thing you like."

"The Lieutenant Colonel is a natural," his instructors said. "He is crazy about flying. We never saw a more enthusiastic pilot. And what he knows about maneuvers in the air will some day make history."

The war which MacArthur and Eisenhower had predicted came on September 3, 1939, on the other side of the globe. Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower was ordered back to the United States. When he left the Philippines on December 13, 1939, General MacArthur grasped his hand and wished him great success in the days to come.

Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth, says of Eisenhower: "Among all his outstanding qualities, the quality I regard most highly is this: Whenever I asked Ike for an opinion I got an answer. It may not have been what I wanted to hear, it may have displeased me, but it was always a straightforward and honest answer."

On January 16, 1940, Ike reported at the Presidio in San Francisco and remained on temporary duty at headquarters with the Ninth Coast Artillery until February 2. He joined the Fifteenth Infantry at Ford Ord, California, and accompanied this regiment to Fort Lewis, Washington, as regimental executive officer until the end of November.

His movements were rapid as defenses were set up along the Pacific coast. He was chief of staff of the Third Division at Fort Lewis from November 30, 1940, to March 1, 1941, when he became chief of staff of the Ninth Army Corps. On March 11 he was appointed full colonel.

It was at this time that his father, David J. Eisenhower, died in his eightieth year back home in Abilene, Kansas.

Colonel Eisenhower was back at San Antonio, Texas, as chief of staff of the Third Army, on June 24, 1941. During the fall months he was conducting war maneuvers in Louisiana, under General Krueger with 220,000 men. His side won through brilliant strategy and the use of armored forces. General Krueger declared Eisenhower's command to have been superb. At the end of maneuvers, Eisenhower was promoted to the temporary rank of brigadier general on September 29, 1941.

"Keep your eyes on Ike," Army men prophesied. "He will be a major general in six months." Their prediction was to come true.

WHEN the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Eisenhower was with his Third Army in Texas. Worn out after a terrific day's work, he had left word that he was going to take a nap and must not be disturbed. His orderly, startled by the news coming over the radio, hesitated.

"He'll murder us if we don't wake him!" another orderly exclaimed.

Eisenhower had become known as "Alarmist Ike" because of his constant predictions. He was convinced that the United States must enter World War II, but he thought that the first attack would come from Europe. His orderlies finally mustered up courage, knocked on his door, and delivered the message.

Ike sat up and listened, his face tense as he looked straight ahead. His only remark was, "Well, boys, it's come!"

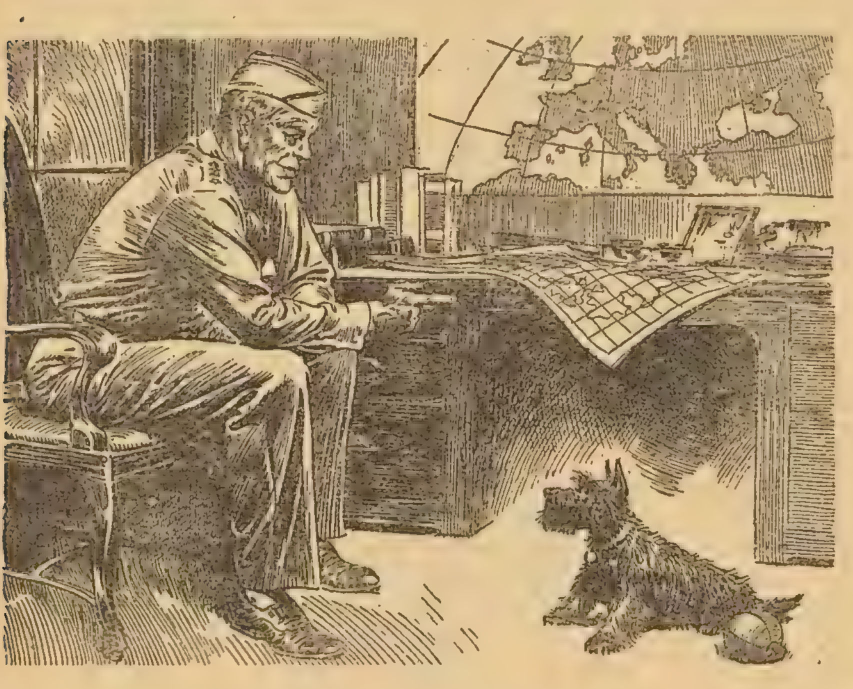
Five days after Pearl Harbor, General Marshall sent for Eisenhower. He was informed that he was to take over the War Plans Division of the General Staff, and was to formulate the grand strategy for all theaters of operation. His only comment as he left General Marshall's office was:

"Yes, they've given me a new job. I guess somebody must have told General Marshall I was a hot shot."

With a shrug of his shoulders he went away—to go to work. Sitting at his new post in Washington, the world became a huge chessboard before him. Watching every move, he sent strategic orders to American commanders in both hemispheres. His penetrating vision gained immediate respect. They knew a master hand was playing the game.

President Roosevelt nominated Eisenhower for the temporary rank of major general, and the Senate immediately confirmed the nomination. Six days later the War Plans Division was renamed the Operations Division, and General Eisenhower was now at the head of what the War Department described as "the controlling nerve center of the Army."

The General Staff and the White House were in conference day and night. Finally the momentous decision was reached. This was the man. He measured up to all the qualifications of modern warfare, had a genius for organization, was an expert with tanks, a firm believer in air power and the co-ordination of land, sea, and air forces. He was a natural-born leader of men.



General Marshall called Major General Eisenhower to his office and said, "You're going over to command the European divisions. When can you start?"

Eisenhower, taken by surprise, swallowed quickly and replied, "Tomorrow morning!"

It is said that he received this appointment for two reasons: First, his amazing record in getting things done; second, his strong advocacy of a second front. Convinced of this necessity, he had worked out practical plans which were so brilliant that they commanded the attention of the War Department.

General Staff officers in Washington give this word picture of Ike's last meeting with them: Snappily laying his plans before them, he said, "This is what it is. . . . This is what we're going to do. . . . This is what we need. . . . We're counting on you to see that we get it. Good-by!"

Before the General left for Europe, his friend Manuel Quezon wanted to present him with an annuity policy made out to his wife. "I want to show my gratitude!" exclaimed Quezon. "This is a decoration. You can accept a decoration, can't you? Well, this is a kind of decoration. I want to be sure that Mamie will always be taken care of."

The General replied that he would rather take care of that matter himself.

General Eisenhower had three major problems facing him in establishing the European Theater of Operations. The first was the training of U. S. troops; second, the establishment of close co-operation between the personnel of British and American armed and civilian services; third, preparations for future actions.

He discovered that his first job in England was to defeatism. The courage and resolve of the British remained strong through the perils which they had faced alone. But rumors that they and the Americans were now to invade Germany and fight Hitler on his own ground seemed to confront them with a colossal undertaking. They were thrilled by the arrival of the Americans and would fight with them to the ends of the earth if necessary. The question, however, was, "Is this the right time? Are we strong enough yet to undertake the gigantic job of invading Germany and fighting Hitler to a finish on his own ground?"

This question, too, was in the minds of the Americans. The tremendous successes of the Axis on the Continent and its striking power had created the myth of the invincibility of Hitler.

General Eisenhower, addressing his own soldiers, declared, "Pessimism and defeatism will not be tolerated. Any officer or soldier who cannot rise above the recognized obstacles and bitter prospects that lie in store for us has no recourse but to ask for instant release from this theater. And if he shows such an attitude and doesn't ask for release he will go home anyway."

His Western fighting spirit aroused the morale of his boys. "We'll go where Ike goes," they declared. "We'll follow him into hell if necessary."

The British officers found in General Eisenhower a man they could work with. Brilliant military men, old warriors who had been through many campaigns, recognized in this man who had never fought a battle a great military strategist with inspiring leadership. The task of co-ordinating the Americans and the British into an unconquerable fighting force was to be the greatest achievement in the annals of warfare.

Ike, a doughboy at heart, insisted that his troops be kept happy. They were arriving with unprecedented speed; their spirits must be maintained as they became acclimated to a new world while being rigorously trained for the battles ahead of them; they must be given relaxations and recreations—and as many of the comforts of home as the conditions would allow. They in return demonstrated their love for Ike.

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S simplicity and his devotion to his fellow men, his intimate touch with the common man, gave him somewhat the character of Lincoln. One Britisher remarked, "We all call him Ike, but there's a lot of Abe in him."

Broadcasting a message to war workers back home in American industries, thanking them for the great support they were giving him with munitions and supplies, he said, "We pledge you that we will use them effectively. I will leave it to our enemies to guess when and where and how we will use the supplies you send. I understand their suspicions have been aroused of late. We shall politely continue to leave them in the dark."

The maintenance of good will with the British allies the General considered of paramount importance. When rumors were maliciously circulated to the effect that there was trouble between the Royal Air Force and the U. S. Air Forces, the General called in reporters and declared, "Time is short and United States soldiers must be trained to stand the most rigorous operations. I am not asking you to take what I say, because I might be wrong and I might even lie to you, but I want you to go around and see for yourself whether there is any friction between the R. A. F. and our Air Force."

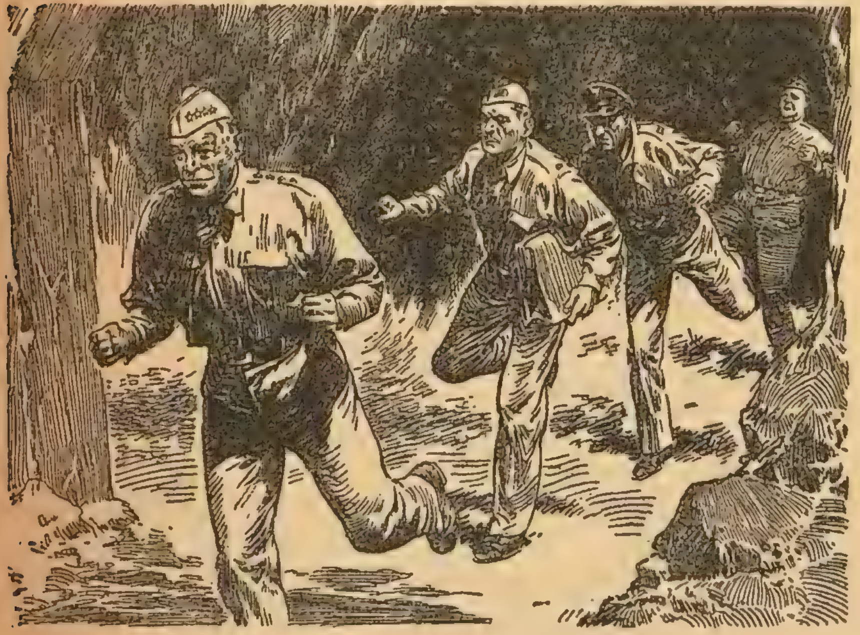
In England, Eisenhower soon became a pleasant legend and was known as the "best-liked and least social of American officers." A British officer said of him, "He knows he is fighting a foe who sneers at the rules, and he is not above teaching the Nazis a few tricks he has thought up all by himself."

From the beginning of his command in Europe, the General eschewed all social gatherings for the duration of the war. This policy was decided upon when, at a London party, he found himself at the hand-shaking end of a receiving line of 2,600 persons.

War needs all his time, the General believes, and as a result he prefers the quick interview to the formal conference. He hates dawdling and unnecessary respect.

en a junior officer hesitated before entering his office, Ike growled, "Look here, dammit, if you have anything, bring it in. Don't act like this was a boudoir."

The General lived in London with his close personal friend and naval aide, Lieutenant Commander Harry C. Butcher. Also sharing his quarters was a Scottie puppy, an acquisition of the General's after he stamped into his office one day and asked whether there was any regulation forbidding his keeping a pet. Informed that there wasn't, he said, "I want a dog. I need somebody to talk to. And I want someone who can't ask questions about the war and cannot repeat what I say if I say anything."



The staff chipped in and purchased the puppy, which was named Telek, because the General was occupying a former telegraph signaling post at the time of the pup's acquisition.

Reports and rumors from E. T. O. flew thick and fast, while preparations continued deliberately. At the end of October a story was "planted" in the newspapers to the effect that General Eisenhower had been recalled to the United States for a series of discussions. This rumor accounted for his absence, an absence later explained by the fact that the General went to Gibraltar. He was given command of the fortress.

His headquarters were under 1,400 feet of solid rock and comprised forty rooms. The only exercise the General and his staff were able to get consisted of running to their offices through a dripping tunnel.

Many a private was startled at the sight of his commander and his staff sprinting through the narrow passageway.

To outwit Hitler and divert German attention, General Eisenhower had ordered that units of American forces be outfitted for the Arctic. The Eisenhower strategy worked perfectly. The Germans were reported to be bolstering their defenses in Norway.

All through the night of November 7, 1942, General Eisenhower worked in his cavern headquarters. Great events were impending; great chances were being taken. The die was being cast. In his hand he held a decoded message. It was from General Marshall, back in Washington, and read:

"You and your command sailed with the hopes and prayers of America. For months you have planned, trained, and conditioned yourselves for the great task ahead. Godspeed to your success. I have complete confidence in your leadership and in the aggressive fighting quality of your troops."

General Eisenhower, his features tense and lined by tremendous strain, read dispatches, issued orders, and waited. . . .

On the morning of November 8, the world was startled by the news that the Americans had landed in North Africa.

The greatest armada in the world's history, up to that time—850 ships—had brought the first American Army to the battle front. Within seventy-six hours they had won 1,300 miles of the coasts of North and West Africa, advancing from Algiers and Morocco.

General Eisenhower's comment as he left Gibraltar to advance his headquarters to North Africa was, "The only thing I was disappointed in was the resistance of the French Navy, particularly the coast batteries. We don't want to fight the French and they are opposing us, holding up the job and expending effort which might well be used against the common enemy—Germany. The way our Navy delivered the goods at the right time and the right place was marvelous. The way the naval staff planned the giant convoys with exact timing was nothing short of wonderful."

Within two days an armistice was reached—the French ceased firing and Algiers and French Morocco surrendered on November 9, 1942. Oran fell, and then on November 11, when Casablanca was taken, Eisenhower faced the choice of driving on into Tunisia or going into Libya.

He decided to make the gamble to "grab Tunis" and bottle up the Axis along the coast line while General Montgomery with the British forces was driving across North Africa to join him.

Another crucial decision confronted Eisenhower. Who should be entrusted with the political administration of the French territory now under his command in North Africa? The French were politically divided into two groups.

Admiral Jean François Darlan declared himself High Commissioner in French North Africa and West Africa. To meet the emergency, General Eisenhower, and his government behind him, decided to support the situation on the grounds of military necessity. He considered the move essential in the light of the military crisis, because it would swing units of the French fleet to the United Nations and bring substantial French forces to his support.

Political factions in America, England, and France attacked the Darlan agreement, but the General's only remark to friends is said to have been, "I am not a politician. My job is to help win this war. I shall do whatever in my judgment will help to end the war victoriously in the quickest possible time."

The General's brother, Milton Eisenhower, arrived from America just before the Christmas holidays in the capacity of assistant director of the Office of War Information.

Upon his return to America, Milton Eisenhower reported: "I found the General in grand health. This despite the fact that he is rising before dawn each day and working late into the night. He's getting less than five and a half hours of sleep—most of the time less—but doesn't show the strain."

ON Christmas Eve a revolver shot decided the Darlan issue. Admiral Darlan, sixty-one years old, was assassinated at his headquarters in the city of Algiers. At the time General Eisenhower was with his troops in the front lines, where American and British forces were engaged in heavy fighting on the road to Medjez-el-Bab. General Ike was sitting at the officers' front-line mess, dining with members of his staff, when the message of Darlan's death was delivered to him. His aide and friend, Lieutenant Commander Harry C. Butcher of the Navy, was at his side. Leaving their Christmas Eve dinners on the table, they stepped into their car and started for Algiers.

All night long they drove at high speed over the roads through the darkness, the General taking turns at the wheel. Christmas morning dawned over the desert. About noon Ike and Butch stopped by the roadside, and standing beside their parked car ate British field rations for their Christmas dinner. It was Christmas night when they arrived in the ancient capital of Algeria. Here the details which could not be transmitted over the telephone were related.

The night was spent in consultations. On the following day it was announced that the successor of Darlan would be General Giraud. This appointment, too, was confirmed over political protests, for "military reasons."

The Eisenhower strategy was proving itself day by day.

Through these early weeks the French port of Dakar, which Hitler had planned to use as a springboard across the South Atlantic to South America, was turned over to the use of the United Nations. American ground forces reached Dakar. American forces were battling at Tebourba. Allied planes were bombing Bizerte in Tunisia. United States and British forces were inflicting severe casualties on the enemy.

General Ike's only complaint was, "Hell, I'm not seeing enough of this darn war."

Eisenhower called his headquarters "Grand Central Station" because of the crowd constantly passing through. There he sat and sweated in the daytime and nearly froze at night as he issued his orders and listened to complaints.

"General Ike is the man to take your troubles to!" exclaimed an officer. "Ike can grin at anyone and make him feel good. When you see what he is up against, more than half your troubles disappear."

His informality, with his sound advice or admonition, was a compelling force in itself. At the beginning of the campaign he sent this message to General Patton:

"Dear Georgie: Algiers has been ours for two days. Oran defenses crumbling rapidly, with Navy shore batteries surrendering. Only tough nut left to crack is in your hand. Crack it open quickly. IKE."

His regular working day lasted between sixteen and eighteen hours. He remarked that this was better than to keep everybody else awake by snoring. If he could wedge in a few minutes for exercise he went out with a handball and "had a catch" with some of the officers.

The General traveled back and forth to the battle fronts by plane or jeep. Usually he wore what he called his "goop suit," his nickname for the tankman's "zoot suit." This consisted of a pair of pants which came up to the armpits, with the bottoms buttoned around his shoes. For a coat he wore a heavy battle jacket; instead of the regulation military cap, a heavy knitted helmet covered his head.

He held important conferences under the wings of Flying Fortresses or in scanty field headquarters, or standing in a jeep, traveling over two hundred miles a day. And he covered a lot of territory; no soldier worked harder than the General.

He once left his headquarters at 3 A. M. and arranged to meet various commanders along the way, working until midnight. Then he lay down for three hours of sleep and began again, until he returned at noon the following day to headquarters. There he held conferences until dinnertime, and then set about studying maps and plans until 11 P. M.

While he traveled he allowed himself no privileges and ate the ordinary C or K rations of the troops. These consisted of hard biscuits, chocolate, coffee, canned vegetables, and stew, which he ate cold. Rather than take the time to heat the coffee, he just drank water from his canteen.

THE General did not escape his share of danger. Once his jeep was pushed into a ditch while it was threading its way along a road between two long motor convoys in a blackout; he suffered a badly bruised back. Another time he and his party were under heavy machine-gun fire.

On another occasion he slept in a town which was heavily bombed a few minutes after his departure. He could see the antiaircraft guns go into action as he drew away in his jeep.

The news was guarded as a secret that President Roosevelt had arrived in North Africa to discuss strategic plans for the invasion of Europe from its "underbelly." For ten days (January 14-24, 1943) in a white villa, near the shores of the Atlantic, the conferences which were to make history were held. Prime Minister Winston Churchill sat beside F. D. R. General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, surrounded by advisers from the Army and Navy, was seated near General Eisenhower. Around the conference table were the British Chiefs of Staff with General Henri Honoré Giraud and General Charles de Gaulle, representing the French.

With military maps and plans spread before them they laid the plans for the coming invasion, working from early morning until midnight. When President Roosevelt and General Eisenhower parted, the destiny of nations had been decided. The ten days' conference at Casablanca set up the "Unconditional Surrender" proclamation to the armies of the Axis. The "beginning of the end of the Axis" was strategically laid out. General Eisenhower went back to his headquarters to put these plans into operation.

EISENHOWER was placed in supreme command of all Allied forces in North Africa on February 6, 1943. For the first time in history the British and Americans were united into a consolidated fighting force under an American commander.

Prime Minister Churchill, in making this unprecedented announcement, said, "In General Eisenhower and in General Alexander you have two men remarkable for their selflessness of character and their disdain of purely personal advancement. Let them alone, give them a chance, and it is quite probable that one of these fine days the bells will have to be rung again."

President Roosevelt on February 11 proposed General Eisenhower as a "four-star" full general to the Senate. Suspending all rules, they approved the appointment that afternoon.

Eisenhower planned his staff on a "business basis" and called himself "chairman of the board."

The Allied Headquarters grew to tremendous size—1,200 officers and 16,000 enlisted men, housed in 1,500 requisitioned buildings in Algiers. In preparation for the Sicilian invasion General Eisenhower issued a combat order which exceeded 100,000 words, yet, despite the huge preparations, the General had the satisfaction of saying, after the attack at Gela, "By golly, we surprised them!"

Passing the buck is out with Ike Eisenhower. He assumes all blame for whatever goes wrong. When the Yanks took their greatest licking at Faïd Pass, the American and British units became hopelessly entangled. The General issued this statement: "Any blame for the mixing up of units belongs to me. We saw a chance to grab all of Tunisia before the Germans could reinforce. We threw up every combat unit we had, regardless. It was a long gamble, but we almost got away with it. After you mix up your units, even on a good gamble like that, it takes time to sort them out."

Another time, when supply lines were particularly long, French troops under Giraud were guarding supply routes and De Gaulle chose this critical moment to present a demand that all Vichyites be purged from the French Army.

General Eisenhower settled the matter by explaining the military exigencies and the problem was solved diplomatically.

"I'll co-operate with you fellows and I want you to co-operate with me," Ike told war correspondents. In his dealings with the press he is friendly and honest, but expects strict secrecy when he asks it. He sent home a correspondent who had revealed a military secret in an article extremely complimentary to himself. He wants his headquarters referred to as "Allied Force Headquarters" and not as "Eisenhower's Headquarters."

For a while things looked dark when the Germans were rushing supplies into Africa from Italy. The Allied air forces were paralyzed by bad weather; armies were bogged down in torrents of rain. They had been beset by supply difficulties, transportation by sea, and a thousand and one problems. Eisenhower was quick to place any American troops needed at the disposal of the British.

It was then that the actual joining of the armies began, and not until after the British Eighth Army had taken Tripoli and won the supply race did Eisenhower relax.

This critical period welded the Americans and Britons together both in the field and at headquarters. Together, sharing the glory, they went on to victory. Eisenhower used his genius for co-ordination also in working with the French. Seeing the French fight without proper equipment or clothing, he quickly allocated some of his matériel to them and gave them a chance to participate in the Tunisian victory.

There is a story told about the time General Marshall visited the North African front. He was appalled by the number of hours on Eisenhower's schedule and the enormous amount of work he was doing. Marshall entrusted an aide with the task of imposing a more leisurely schedule on Eisenhower.

Ike accepted the orders from his boss in Washington by coming to work the next day at nine thirty in the morning. His habit was to rise about sunrise and start to work. On the new schedule Ike took a long lunch instead of a snack; he left his office at five o'clock in the evening instead of working into the night. This new routine lasted exactly one day. The next morning Eisenhower was at hand about daybreak to "make up for the lost time."

The aide who had been instructed by General Marshall to see that Eisenhower abided by the new rules was worried. He went to Marshall's aide and reported his failure.

"Hell," exclaimed Marshall's aide, "that's all right! Marshall never follows his own routine, anyhow."

General Eisenhower now continued the extensive tour of the front which had been cut short by the assassination of Darlan. He had many narrow escapes, and came very close to being captured by German armored forces. The Germans were conducting a push from Faïd. General Eisenhower, traveling by jeep, was inspecting forward positions at Sidi bau Zid, a dozen miles from Faïd, an hour and a half before the Germans attacked with their strong Twenty-first Armored Division. He lingered long enough to hear the battle and missed capture by ninety minutes.

WHEN the battles at Kasserine Pass were being waged with terrific onslaughts from both sides, General Eisenhower was at the front. Standing beside him were General Alexander, General Giraud, and General Patton. They watched the American forces as they rallied a few days later with a powerful attack. Through brilliant strategy the Germans were caught between the sheer cliffed walls in the mountain pass. Waves of American bombers poured death from the skies. Panic-stricken, the Germans tried to escape the flaming tomb, but the American ground forces drove through with devastating power. The Battle of Kasserine Pass was won (February 24, 1943), and the remnants of the Germans retreated toward Gafsa. And Gafsa, with General Eisenhower witnessing the battle, was captured in terrific combat by American infantry on March 17, St. Patrick's Day.

The Americans captured El Guettar. The German Mareth Line began to crack under Allied bombing and a major battle was brewing. General Montgomery was making rapid progress coming from the east and sent the following message to his chief on March 21:

"We are all looking forward to joining the United States of America forces very shortly and after that we will finish off this business very quickly between us."

The long-awaited day arrived. It was April 7 when the message came to Eisenhower that Monty's battle-scarred British veterans had joined the Americans in Tunisia. The combined forces swept forward. On April 18, 1943, American forces were twelve miles from Mateur, while the French advanced from Djebel Monseur and the British swept on toward Tebourba.

General Eisenhower visited the eastern front and returned with respect for the German Rommel but with confidence of Allied victory.

"Rommel is a great general but no superman," Eisenhower said to his officers. "Your enemy is tough, resourceful, and battle-wise. Your duty to yourself, to your men, and to your country is to be tougher, more resourceful, and better trained than the enemy in every phase of battle activity."

The Axis in Africa had come to the end of the trail. On May 7, 1943, at four fifteen in the afternoon, Bizerte was captured by the U. S. Second Corps aided by the French. Tunis was captured by the British First Army after advancing twenty-three miles in thirty-six hours. United States armored forces were advancing toward the Gulf of Tunis to cut off the retreating Axis troops. The British pushed along the coast to stop the enemy from withdrawing into the hills of the Cape Bon peninsula.

On May 10 British forces were advancing up both sides of Cape Bon peninsula to strangle Hitler's "supermen" with a last powerful grip, and on May 12 General Eisenhower, at his headquarters, issued this statement: "Organized resistance, except in isolated pockets, of the enemy has ceased. General von Arnim, commander of the Axis forces in Tunisia, has been captured."

WITH North Africa safely in his possession, General Eisenhower cast his eyes toward Europe. Working indefatigably for five weeks, Ike and his staff planned every detail of the job. When he was questioned about his chances for success, he pointed toward Sicily and remarked, "We'll be in there, going well, in a month."

While the campaign was being organized, Anthony Eden, back in London, affirmed his complete confidence in them. "Not enough has been said about the invaluable work of General Eisenhower in North Africa. Literally there is no parallel for it in history. It is not a joint Allied staff that he has created, but one single staff working toward one objective. What can be done in North Africa in war can be done elsewhere in peace."

It was General Eisenhower's idea that they should attempt to land first on the southeastern corner of Sicily, to give General Alexander a chance to anchor both flanks on the sea. He also suggested several feints and diversions to distract Axis warships and air power from Sicily to the eastern and western Mediterranean, despite obstacles of fog and bad weather.

When asked about fighter-plane support, Ike retorted, "What the hell do you think we took Pantelleria for?"

When, on the night of July 9, the invasion of Sicily was but a matter of hours, General Eisenhower watched the departure of an Allied air fleet and then went to his headquarters. He spent the night tracing the course of the invasion on charts in his office and in the Fighter Command room which had charge of the air umbrella covering the action.

A few hours before the Sicilian invasion a terrific wind swept over the Mediterranean. Ike watched and gauged it with his weather-trained plainsman's eye. He went to headquarters and found a message from General Marshall:

"Is it on or off and what do you think?"

"It's on," Eisenhower wired back. "There's a high wind, but I think we'll be able to report success in the morning."

Throughout the work of the night Ike sustained himself by sipping tea. Turning to an aide, he smacked his lips and remarked, "The English know what they're doing. This tea habit is not so bad!"

It was revealed at this time that Ike always carried seven good-luck pieces in his pocket. They are old coins which he rubs when in a particularly ticklish action. The officers, watching him with his hand in his pocket, nodded and said, "We'll win—Ike's rubbing his good-luck pieces."

At one thirty Ike was convinced from the reports coming to him that the "boys are doing a good job." While he waited he lay down and took cat naps until four thirty, when word came of the successful landing in Sicily.

On the night of July 12, 1943, a group of officers gathered in the darkness of the wharf of a North African port. General Eisenhower stood looking out into the foggy night. There was a barge rocking in the surge of the tides. Ike turned to Admiral Cunningham and remarked, "I'd trade you a lot for this."

"Wait until your dinner starts going up and down," the admiral replied.

A few minutes later the General and his staff were aboard a destroyer, waiting in the heavy seas. As Ike climbed to the deck he chuckled. "I never know what to do when they pipe me on."

Every general and all the officers and men carried full combat equipment, but Ike was in dress uniform. Apologizing for their helmets, they explained, "General Patton won't let us ashore without one."

The next morning the ship approached its destination. Daylight revealed a frantic scuttling about in the harbor, while in the distance landings were still in progress and big guns boomed. The ship was crowded with generals, admirals, and lesser officers. German planes flew in low to strafe and machine-gun landing forces. General Eisenhower was having breakfast with General Patton. Ike was writing a message to all ships: "Best wishes and good luck."

Fifteen minutes later—at nine forty-five—the command "Action stations!" sounded. The crew began to fire. Germans hidden on the beach were bombarding General Eisenhower's ship. When advised to take cover in a place of safety, he quickly waved his advisers aside.

"This is war," he said, "and I'm in it!"

Somebody brought the General a helmet. He tried to put it on, but the strap reached only to a point just below his nose.

"If I use this I'll need two men to hold it on," Ike chuckled.

Pushing them aside, Ike went to work—passing cotton around to the crew to stuff their ears.

"It seems I'm the bird in the gilded cage," Ike remarked. "The last time I was shelled near Pantelleria the shots fell three hundred yards away, but now they're missing by four hundred. I guess we're doing better."

At ten twenty-four on this eventful morning General Eisenhower, accompanied by his aide, Lieutenant Commander Butcher, and John Gunther, war correspondent, stepped ashore on a sheltered cape on the southeastern tip of Sicily—the first three Americans to set foot on this island. The General carried little to identify him as the commander in chief of all the forces along the Mediterranean.

"I want to talk to the senior Canadian officer of this beach head," the General explained to a soldier on guard.

"This is a Canadian beach head, sir, but headquarters is some distance inland."

"I don't care if it's a second lieutenant," the General said. "I want to talk to some Canadian officer. I want to welcome Canada to the Allied command."

Determined not to be stopped, Ike jumped into a jeep and started out over bomb-pitted roads.

WHEN Sicily had been won, General Eisenhower sat in his headquarters and read the messages that were now bombarding him with high praise. Pondering over one of the dispatches in his hand, he bowed gratefully and put it down on the table. It read:

"All of us are thrilled over the Sicilian campaign now successfully concluded in accordance with the timing and planning of the Allies. This is especially true when we realize that the enemy force in Sicily amounted to 405,000 men.

"Events of the last thirty-eight days show what can be done by teamwork based on preparation, training, and timing, and above all gallantry, on the sea and in the air.

"From the ancient citadel of Quebec I send you my warm congratulations and to the officers and men under your command—British, Canadian, French and American—my thanks and enthusiastic approbations. Tell them all, well done. Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

General Ike, turning to his staff, said reflectively, "It was a real victory. Our troops have done everything that the best troops in the world could have done. And that includes the three services."

This was the message he sent to his soldiers, again giving *them* the full credit. This was the real Eisenhower, humble in victory and great in his devotion to his men.

His eyes were now on the mainland of Italy, just across the strait. He set about making Sicily a great supply base for the next invasion.

"We're playing in the big leagues now!" General Eisenhower exclaimed. "You can't hit a home run by bunting. You have to step up there and take your cut. The time has come to discontinue nibbling at islands, and hit the Germans where it hurts. I don't believe in fighting battles to chase someone out of somewhere. Our object is to trap and smash the enemy."

A radiogram from the States requested the General to send a message to the folks back home. Ike replied promptly:

"No time for messages until we can say them with bombs and shells."

While subduing Sicily, the Allies began an all-out offensive against the Italian mainland. President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill on July 16 sent this message to the Italian people: "The time has now come for you, the Italian people, to consult your own self-respect and your own interest and your own desire for a restoration of national dignity, security, and peace. The time has come for you to decide whether Italians shall die for Mussolini and Hitler—or live for Italy and civilization."

The appeal was punctuated by the roar of Allied planes over Italy, but they did not carry bombs—they bombarded Italy with this message in printed leaflets. The following day the heaviest Allied force ever to raid the Italian mainland smashed at Naples.

General Eisenhower was demanding his answer. After nine more days of terrific bombing, the answer came, on July 23, 1943. Mussolini had fallen.

The surrender of the Italian government followed. Events continued to move swiftly. The Italian fleet dashed out to sea and surrendered to the Allies. Italy declared war on Germany.

Eisenhower had won another epoch-making victory. Through a masterly combination of military strategy and most skillful diplomacy he had forced Italy out of the Axis—the partner of Nazism was now its enemy.

Throughout these trying days of battle, while burdened with tremendous responsibilities, Eisenhower was the same strong but genial Ike in his contacts with his generals and soldiers at the front and his staff back at headquarters. His human qualities never deserted him even in the greatest crises. The tumult of battle was constantly relieved by his simplicity.

Nor did he ever forget the welfare of his troops. Once he visited an Army show and commended the actors.

"You are entertaining soldiers. You are not fighting with machine guns, but your job is just as important. You are rendering a service, and a great one, to your fellow soldiers and your country."

One of the performers in a show given in Sicily was a hillbilly one-man band. Part of his act was to greet friends from the footlights. He called out in turn, "Hi, Seth! Hi, Reuben!" And then, turning to the General's box, exclaimed, "Hi, Ike!" The General answered with a quick and genial smile.

When he heard of a proposed visit of the all-star baseball teams, he wired, "I not only want those teams but I insist that they stay over for thirty days."

When the WAAC was changed to the WAC, Ike urged all the members to re-enlist and said, "I am too simple a soldier to see the difference. A WAAC often does the job, in her particular sphere, of two men."

His WAC secretary was Staff Sergeant Nana Rae. "He is a very fast dictator and he knows some awful big words," she confided. "He sits at his desk when you come in, but that's the last you see of him sitting down. He paces around while he dictates and gets up speed."

On the occasion of National Bible Week he sent the following message back home: "It is truly gratifying to know that the people of the United States are setting aside a week to honor the book which is 'our daily bread,' the Word of God. While the utterances of God as recorded in the Bible are ever the need of mankind, it is in war, and particularly in the present war, with its issue of humanity and morality, that their essential presence is felt.

"On this front, I am happy to report, this thought is foremost among our men. Our objective is total victory, not only victory by arms, but victory also for America's ideals. With the help of God in this fight for right, which help our men are ever and devotedly seeking, this victory is assured."

Another instance of the warm-hearted personal approach of General Eisenhower is the story of Duckworth, a dog, and his two fighter-pilot masters. Lieutenant Harold Taff and Lieutenant Richard East had brought the dog to Africa with them, taking the little spaniel on the long voyage across on a troopship.

One day Lieutenant East failed to return from a mission. His parents were duly notified that he was missing. They dispatched a letter to General Eisenhower, asking if the dog could be sent home to them. "If it is not inconsistent with general policy and it doesn't interfere with the war effort, Dick's mother would particularly appreciate it. If the dog could be placed on a plane or a freighter coming to New York Harbor, I could meet the dog and take him to our home."

The General commanded immediate compliance with the request. Just prior to the dog's departure he learned that the co-master, Lieutenant Taff, was alive and also wanted the dog. Ike quickly sent the following letter to Lieutenant East's parents:

"It is learned that the dog, Duckworth, belonged jointly to Lieutenant East and his best friend, Lieutenant Taff. Lieutenant East was killed in action, April 4. His plane and grave were located after our forces moved into the Tunis area. The loss of his best friend deeply affected Taff. The commanding officer of the fighter group brought Taff with the dog to the airplane. Taff was heartbroken at the thought of losing his dog, and wanted to spend every possible minute with him until the plane took off. He placed him in the plane and carefully tied him. He left the plane just before the take-off. Colonel West had been waiting in his car to take Taff back to quarters, but Taff was seen to thank him and walk away from the car to an adjoining field.

"Under the circumstances, and in particular in view of the statement that the dog was jointly owned by your son and his best friend, and especially as Taff has shown strong affection for the dog, I believe you will agree with me it would be unwise to return the dog to you as requested.

"The friendship of a dog is precious. It becomes even more so if one is so far removed from home as we are in Africa. I have a Scottie. In him I find consolation and diversion. For me he is the one 'person' to whom I can talk without the conversation turning back to the war. Duckworth is performing a patriotic service. I respect the quality of warm friendship shown by Taff for the dog. I am confident you and Mrs. East will view the situation similarly despite your natural and understandable desire to have with you this close companion of your gallant son who died for his country on the field of battle."

AFTER spending two months at his advance headquarters in Sicily and Italy, General Eisenhower, surrounded by war correspondents, said he had something important to say. The newspapermen were on the alert for a big news break.

"I would like to speak to you people for about a minute!" the General exclaimed. "It's my belief that you people aren't giving the foot-slogging soldier the credit he deserves. The foot soldier is not as spectacular as a tremendous raid on Berlin or Hamburg, or the whole Italian fleet sailing in to surrender. We are too apt to forget him except in individual cases of heroism. But as an over-all picture of infantry fighting—from El Alamein to where the Eighth Army is now and on the other side—those long bitter days of the British First Army and the American troops fighting their way up—just think of what has been accomplished by the foot fighter. Think of the days in the mud, in the cold, and the endurance exhibited.

"You know it's pretty hard," Ike continued, "after four or five weeks of lying out—I remember the first unit of the British First Army without even a greatcoat—it's pretty hard to carry into battle a realization that you are fighting for the Four Freedoms.

"It comes down finally to just a sense of duty—one of the noblest virtues of the British and American soldiers. It has been high in our troops. One thing that I recommend to all of you, if you get a chance, is that you visit a front-line hospital—not the ones that you had the opportunity of seeing here, where the men have become used to being well-treated—see those men coming in there freshly wounded—see the courage exhibited by the Anglo-American in conditions of rain, mud, dust, and heat.

"I think that the over-all story, the mass of those soldiers, is something that we could do well to glorify a bit. In both our countries the great portion of our fighting men go into those services."

Ike's love for the common soldier was uppermost in his mind as he came from the battle fronts in Sicily and Italy. "This is something I've felt for a long time," he said. "I don't know whether there is much to do about it, but it is from the heart."

The late fall and early winter of 1943 were fateful days for the Allies. It was during this time that two more epoch-making conferences were being held. President Roosevelt again had flown the Atlantic, and with Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek held a five-day conference at Cairo (November 22-27, 1943). Four days after this conference Roosevelt and Churchill were with Premier Stalin at Teheran, in Iran, shaping a common policy for the destruction of the German forces and a peace "which will banish the scourge and terror of war for many generations."

General Eisenhower was missing a few days from the scenes in Italy. He had gone to ancient Carthage on the African coast to meet President Roosevelt. For forty-eight hours they were closeted together in conference. Here, it was later revealed, the President informed the General about decisions which had been reached with Stalin and Churchill.

During this conference President Roosevelt conferred upon General Eisenhower the decoration of the Legion of Merit.

Upon his return to his staff, General Eisenhower made this cryptic statement: "I have just been in conference with the Commander in Chief. Your part is going to be a vital one—one that will require more and more work from us."

On Christmas Eve, General Eisenhower was at the front visiting the Fifth Army when he received a message informing him that he had been named by President Roosevelt to command the forces of invasion on a new western front. This tremendous responsibility was to require him to leave his Italian campaign with the able generals who were now leading his armies. Great as this honor was, he felt deep regret in even this temporary parting with his forces along the Mediterranean. His only remark was, "Well, I'll celebrate by visiting Capri, something I have always wanted to do."

He shook hands cordially with officers gathered about him at his headquarters, assuring them he would meet them in Berlin. He now mysteriously disappeared for twenty days. Nothing was heard or seen of him. On January 16, 1944, he appeared in England to take up his new command in preparation for the second front. It was then discovered that he had crossed the Atlantic by air, conferred with General Marshall, President Roosevelt, and Secretary of War Stimson in Washington, and visited some of his wounded soldiers in hospital.

After a few days in the capital, he took an inconspicuous car with a driver and went to West Point to see his son and only child, John, cadet in the Academy. Driving into the grounds, he parked the car under an overpass and slipped into the commandant's office. A call was sent to John to come immediately to the office. Young Eisenhower was in overalls in the machine shop, his hands and face discolored with grease. The order was to come as he was, and he did.

His surprise can be imagined when he saw his father, who he thought was in North Africa, standing there. After a visit the General drove back to Washington undiscovered. A few days later he appeared in Kansas, greeting his younger brother, President Milton S. Eisenhower of Kansas State College, at Manhattan, forty miles east of Abilene.

He arrived at Fort Riley on a plane at dusk and sent word ahead. With only a driver, he went to Manhattan, where his mother and an elder brother, A. S. Eisenhower, vice-president of the Commerce Trust Company, Kansas City, and his brother Milton awaited him. The dinner was embellished by favorite foods, including the well-known Pennsylvania "puddin'" brought from home by his mother. An evening of visiting followed. In the conversation the matter of a soldier's responsibility under shock or weariness came up and the General told of an experience in North Africa never before related.

He had gone farther to the front than was wise and was in danger of being surrounded by the Axis troops. In a jeep loaded with extra gasoline he and an orderly started hurriedly on a far course over the desert. Driving for hours and hours, making a wide detour to get back to camp, they took turns at the wheel. The orderly was at the wheel when the General went to sleep, and probably the driver did also. Suddenly they found the jeep off the road and partly overturned in a ditch. Neither was hurt. After a long struggle the machine was righted and they could proceed.

"What did you do to the orderly for going to sleep?" he was asked.

"Do? Poor chap, when we returned I sent him to the hospital to sleep to his heart's content."

After a few happy hours with his mother and brothers in Kansas, the General slipped away. Because of threatening bad weather, he left in the early morning and took his plane back to Washington. No one in central Kansas except the family knew of his visit.

Back at his headquarters in England, the General sent this message to the United States in a war bond appeal: "We are going to hit the enemy and hit him again and keep hitting him until the last measure of Nazi resistance is crushed to beaten earth. There is no other course. Military defeat is the only logic that a Nazi understands. I do not expect that the Nazis will accept it quickly or without fierce resistance."

WHEN the General was appointed to lead the invasion forces, Mrs. Eisenhower was with her son John. The news surprised them. A few minutes later she remarked, "He has been in there to finish the job from the beginning. This is the greatest reward they could have given him."

Mrs. Eisenhower learned years ago that Army life is not easy. The year prior to the General's going overseas she had to move five times. She always had difficulty keeping maids, because the General's work makes his life and working hours rather erratic affairs. He usually had breakfast at daybreak, and was gone often until nearly midnight, when dinner would be waiting for him.

After he left for Europe, the General's wife lived for a time in a roomy apartment in a Washington hotel, and she spent her time in war work and in studying Spanish.

The General's wife regrets the military order that when men go off to war they must leave their wives behind them. This applies equally to generals and privates.

"I would like to be in the war with him," she says regretfully. And then adds, "I feel no different from any other woman whose husband has gone to war." To compensate as much as possible for the distance separating them, she writes the General long and frequent letters. "Men like quantity, not quality," she remarks. What she terms fervent *notes* of five or six lines come to her in return from her husband at the war front.

One morning Mrs. Eisenhower called the grocer early, to place an order for early delivery. By noon the order had not arrived. She called again.

"This is Mrs. Eisenhower, and I've got to keep an appointment in a hurry. Won't you rush my order over, please?"

"Listen, lady," the clerk replied. "Don't you know there's a war on?"

UNTIL the invasion was launched, little was heard from Eisenhower in England except that he was following his usual pace, sleeping little, working from dawn to dark and longer, and applying his attention to every detail. Even the Nazis were impressed, as witness the story published by the Munich newspaper, Neueste Nachrichten: "The American General has an athletic appearance, full health and strength, a well-formed jaw and head showing great will, and is a man whom his countrymen would call a 'he man.' He is a man who has great abilities as an organizer and who has demonstrated great good sense in leadership and tactics in Africa."

On his final round of visits to his troops, General Eisenhower insisted that no parades or formal inspections be arranged for him. Commanding officers were ordered to continue the regular training schedule when he arrived. He traveled in a special train which carried staff cars for trips through the countryside, and was in continuous radio communication with headquarters in London. A radio-equipped jeep followed him on all tours. He worked nights on desk work in a fully equipped office on wheels.

His first inspection at any camp was the kitchen. Next the General checked the health of the men and then their guns and equipment.

As General Eisenhower was inspecting American and British ground units, he stood on a cold wind-swept plain watching American tanks, guns, and infantry scramble across the country in a highly complicated maneuver. He watched tanks and field guns pound to bits a series of targets far across the rolling terrain.

An American soldier, recognizing the General, commented, "So that's the boss! He looks like the guys you know at home."

"Only a self-disciplined Army can win battles," Eisenhower told his soldiers. "We must all work on the basis of mutual respect, consideration, and co-operation, dedicated to the single task of doing our duty in winning this war."

A genius in co-operation and co-ordination, Eisenhower believes in teamwork and places responsibilities for each phase of the operations on the ablest man that can be found. He is not the type that must do everything himself. He builds a great staff around him, advises with them, allows them to work out their plans, and then commands the operations. Upon these commands rest the lives of the millions of men who do the fighting and hundreds of millions more in the nations involved.

His formula is starkly simple: "Plan to the least detail, then strike like death itself."

Thus, as zero hour was approaching, it is typical of this man that he calmly inspected his forces and said, "I have complete confidence in the final result."

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

Upton Sinclair

"IT WAS his fate," says **Upton Sinclair,** describing Lanny Budd, "to be living in a time when so many things were unbelievable, even after they had happened."

This continues to be the keynote of the adventure novels about Lanny Budd and his family and friends—the fascinating series of novels with which Mr. Sinclair reviews recent history for us.

The quotation above appears in **Presidential Agent,** the latest of the series and, in my opinion, the best written. The third of the series, Dragon's Teeth, which won the Pulitzer Prize, concentrated, as Presidential Agent does, on the affable (to Lanny Budd) but satanic group which rules Germany. But where Dragon's Teeth tended to be repetitious in its story of a rich refugee escaping with as much of his wealth as he could salvage, this latest book presents a newer side of the story.

And not only is the material fresher. Here Mr. Sinclair introduces the unique device of having Lanny act as a special agent for F. D. R.—and of quoting the President freely in their supposed conferences.

These imaginary talks make intriguing reading. Lanny, for those who have come in on this series late, is a Franco-American playboy, son of Robbie Budd, mighty airplane tycoon and scion of Budd gunmakers. Lanny, because of his connections, is already accepted in the highest social and political circles of the *haut monde.*

He is a confidant of the people whose names make headlines in Britain, France, and Germany. He is art adviser to Göring and Hitler. To him Schneider of the Schneider-Creusot munitions combine confides his plans, as do the Cliveden set and the hierarchy of the British Foreign Office. Lanny gets around, in short, and in the end reports all to the President.

In this book he has been divorced from his superwealthy wife, Irma Barnes, is married to Trudi Schultz, a member of the Red underground (among which he also has contacts), and learns before the book ends that Trudi has been killed by the Gestapo.

Most of this book, however, tells the story of the pre-Anschluss, and then the pre-Munich intrigues. It retails long conversations with "Adi" Hitler before these events are manipulated, and it closes with a final report to the President after Munich.

Somebody else has said if you want to understand recent history, go to Sinclair. I can only add that if you want to read super-intrigue, do the same.

Published by the Viking Press, N. Y. Price, $3.

Edwin Seaver

CROSS-SECTION, A Collection of New American Writing, edited by **Edwin Seaver,** is one of the most rewarding anthologies I have seen lately. It contains a number of novelettes, among them Richard Wright's first long fiction since Native Son, another superb study of action and agony, called The Man Who Lived Underground.

There are two other remarkably good novelettes, one by Ira Wolfert and another by Prudencio de Pereda; a number of very good, very modern short stories; a capable selection of poetry and two plays. Better get it for your bedside table of better writing.

Published by L. B. Fischer, N. Y. Price, $3.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What was it the dumb G I thought female Japs were called?
6 Wouldn't it be nice if World War II were fought entirely by these?
12 What is Democracy's strongest weapon?
13 In what form could Humpty Dumpty be put together again?
14 What's an exemplary abbr.?
15 Dr. Crippen was a well-known English what?
17 Stuff the shirt
18 33 years of service at $18.50 a week would be a what?
20 The Viennese take their beer from a what?
22 Keats wrote a what to Ozymandias?
23 Ares anagrams what big flappers?
25 Healthier-headed
27 I minus B would equal what?
28 William Gallagher, (ex-American) Axis broadcaster, is liable to postwar trial as a what?
30 Green-apple eating is followed by what?
32 Coin is an anagram for what image?
33 Who's either a famed comedian or an economist?
34 The Nazis introduced radio-controlled whats in Italy?
36 Name a golden quality
39 The Katie is a Southwestern what? (abbr.)
40 What is a common decoration of a sourpuss?
42 Fall yellers are full of whats?
43 Lamb, very springy
45 Mike and Ike are said to be what?
47 Hither's pal
48 Who would have been Hitleropopolos' favorite god?
50 What name have we humans borrowed from the ant?
52 The Bonins are what direction from Tokyo? (abbr.)
53 Name a best seller about a Marine exploit
55 Revolts
57 What kind of goods will the Nazis have to return wholesale soon?
58 Of what are our parachutes now being made?

VERTICAL

1 What cat do you find common to Texas and Patagonia?
2 In what do Chicagoans loop the Loop? (abbr.)
3 A kobold is technically a what?
4 What's peas in French?
5 A 10-gallon hat's called a what?
6 Who sculped The Thinker?
7 Siberian river
8 Charlie McCarthy is said to get up and pace nervously under what at night?
9 A collection of numbers is a what?
10 Achilles was most vulnerable in one of his whats?
11 Meat b[illegible]ht at the black market is probably from bum whats?
12 A French Stetson would be a what?
16 What kind of beer was popular in the 1920s? (Or was it unpopular?)
19 What part of the feminine dress is still retained by royalty?
21 Penal anagrams what Asiatic country?
24 Urges the canine to devour
26 With the easing of rationing the steak becomes even what?
29 Name a Puccini opera
31 Give a negative
33 Who is being imprecated to keep his wares silent these days?
34 The tightwad is notable because he rarely does what?
35 Where did the Ark land?
36 The what is a synonym for the social whirl?
37 The Japs call Korea what?
38 Sense anagrams what olden slaves?
41 What city's popular in X-words?
44 Famous fiddler
46 What's spooky and sounds like a lake?
49 Name the frivolous gal of song
51 What's Eulenspiegel's given name
54 What pronoun was on everybody's lips in 1923?
56 Ed Wynn used to begin his broadcasts with what?

M	E	L	T	■	E	I	S	E	N	H	O	W	E	R
O	X	E	N	■	A	R	E	S	■	I	R	O	N	Y
S	P	A	T	■	T	O	T	O	■	N	E	R	V	E
Q	E	D	■	T	E	N	S	P	O	T	■	M	Y	■
U	L	S	T	E	R	S	■	H	I	E	S	■	■	■
I	■	■	A	N	S	■	B	A	L	D	S	P	O	T
T	E	N	T	S	■	D	O	G	E	■	H	O	M	O
O	L	E	■	■	P	R	O	U	D	■	■	L	E	R
E	L	A	N	■	O	U	R	S	■	F	R	A	N	C
S	A	P	L	I	N	G	S	■	R	I	O	■	■	H
■	■	■	R	O	C	S	■	F	E	N	D	E	R	S
■	D	M	■	D	E	T	A	I	L	S	■	T	O	O
M	I	A	M	I	■	O	L	L	A	■	S	H	U	N
A	R	Y	A	N	■	R	O	E	S	■	H	A	N	G
S	T	O	R	E	T	E	E	T	H	■	E	N	D	S

Last week's answer

■	1	2	3	4	5	■	6	7	8	9	10	11
12						■	13					
14		■	15			16		■	17			
18		19	■	20				21	■	22		
23			24	■	25				26	■	27	
28				29			■	30		31		
■	■	32				■	33				■	■
34	35				■	36					37	38
39		■	40		41			■	42			
43		44	■	45				46	■	47		
48			49	■	50				51	■	52	
53				54		■	55			56		
57						■	58					■

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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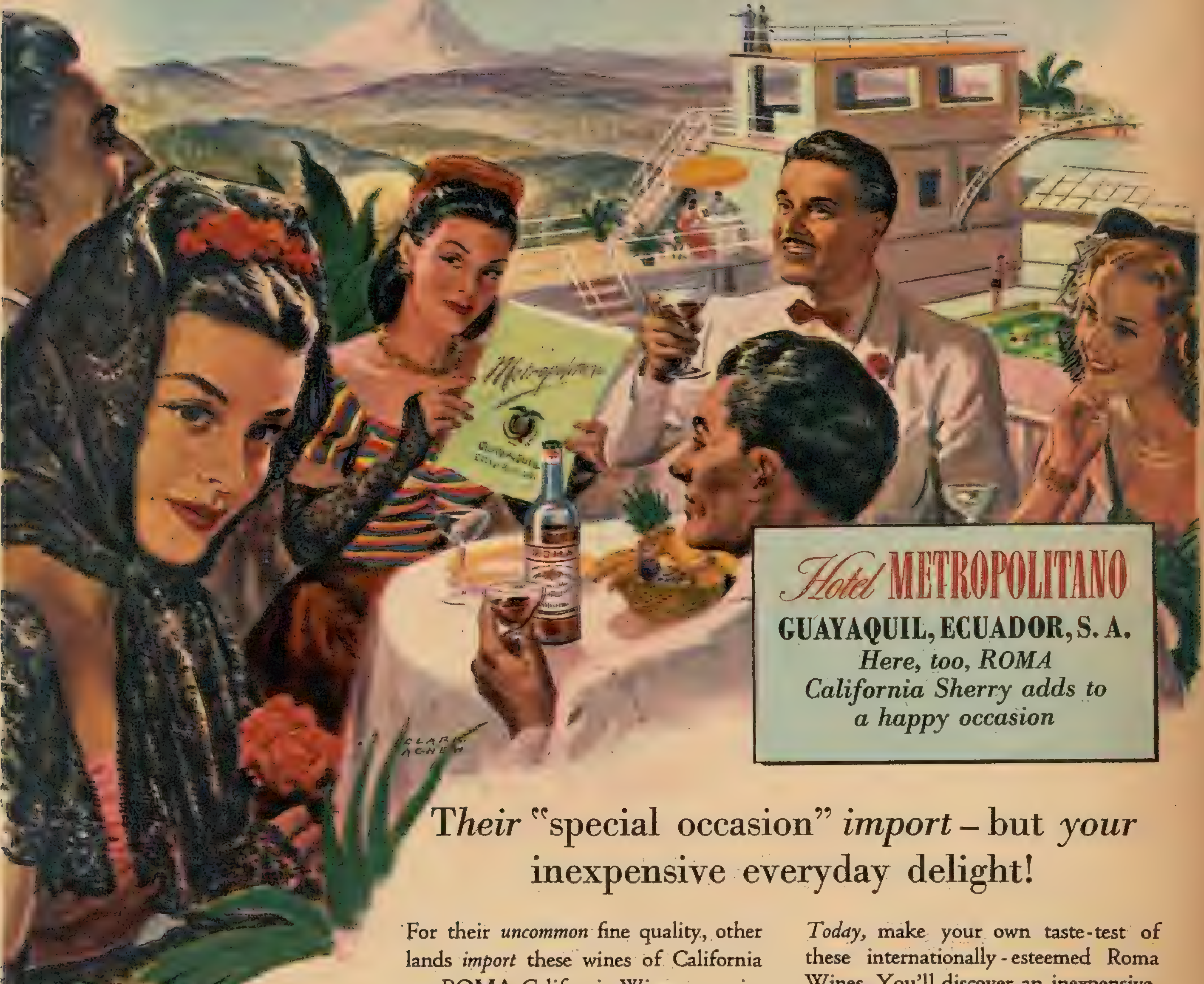

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LITTLE MISS SMARTY

Continued from Page 30

house—a small but exceedingly cheerful house, in the hills back of Sunset Plaza. "My bedroom," says Anne, "is what grandfather calls 'bad-house pink.' He told me that such a color would have a wicked influence over me. But I told him that at twenty-one my character was firmly molded. Nothing could be done to it that hadn't already been done."

Her grandfather has promised to design her a Frank Lloyd Wright house when the war is over. "It will have all kinds of angles," he says, "as a Hollywood house should have."

ANNE'S career as actress started in New York when she was twelve. "I knew with my first conscious thought that I wanted to be an actress. As a child I was constantly imagining myself as some character I had read about in a book or seen on the stage."

Her parents had suspected for some time, especially when they glimpsed the literature that cluttered her bedside table, that they had hatched a rather precocious chick. So they were not surprised when Anne solemnly informed them that she intended to go on the stage. "Whatever you do is all right with us," her mother told her, "but you have to do it well, and make a living of it." Anne took that to heart. Since the age of twelve she has never dabbled at acting.

At the Theodora Ervine School of Drama she attracted a lot of attention when she played the Helen Hayes role in Dear Brutus. A producer saw her at the school and signed her for her first legitimate play, one of the leads in Seen but Not Heard.

"I didn't know downstage from upstage from offstage," reports Anne, "but I learned quickly. In that play I had the silliest line to say I have ever had in a play or a picture. I had to say, 'It tastes like Christmas would taste if Christmas had a taste.' I always took that line as if I were swallowing castor oil, much to the annoyance of the author.

"I learned every line in the play and if ever an actor paused for a moment to draw a breath I would obligingly give him his line. I didn't know that actors often pause —for dramatic effect. One night Frankie Thomas paused, and I said to myself, 'Poor boy, I must help him.' He turned on me indignantly and snapped, 'Please, Miss Baxter, it is not your time to speak.' The audience tittered, and I was crushed. Never since then have I been a Helpful Hattie."

When Anne was thirteen she enrolled at Mme. Ouspenskaya's dramatic school in New York. Mme. Ouspenskaya is a great believer in the Stanislavsky method of dramatic instruction which stipulates that the performer must use his imagination in creating his role. On Anne's first day in school, Ouspenskaya asked her to walk across a bare stage, holding a candle in front of her. Her bodily motions and her breathing had to be so perfectly controlled, Ouspenskaya told Anne, that the flame of the candle must not flicker. "Wouldn't it be easier," asked Anne impishly, "if I just used a flashlight?" Madame was not amused.

On another occasion Anne was told to make believe that she had climbed a tree, discovered a treasure chest, opened its lid, and reacted to a wealth of gems. Anne didn't budge.

"What's the matter, child?" Ouspenskaya demanded. "Has your imagination failed you?"

"I'm trying to figure out," said Anne, "how that treasure chest got into a tree!"

"Got a cotter pin?"

Hollywood directors report that Anne still doesn't budge until she understands everything about a scene thoroughly. A "quick study," she memorizes her lines in a flash—but she insists upon a reason for everything she does and says. As one director expressed it, "Anne never goes into a scene half-cocked."

After a session of playing clouds, fogs, and glasses of milk, Anne left Ouspenskaya and Stanislavsky and returned to the footlights. "The training was wonderful for me," she says. "I came out of it completely uninhibited."

When There's Always a Breeze quickly blew itself out, Anne went to Dennis, Massachusetts, where she played summer stock. In the fall of 1938 she appeared in New York with Eva Le Gallienne in the short-lived Madame Capet. Then back again to summer stock on Cape Cod. While she was appearing there in Spring Meeting with Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale, a talent scout from Hollywood urged her to take a test for the leading role in David O. Selznick's Rebecca. Selznick and Hitchcock were so pleased with her test that they had her come to Hollywood to make further tests. The part was practically hers, when it was suddenly decided that she was too young to play opposite Laurence Olivier.

Back in New York again, and with a mad on with Hollywood, Anne was approached by one of Darryl F. Zanuck's talent scouts. She played a scene from Stage Door, and when Zanuck saw the test he wired her to come to Hollywood to sign a contract.

Her second arrival in Hollywood was in February, 1940. The studio couldn't find a thing for her to do, so they told her a little more schooling wouldn't do her any harm. Much to her horror, she found herself sitting at a desk in a classroom with such "children" as Jane Withers and Linda Darnell.

For months she was subjected to mathematics, which made her cry, and French, which she already spoke more fluently than the teacher. Her dignity was further outraged when the studio loaned her to M-G-M to play in Twenty Mule Team, a Wallace Beery Western. Nor was she any too happy about Charley's Aunt with Jack Benny. But with Swamp Water, in 1941, under the careful Renoir direction, Anne came into her own.

From John Barrymore and Orson Welles, Anne learned many things about acting. In The Great Profile, there was a scene in the dressing room in which she had to beg John Barrymore to go on with the show. Anne was very nervous playing her first big role with a Barrymore. She talked fast and moved her arms excitedly. Barrymore stopped reading his lines and said to Director Walter Lang, "When this child acts, does she have to swim?"

Anne thinks that Orson Welles, who directed her in The Magnificent Ambersons, is one of the best directors in Hollywood. "Mr. Welles gives you a feeling, when you go into a scene, that you are doing something no one else has ever done before."

Most directors, she believes, don't rehearse the actors enough. Welles rehearsed them three weeks before starting to film the picture. In fact, Welles had the entire company record all their speeches exactly as he wanted them. Then, when it came time to play the scene, Welles and the troupe listened to the playback. "It was great," says Anne, "except for the fact that Mr. Welles almost always insisted that we speak the lines differently."

Anne heartily dislikes directors who are namby-pamby and do not bother to direct. "I'd rather be told I stink," she says indignantly, "than not be told anything at all." At least she had no trouble with Mr. Welles in that respect. When she spoke with a high voice, Welles would say, "Little bit ingénue, aren't you, dear?" And when she spoke with a deep voice, he would say indulgently, "Our Miss Baxter is now doing a Garbo for us."

When Anne was seven her mother took her to a psychiatrist in New York. "I was a problem child," says Anne simply. "When people wouldn't give me a reason for things, I had tantrums." The psychiatrist asked her dozens of questions, but Anne closed up like a California poppy after sundown. The harassed doctor then left her alone in a room with a dictograph, hoping that she would talk to herself and disclose her neuroses. "I fooled him," says Anne with satisfaction. "I didn't talk."

THIS was probably the only time Anne was ever known not to talk. She's a breathless talker—her mind works so fast that her tongue has a high time trying to keep up. People who are inclined to be slow-witted just give up. She is extremely well read and can take you on in practically any subject. What she doesn't know she makes up—that Wright imagination, you know.

When Anne first came to Hollywood she was rather on the plump side. On the advice of her friends she went to a doctor, who put her on a stiff calorie diet. Anne knows good food, and loves it—another trait inherited from her grandfather. Four years ago a family friend, stopping off in Hollywood between trains, invited Anne to have dinner with him. Thinking that he would give good old Ken's little girl a big thrill, he took her to Ciro's to dinner—first phoning ahead to order broiled chicken, mashed potatoes, vanilla ice cream, and a glass of milk. Anne startled the living daylights out of him by ordering a dinner so perfect, even to the proper temperature of the wine, that not even a Beebe could criticize.

Anne was working on The Magnificent Ambersons when she started on her reducing diet. Dutifully she took her dull calorie salad to the studio every day, and tucked it away in the Welles' private icebox. Your Obedient Servant is famous for his Gargantuan appetite (he and producer Jack Moss once consumed a tasty tidbit of sixteen lamb chops), and at noon Welles would stop everything and throw a Roman feast that would do justice to Caligula.

There would be roast turkeys, roast legs of lamb, roast sides of beef, breasts of guinea hens and whole suckling pigs (before rationing, as you can well believe). Anne and her conscience would fight a bloody battle every day at twelve. In time, the Welles' private icebox became stuffed with old, tired lettuce leaves.

One day, Charlie Brackett, the producer of Five Graves to Cairo, asked Anne to have lunch with him at Romanoff's, so they could discuss her part in the picture. Besides being a producer, writer, and director, Charlie Brackett is also a gourmand. Anne, carefully counting calories, ordered a green salad with mineral-oil dressing. Mr. Brackett went cold with horror. "My dear Anne," he said severely, "this is a restaurant I have brought you to, *not* a pasture."

It's hard for a poor girl to reduce in Hollywood. But Anne managed it. She slimmed down to an attractive hundred and eight.

UNTIL she bought her first home recently Anne had always lived alone in Hollywood. She insisted she liked living alone in her small apartment in Westwood Village. She could play records—she likes both classical and swing—until four in the morning, and never have anyone tell her it was time to go to bed.

"I acquired independence as a child," says Anne. "We moved around a lot, and I skipped from one school to another, without having time to make many friends. Not having playmates to depend upon, I learned to entertain myself." Her mother lives with her now, and her father comes to the coast as frequently as his business will allow.

Anne likes to dance and have fun, when she isn't working too hard, and she keeps a goodly supply of young men on tap. Between pictures she goes out on camp tours, during which she entertains the boys, both with her serious dramatic sketches and with her impersonations of Hollywood characters. She has a flair for mimicry that stands her in good stead, both on camp tours and at Hollywood parties. She does a murderous Bankhead and Rooney. But then, who doesn't?

Anne is positive that she knows exactly how Marie Antoinette felt on her way to the guillotine. She, too, was once the victim of a booing mob. Last fall she went to San Francisco to attend the gala première of The North Star. The races were on at a near-by track and a press agent had arranged to have a Samuel Goldwyn Combination Purse and a North Star Handicap run, with Anne on hand to present the winning jockeys with a hundred-dollar bond and to crown the victorious nags. Anne has never liked horses much, as she always has a feeling they are planning to step on her when she isn't looking. But she put on her prettiest dress and went to the track.

In the Samuel Goldwyn Combination Purse, two horses came down the stretch neck and neck for a photo finish. "Anne Baxter, that beautiful Hollywood actress, talented star of Samuel Goldwyn's North Star, will make the presentations," she heard over the loud-speaker.

Just as she got up to take a bow, a bond in one hand and a floral piece in the other, a wave of savage booing rolled out of the stands. "Is it me, or is it the picture?" Anne asked wildly, tears rushing to her eyes.

It was neither. Just at that moment the judges had decided *against* the favorite, and the news had been flashed on the tote board. But it was most humiliating, and she still isn't quite sure about those boos. She wakes up in the middle of the night and wonders were they for her—or the picture?

THE END

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HAY FEVER GETS THE NEEDLE

Continued from Page 22

mantel. His father accidentally jostled the vase, pollen ballooned into the air— and Dr. Charles Harrison Blackley began coughing and sneezing in a hay-fever attack that started him on thirty years of research.

Dr. Blackley never tried to cure himself. He was his only guinea pig, except for the "lady sister of a clergyman of the Church of England" whom he once tricked into sniffing pollen. Yet he devised and carried out thousands of experiments. Despite the pain, he rubbed pollen into his eyes and sniffed more than a hundred different kinds. He trapped pollen on oil-coated slides. By means of kites, hitched together in tandem, he sent his slides 1,500 feet aloft to snare the dust flying up there. To save himself from discomfort on his rounds, he invented silver filters for his nostrils and goggles for his eyes. Finally he discovered a painless way to test for hay fever by rubbing pollen into a scratch on his arm; if poisonous, the dust raised welts like giant mosquito bites. That method is still used today.

Almost the same kind of accident as Blackley's sent another hayer on the search for a cure. This time the cloud of pollen rose over a rye field in Germany and its target was Dr. W. P. Dunbar. Before he finished his experiments, he had isolated the pollen grain causing all the trouble, had nearly killed a friend with the first injection—far too large—of pollen extracts, and had popularized pollen serums.

Too scared by his first injection experiment ever to make another on a human being, he shot his mixture into a horse and then injected the horse's serum into hayers. It seemed to work. Dozens of people claimed they felt relief and Dunbar marketed the serum for years. Today doctors know it has absolutely no curative effect whatever, and it was given up years ago.

But others bravely returned to Dunbar's original pollen-injection idea. An Englishman, Dr. Leonard Noon, made the first successful injection. Then three Americans, all hayers, tried it on themselves. The treatment you receive today was born.

WHY should an injection of the pollen poison protect you against the poison itself? Apparently it causes the generation in your blood of something that acts as a block against the poison—an immune antibody, doctors call it. They are searching now to identify it.

In a search equally careful though far different, botanists have charted the haunts of the guilty pollens. They traveled through the Everglades, along the Columbia River, in the Ozarks, on Boston Common, even 10,000 feet in the air to gather the flying grains. Thanks to their careful surveys, your doctor can figure which plants are most common in your neighborhood and therefore most likely to be starting your spring or summer sneezes.

Right at the outset he can ignore goldenrod, roses, and almost all the other flowers our parents used to blame for hay fever. They are guiltless—unless you walk right up to them and sniff their blooms. For they turn out fat, sticky pollen grains, heavy enough to cling to a bee's fuzzy back for distribution and not be blown away by the first breeze. And they don't turn out nearly so much pollen as plants that depend on the wind for distribution.

Wind-pollinated plants are pollen factories. One clump of orchard grass, with perhaps fifteen stems, will turn out 900,000,000 pollen grains—and four or five are enough to cause an attack. Ragweed is even worse. One giant ragweed plant can produce about eight billion pollen grains in five hours.

Under the microscope, pollen grains reveal themselves as little yellow baseballs, footballs, volleyballs, and such. Those of members of the same family look alike, except for differences in size. Whatever the family, they are all alike in being so light that they can soar on warm air currents three miles up into the sky and ride the wind for hundreds of miles.

For all these reasons, wiping out hay fever by erasing pollen from the air is impossible. In some sheltered spots on mountain ledges, where the wind brings up pollen from afar, and no plants of the four culprit families grow, hay fever is absent—and hayers are very much present. But the best chance today to avoid the disease is by treatment. This always begins by tracking down the guilty dust. All sorts of odd stories result from this hunt.

Not long ago a Hollywood magnate began to suffer from hay fever, was tested for dozens of things, and proved sensitive only to deer hair. His doctor thought the experiments a failure—until the magnate explained that his wife had recently adopted a pet fawn.

One business man suffered off and on from June 1 to Labor Day. Again, dozens of trials. The verdict: Guilty, one Panama hat. He threw the panama away and with it went his malady.

A young Iowan beautician arrived at Duluth one summer day recently so ill she was immediately carried by ambulance to a hospital. She blamed ragweed. Her doctor found the real criminal—gum in the wave set she was using in her beauty shop. She sold her shop, took up stenography. Hay fever? Completely gone.

A young girl had hay fever every August when she visited relatives in the country. Sounds like a pollen again. But, no—the guilt was finally traced to a handsome Persian cat, pet of her aunt. His fur started the attacks.

Even to people with hay fever caused by such odd dusts (and they number about one in ten), the new technique is helpful. After four tests, their doctors can dismiss pollens and start tracking down the real culprits.

Remember Huck Finn's blood-brother ritual? An experiment somewhat like that put an important weapon into doctors' hands for their fight against allergies—the means of running both tests and checks on the same person. Here's what happened: Two doctors, one allergic to fish, the other to pollen, traded blood by injections into their arms. Next day they tested those needle-pricked patches. And on the arm of the man who hadn't been bothered by fish rose a big red welt when that spot was rubbed with fish.

Using this discovery, Dr. Coca shot serum from a ragweed-sensitive man into the arm of a person normally not allergic to ragweed pollen. Next morning he immunized the now-sensitive patch of skin against giant ragweed, and a few hours later he injected dwarf ragweed pollen. Nothing happened. The patch of skin was immune. One ragweed immunized against both.

GRASSES proved to do likewise. Testing eighty-one different grass pollens on thirty people, Dr. August A. Thomen found all of them sensitive to all the pollens. A few years later Dr. Robert Chobot showed that a man sensitive to both timothy and Bermuda grass could be protected from one by an injection of the other. Other experiments proved that timothy will protect against all grass pollens.

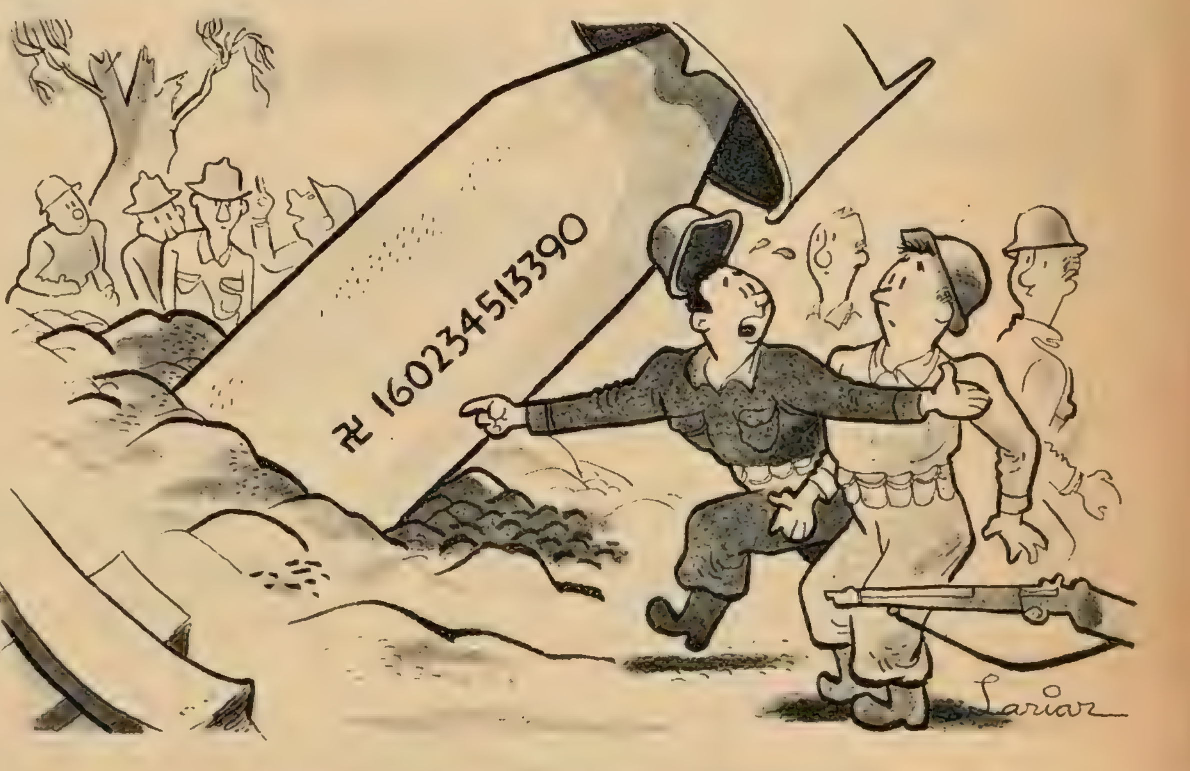
More difficult were other weeds. Two Texas doctors, E. D. Sellers and W. B. Adamson, studied a group responsible for more woe in the West than even ragweed: the Chenopodiales, some of which are lamb's-quarters, Russian thistle, spiny amaranth, red-root pigweed, careless weed, and water hemp. After numerous complicated experiments, the doctors concluded that injections of lamb's-quarters and Russian thistle would not protect against any of the others, but injections of any of the others would protect against all.

From many such experiments comes this result for you: desensitization by botanical family, reducing all noxious plant pollens to four families. In private practice a few allergists have already been treating patients in this way, particularly in the East, where only ragweeds and grasses are guilty. But now the new technique is available to people all over the country.

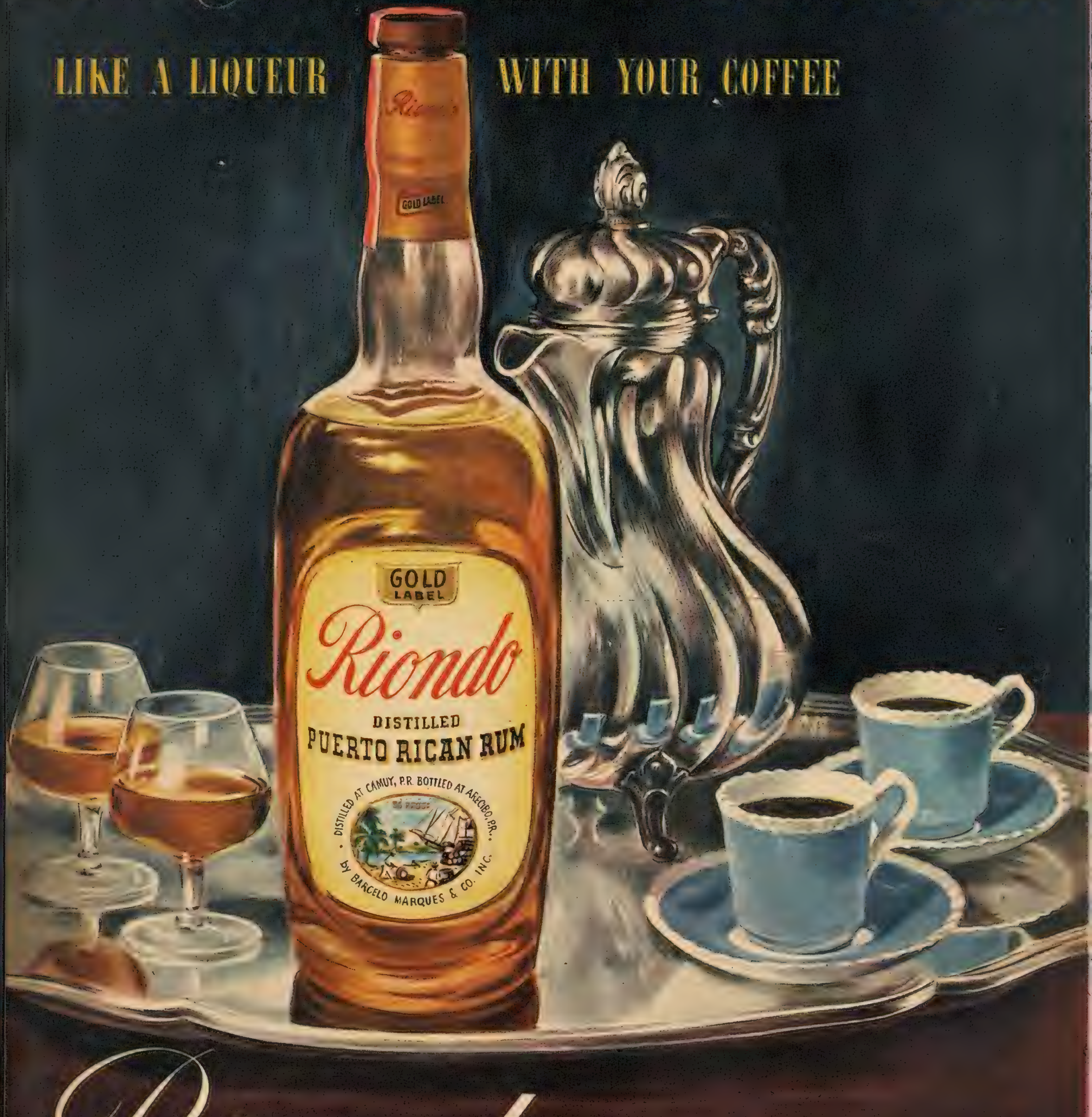
If your hay fever comes from tree pollens —a malady so unusual and of such short duration that most people who have it don't even realize it—you can, in five tests, discover which tree is guilty. And if you're

(Continued on page 53)

THE HOME FRONT



"Lemme outta here! That's my serial number!"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(*Continued from page 51*)

among the few whose troubles come from molds, silk, lobster scales, deer hair, and the like, these tests will quickly exonerate plant pollens and enable your doctor to get after the real villain.

For the ninety out of every hundred whose hay fever comes from pollens, the new technique, though no swifter in action than old methods, simplifies treatment and cuts the cost. Instead of having to pay for special extracts of all the pollens to which you are sensitive, you can use an already prepared solution: for Easterners, a mixture of ragweeds and grasses; for Westerners, a mixture of pollens of all four families.

ALTHOUGH some people have completely recovered after eight injections, most need two a week for six weeks before the hay-fever season. This doesn't mean you have to wait that long for some relief if you begin injections in the middle of the hay-fever season. As a rule, you begin to feel better after the first few injections.

Into these liquids for injections (they look no more impressive than plain tap water) go pollens reaped from a harvest of weeds by professional collectors. From these firms, one of which stocks 179 different pollens, the golden dust for the new treatments travels to Lederle's mile-long laboratories at Pearl River, New York, where it is stored in glass bottles until prescription time.

Those who work at this task first extract the oily parts of the pollen with ether, for these fatty particles will cause skin rashes in some people. When the ether has dried, they soak the pollen a few hours in a salt solution containing glycerin, then filter out the pollen, leaving a clear yellow-brown liquid.

Next comes sterilization. Heat kills not only harmful bacteria but the pollen poison as well; so they drip the solution through a hard stonelike stopper into a bottle called by scientists a Berkefeld filter. And then the pollen extract is finished—ready for double duty, both testing and immunizing.

A task that makes completely obsolete Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' prescription, given fifty years ago, for hay fever. Dr. Holmes said, "Gravel is an effectual remedy. It should be taken eight feet deep."

THE END

"Junior got it in the swap shop."

SHALL WE TAX OURSELVES TO PAY THE DOCTOR?

Continued from Page 15

hospital insurance plans. They see it as a "threat to free enterprise . . . a death thrust to private medicine . . . an end to the individual medical research which has put this country in the lead in medical practice."

Backers of the bill cite figures to show that low- and middle-income families suffer much more sickness than the well-to-do who can afford preventive medicine. Yet the low-income families get only one fifth to one third as much medical care, because they can't pay for it and they refuse charity. Social security officers report that the death rate among boys and men of work age in the low income classes is nearly twice as high as that among white-collar workers; that workers in families with incomes of less than $1,000 a year average nearly twice as many days of disability as those in families making $3,000 or more; and that families on relief average nearly three times as many.

They also point out that in some sections of the country little medical care of any kind, good or bad, is available because doctors cannot afford to practice where the population generally is poor. For example, according to 1939 Children's Bureau statistics, there were thirty-nine children's deaths for every 1,000 births in New Jersey. In New Mexico, the rate was 124 deaths for every 1,000 births. This disparity they lay to relative availability of medical care. To all these figures, they say, the answer is compulsory national health insurance.

Aligned on the side of the opposition are a number of prominent doctors and specialists, among them Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association. The National Physicians Committee is opposed to the bill, as are several large national drug chains, private health insurance companies, a group of patent-medicine and drug manufacturers, the American Bar Association, and several religious groups.

Strongly in favor of it are many equally prominent doctors, including Dr. Hugh Cabot of the Mayo Clinic and Dr. Ernest Boas of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. are 100 per cent in favor of it; so are the American Lawyers' Guild and the Physicians' Forum for the Study of Medical Care. In a recent Gallup poll the question was asked: "Do you favor changing the Social Security program to include payment of benefits for sickness, disability, doctor and hospital bills?" Fifty-nine per cent answered "Yes" and 29 per

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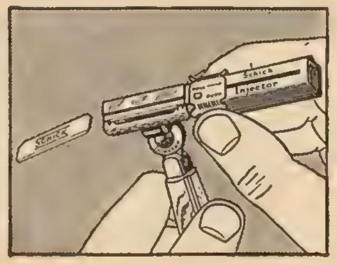

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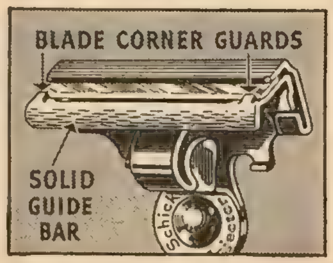

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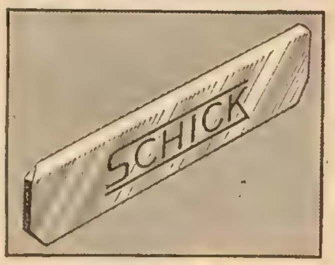

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SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

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cent "No." The rest were noncommittal.

Of the three congressmen who wrote the bill, Senator Murray is its most active champion. As a socially minded man of means, he has helped hundreds of low-income families in Montana to obtain medical care by guaranteeing payments of their doctor and hospital bills. In 1939 he served as chairman of the Senate hearings on national health. The testimony revealed that roughly one third of the population lacked adequate medical care. As a member of the Military Affairs Committee, he was shocked to learn that 50 per cent of the first 3,000,000 drafted were rejected because of physical or mental disabilities, and that 900,000 of these were suffering from "easily remedied defects."

HOW would you receive medical care under the proposed law? Senator Murray illustrates as follows:

Will the medical care I receive depend upon how much I have paid into the insurance fund?

No. The moment the law goes into effect, you and your dependents will be entitled to all medical care and hospital care up to thirty days a year, and to any amount of expenditure necessary to get you well. (Dental care is not included; it is hoped to make provision for it later.)

Will I have to go to a public clinic?

No. You will be entitled to the services of a private physician in his office, your home, or the hospital.

Will I be allowed to choose my own doctor?

You may choose any doctor in your community who is affiliated with the plan, and you are free to change doctors if you are not satisfied.

Can I continue to go to my present family doctor?

Very probably. If the law is enacted, it is expected that the great majority of the medical profession will join, since practically our entire population will be insured. Exceptions will be those already insured under government workers' or railroad workers' plans; those in institutions, and widows whose husbands died before the Social Security Act went into effect.

Will the doctor come to my home if I am too ill to go to his office?

Yes. He will be available for home calls like any private physician.

Will my dependents be taken care of without additional fees?

Yes. A worker's dependents will receive the same benefits.

Will it be possible for me to see specialists?

Yes. The doctor treating you will refer you to specialists whenever he feels your case needs such attention. It will involve no extra fees.

What if I should need an operation?

The surgeon's fee will be paid by the insurance fund, along with all hospital and laboratory fees, surgical appliances, physiotherapy fees, etc. Eyeglasses are also paid for by the fund.

What if I already have a chronic or incurable disease?

You will still be entitled to complete medical care and hospitalization up to thirty days a year.

Can I choose the hospital?

Very probably. Here again, since most of the population will come under the insurance plan, practically all approved hospitals will also be allied with it.

How will my doctor be paid?

The bill guarantees that the doctors in each community shall have the right to choose the method by which they shall be paid—fee for service, a per capita amount for each person who chooses them, a full-time or part-time flat salary, or some other combination. The United States Surgeon General, Dr. Thomas Parran, with the advice of his medical council, would establish fee or salary schedules.

Can I go to a private doctor if I prefer?

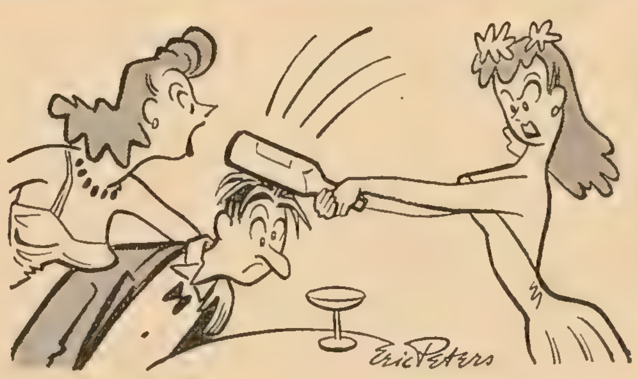
Yes. There is nothing in the proposed bill to prohibit physicians from continuing private practice, or patients from consulting private doctors when they choose.

What kind of medical care would I receive?

It should be much better than what you receive today, since the fund will pay the costs, and your doctor will be able to give you the benefits of all needed laboratory, X-ray, specialist, and hospital services.

Who would set up the medical standards under such a system?

All licensed physicians are guaranteed the right to participate in the insurance system as general practitioners. The licensing of physicians will remain, as at present, with the state boards. The Surgeon General, with the advice of his medical and hospital council, will establish standards for specialists—doctors entitled to receive higher rates. Any doctor will still be free to hold himself out as a specialist, but he cannot



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

REVELUTION: Riot in a night club.

FOCKES-HOLE: This one is in the side of a German plane instead of in the ground.

WIZARD OF AH!S: Frank Sinatra.

MIRRORCLE: Homely girl with a beautiful reflection.

DINAHMITE: That girl is Shore-fire!

WHOPPERATION: Appendectomy on a 350-pound man.

DIME-OND: Paste.

SIMMER: A hot summer.

SWISHBUCKLER: A sissy swaggerer.

PUNYVERSITY: A very small group of colleges.

practice as such under the insurance system unless he meets the standards set by the Surgeon General and his council.

Great Britain has had national insurance since 1911, and it was opposed at the time of its introduction as bitterly as it is being opposed here. But today her people are demanding that it be greatly extended. At present, only workers making less than $140 a month are insured, and the insurance covers only medical expenses (no hospitalization), a small lump-sum maternity benefit, sickness and disability benefits. It does not cover dependents.

While only grudgingly accepting compulsory health insurance at first, British medical men today give it their all-out approval. The reasons for their change in attitude were contained in a recent report: increased income to doctors, especially those practicing among low-income families; stabilization of income to doctors; release from the burden of bill collecting; improved doctor-patient relationship; and raised standards of the profession due to the fact that good doctors can now be attracted to poorer districts.

WHILE voluntary hospital and medical plans have worked well in America for those who subscribe to them, they have so far proved inadequate to the needs of low-income families. A recent survey in Rochester, New York, a prosperous city in one of the wealthiest states in the country, showed that six sevenths of the people with incomes over $5,000 had joined the Blue Cross, and two thirds of those with income from $2,200 to $5,000. But less than half of those with incomes of $1,300 to $2,200 belonged, and none among those making $800 to $1,300. Although an outstandingly successful plan, the Blue Cross apparently does not reach those most in need of a prepayment health service.

The Michigan State Medical and Hospital Service is one of the least expensive of the voluntary plans. Individuals pay $15.60 a year; families, $48 a year. However, this plan covers only medical care in hospitals. Most of the other plans are limited in one way or other. The health insurance as proposed in the new Social Security Bill would cost from a few dollars to $45 a year, and would include both medical care and hospital care up to thirty days a year for the individual or family, plus all laboratory examinations, deep X-ray, physiotherapy, eyeglasses, and surgical appliances. At present there is no private or co-operative health plan with such complete coverage at the price.

"Group health insurance and private prepayment plans appear to be reaching only an insignificant proportion of the population," says Senator Murray. "Only 5,000,000 of our population of nearly 135,000,000 are so protected, and the majority of these are not in the low-income brackets. Voluntary plans do not have, and cannot hope to have, a wide enough spread of risks and costs to allow complete service at a minimum. European countries went through a voluntary stage and had to come to compulsory insurance. Taxation offers the surest, most economical method of collecting amounts due, and when sums of such magnitude are involved, the government is the most appropriate carrier."

What about the security of doctors under the new Social Security bill? While many well-established physicians in well-to-do communities are prosperous, many more barely fox the wolf, particularly in peacetime. Before the war, the average general practitioner's net income was $3,800; the specialist's, about twice that much. According to present estimates of the Social Security Board, the medical fund would allow a minimum of $5,000 net for general practitioners, and double that for specialists. This would come from payments for their insured patients. They would still be free to take private patients at their own rates. In addition, the medical fund will allow for scientific research, preventive hygiene, and special advanced training for doctors who wish to specialize.

Would this system, as its opponents believe, discourage further contributions by private medicine to medical science? Dr. Allan M. Butler of Harvard Medical School answers: "This statement implies that the fee-for-service system has made our medicine what it is today. On the contrary, the research that has led to new medical knowledge has been accomplished for the most part by individuals working on a salary basis in university, foundation, and government laboratories. New knowledge has been introduced to medical practice by doctors employed in the large city, county, state or private charity and non-charity hospitals. Most of the advances in preventive medicine represent the accomplishments of state and federal Departments of Health."

It is medical history that much progress has been based on contributions of researchers many of whom were not even doctors. For examples, Pasteur, a chemist; Metchnikoff, a biologist; Koch, von Behring, and Ehrlich, bacteriologists.

Says Senator Murray, "The public has become educated to know a great deal about what it can expect from modern science. It wants more at a price within its reach. It wants health services without burdensome costs. It wants medical care without having to take a pauper's oath or charity from the doctor or hospital. It is willing to pay for all the good medical care it needs. It expects doctors, like other men of good will, to help in setting up a system that will solve its financial problems and at the same time protect the practitioners and the quality of medical services. Compulsory national health insurance is the only logical answer."

Even those strongly in favor of national health insurance admit that there are still bugs in the bill as it now stands. Some of those bugs will be smoked out when the debate starts in Congress. But the final decision will be up to the 110,000,000 of us who will pay the bill.

THE END

HITLER'S SECRET WEAPONS

Continued from Page 20

Unquestionably the Allies are leaving no stone unturned to defeat this latest of Hitler's secret weapons.

It is safe to assume that the Wuwa is not the final Nazi word in this field. Hitler has hundreds of Erich Muellers devising new methods of destruction. The law of averages will make some of them succeed. There will be other attempts to make us accept the compromise peace for which the Germans are still fighting.

But it need not dismay us beyond bounds. Our side has known how to deal with the successive secret weapons which Hitler has launched. It will know how to do it again. Germany's scientific brains may delay the final reckoning, but they will not be able to avert it.

THE END

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IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

Continued from Page 25

Oh—oh, I think. Beanie Parker is not a one to relish being zoomed through space by neck and pants. This could have grave repercussions.

Beanie glares at Sergeant Mullins. He favors that military man with a look which would set up an inferiority complex in a king cobra. Then he stalks off in dudgeon. But dudgeon.

THAT night we go over to Parkers', me itching to see my super blonde at the earliest moment. I have called Connie and she undertakes to provide a suitable pigeon for Sergeant Mullins.

My reception is eminently satisfactory. Connie gets off a gladsome cry and floats over the doorsill into my arms. She kisses me with some ecstasy. Then I introduce the sarge and note that the pigeon provided is Debby Cornwall.

For my dough, Debby Cornwall is Local Droop No. 1. But so what? She is the dish of Mr. Mullins this night.

"Listen," I whisper to Connie, as the handsome couple drift off to get acquainted. "Be nice to that big lug, will you? He is my top kick."

Connie lets the Mediterranean orbs idle over the sarge and in them I discern no flicker of interest.

"I'll try, Freddy," she says vaguely. Well, we cut rugs for a space, then Connie allows that beverages of the cola family languish in the icebox. I offer to get same.

While I am so doing, Debby Cornwall wanders into the kitchen. I think nothing of this and let her help me open bottles. But fancy my surprise when, returning to the livingroom, I find it deserted and a French door wide open. It is manifest that Connie and top kick Mullins are out in the silly night.

And . . . it is one solid hour before they come back.

One hour! For one hour I burn, listening to Debby Cornwall double for a laughing hyena. But when those two re-enter, neither by word nor gesture do I betray emotional disturbance. Unreadable is the word for Frederick.

Not so the countenances of Miss Parker and Sergeant Mullins. Upon the former there is a dreamy bemusement, like she is strolling along purple clouds nibbling lotus. And the top kick looks as if he just makes a meal off breast of canary.

Al, I think in some inward panic, maybe you got something, at that. For the rest of the evening I am warily watchful.

Well, the sarge and I go home. And presently, in my pajamas, I invade the guest room. Our hero is already abed.

"Sarge," I says, "I am informed that there's a dance at the golf club Saturday night. Just want to tell you that I'll dig you up something snazzier than Drizzlepuss Cornwall."

The top kick yawns. "Freddy," he says, "everything is arranged."

"Well," I says, surprised but unsuspecting, "that's fine."

"Freddy," says the sarge, "I wouldn't know what a guy like me has that makes dames go for a guy like me. But whatever it is, Old Man Mullins' boy, Tim, packs it like Momma packs her pistol. Because, Freddy, not three hours ago that lovely little number—what's her name, Connie?—practically begs me to escort her to this shindy." He flops over on his stomach, in our guest bed, mark you! "And who am I to turn her down? Well, good night, sweet prince."

It is a wan Frederick that descends the stairs next morning. But wan. All night I am an insomaniac. I cannot wait for the dawn, to burn up the phone wires.

Herself answers my call. "Ha!" I says suitably, by way of opening.

"Oh, it's you, Freddy," Connie says. "Well, what is it?"

The tone is cold—and disinterested. I am hot—and bothered.

"What," I says, "is the idea of dating that big baboon for Saturday night?"

And I get a chuckle. "Freddy, you are a very funny boy," says Connie.

"Funny?" I says. "I see no humor in this debacle."

"You, yourself," Connie says, "instructed me to be nice to Serg—er—to Timothy. But when I am practically as nice as I can be, you get angry. I don't understand."

The casualness of this renders me as a sizzling platter. "No?" I says. "Well, I understand you, my friend. Your name is Constance, is it not? An unfortunate misnomer. You have all the constancy of quicksand. I see clearly now that for years I have put my trust in a fickle, shallow, light-minded, bat-brained dame, a painted Isabel who—"

"Freddy!" Her gasp is not mean. "I don't like you to talk to me that way."

"What you like, my pet, and what you'll get," I says, "are horses with different colors."

There is a stillness. Then: "Maybe, Freddy. But I don't think I'll get any more of it during this leave of yours."

"And what," I says, "would you mean by that?"

"Simply," the girl friend says, "that you needn't bother to come here again, unless you are prepared to take back those remarks."

So! An ultimatum. Delivered in a voice like an icicle by Birdseye. I utter a scornful whinny. "Fat chance."

"All right, Freddy," Connie says. "Perhaps it's as well. Because Timothy is going to call me today. I think I shall manage to survive." Then she hangs up.

Well, the sarge does call her, flagrantly, within my hearing. And after lunch that day, off he goes.

"Freddy," he says, "it looks like you and me are lone rangers from here on. But I'll see you. At mealtimes."

WHICH is exactly what happens. For three solid days I scarcely set eyes on the top kick, save at the festive board. But I get news of his progress. According to gossip, Connie Parker and Sergeant Mullins are making the affair between Mr. Anthony and Cleopatra look like something shouted across a back fence.

All this time—derelict is the word for Frederick. I totter about the town without aim or purpose. It is plain that Sandford, the Great Humanitarian, takes a viper into his bosom. And this serpent eats of my bread and salt, the whiles stealing my girl.

You can imagine my condition. The romance between Connie and me is an institution in Shadow Orchard, like the town pump. And full well I know what will happen when, on my first furlough, my long bespoke female impinges upon a fashionable affair squired by a Philistine from Walla Walla. Tongues will wag, heads will shake, and Frederick will suffer mortification on his own home grounds. But I see no out.

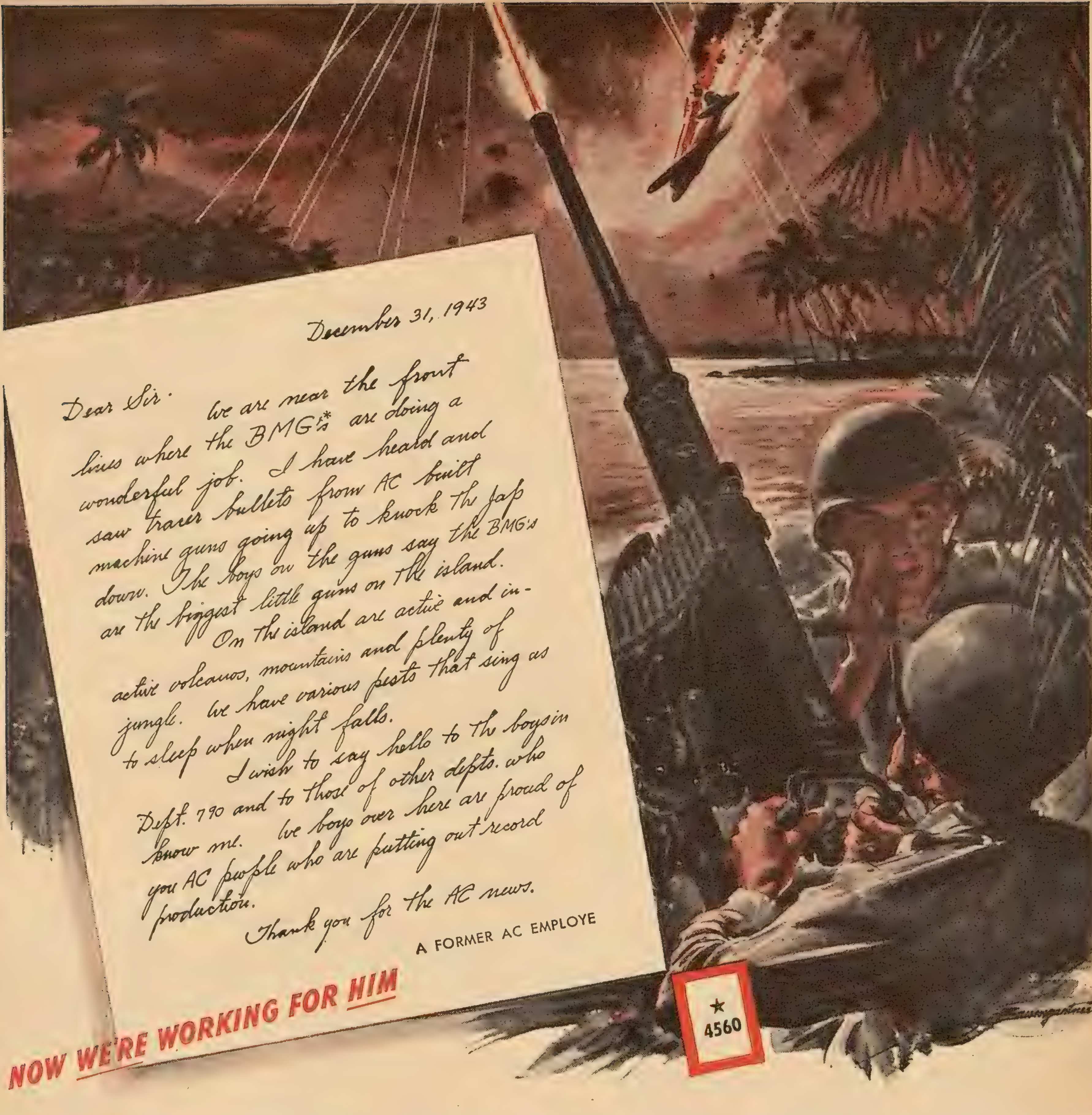
So, with time on my hands, I fumble my way into Al's. I have not seen Al for two days.

"Well, Freddy," says Al, "where have you been?"

"Al," I says, "don't badger me with questions. Just draw me a small coke."

He goggles. "Coke, Freddy? This calls for medical opinion."

(Continued on page 58)



December 31, 1943

Dear Sir: We are near the front lines where the BMG's* are doing a wonderful job. I have heard and saw tracer bullets from AC built machine guns going up to knock the Jap down. The boys on the guns say the BMG's are the biggest little guns on the island.

On the island are active and inactive volcanos, mountains and plenty of jungle. We have various pests that sing us to sleep when night falls.

I wish to say hello to the boys in Dept. 790 and to those of other depts. who know me. We boys over here are proud of you AC people who are putting out record production.

Thank you for the AC news.

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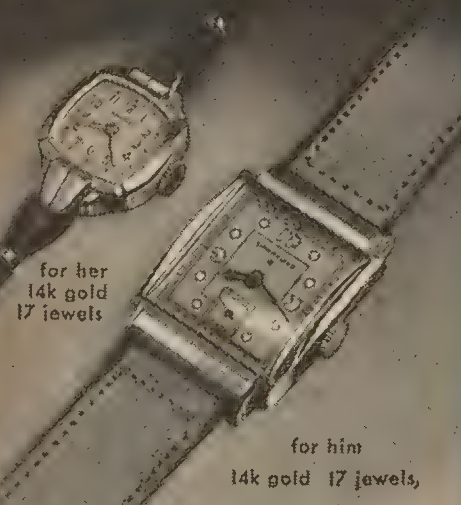

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(Continued from page 56)

"Not even that could help me now," I says wearily. "Al, the bell is practically tolling over Sandford."

"I know," says Al. "I am hep, as they say in the vehicular."

"Al," I says, "I will now confess. For two days I have shunted your emporium, because of shame. Never again will I doubt you."

"That's okay, Freddy," Al says handsomely. "A patron of your proportions is entitled to think freely, if wrongly. That to one side, however, I have given this current difficulty consideration. And I now deem it advisable for you to present yourself at the Parkers' around—say, 3 this afternoon."

I shake my head. "Al," I says, "you deem, but also dream, don't you? I am person not gracious at the Parkers'."

"Nevertheless," says Al stubbornly, "that is my advice. And when you get there—remember, it is the little things that count. And now," Al folds his arms, "I will say no more."

Well, me going to the Parkers' is like a Hatfield nudging up to the McCoys. But I fear to run counter to a one such as Al.

So at 3 P. M. sharp I bear down on the heart-throb's hacienda, with not the faintest idea what to say for myself. Why in heck, I think, cannot Al come through with further information, instead of muttering in his beard about "little things"? Why . . . I stop short.

From the Parker back yard there suddenly arises a tumult and a shouting. I recognize the deep braying of Sergeant Mullins. I enter the Parker preserves.

And . . . spectacular upset conditions confront me in the back yard.

THERE is a chase going on. Beanie Parker is in the lead. Some twenty feet behind lumbers my topkick, sounding off like Niagara in flood season. Hard on the sergeant's coattails, and grabbing futilely at same, is Connie.

"Gimme that, you little brat," Mr. Mullins is roaring, "or I'll break every bone in your body."

"My brother is not a brat, Timothy Mullins," shrieks Connie.

I gape in wonderment as the merry-go-round goes round and round. Then, suddenly, I perceive that Beanie carries something which Mr. Mullins very obviously wants.

At this point Connie becomes aware of my alien presence. "Oh, Freddy," she squeals, "make this big brute stop chasing Horace. It's all so—so silly."

I am inclined to agree. For my money, the Wahoo of Walla Walla is running out of his class.

"I ain't fooling, kid," the topkick bellows. "It'll be murder."

"Ya-a-a," says Beanie, briefly.

"D-do something, Freddy," pants Connie, next time around.

"You forget," I says, "that I am not empowered to act. Technically, I am denied these premises. I . . ." But they are past.

Then Beanie nearly comes a cropper. He turns his head to wink smugly at me and does not note a tennis ball lying in the fairway. He steps squarely on the tennis ball and stumbles twice. The sergeant is on him with a swoosh.

How Beanie gets out from under the topkick's talons is one for Houdini. He does, though. But he drops the contraband he is carrying.

Sergeant Mullins seems unaware of this development. Wheezily, he pursues Beanie to the low hedge that divides the Parker property from Old Man Kittleson's place next door. It is fruitless. Beanie takes the hedge like a gazelle in Spring, lands neatly in Kittleson territory and turns to make a thumb gesture, description of which I omit.

Since nobody pays attention to me, I amble over and pick up the object Beanie drops. It is a photograph. And . . . dumfounded is the word for Frederick.

THE picture is a very fine likeness of Sergeant Mullins, seated in the Parkers' glider. By his side is Connie, a wrapped expression on her beautiful face. And Sergeant Mullins is knitting! And knitting, furthermore, upon a little thing, an item called a bootee—something which if newborn babies aren't provided with instanter, they complain to the management. My topkick—the toughest turkey at Camp Anthony Wayne—fashioning a bootee with knitting needles!

To clear up any possible pictorial confusion there is a legend in the white margin below the photo. It reads: "Knit One—Purl One." And now, all at once, Al's vague vaporings make sense.

While I am still dazed, up puffs the sarge. He snatches the photo, rips it to shreds. Then he all but jumps on the pieces.

"Freddy!" He hisses, like a steam calliope. "You say one word about this back at camp and I twist your neck into a corkscrew."

"G'wan," Beanie makes Bronx noises from the sanctuary of the hedge, "tear it up! Whadda I care? I got the negative. An' I know lotsa guys at that camp." He gazes darkly across open water. "An' next week that pitcher'll be on every bull'tin board you got down there. Throw me aroun' Main Street, will ya, ya big sissy!"

The sergeant lets out a roar to discomfort the Bull of Bashan and takes a step toward the hedge. But Connie grabs his arm.

"Oh, you make me sick, Timothy Mullins," she cries. "Losing complete control and trying to hurt a little boy just because he takes your picture when he's playing aerial photography. I thought sergeants were strong—er—decent men. I see I was wrong. So please go. And I never want to set eyes on you again."

"B-but look!" Was this my top sarge, babbling? "You—you don't understand. And what about . . ."

"Tonight, I suppose?" Connie cuts in, strictly hydrochloric acid. "Just forget tonight, Mist-er Mullins. I'd sooner miss the dance altogether than go with an overgrown bully. And that's final."

She presents him with the slimmest back in Shadow Orchard. The sarge looks at it a moment helplessly. Then he shrugs and stalks off the playing field.

"Well," I says, after a suitable interval, "I guess neither of us joins the jive, Miss Parker."

She swings around. "Freddy, you haven't asked anyone else?"

"Since when," I says, "have you observed Sandford sliding from the Sublime to the Ridiculous?"

"Sometimes, Freddy," Connie says slowly, "I wonder why I ever look at another boy. You are so sweet and understanding and—and loyal, Freddy. And I—I'm such a dope."

"Granted," I says. "But would it be out of line if the old collie dog and the ignoramus trod a measure this eve at the golf club? And don't worry about the sergeant. We'll get him Debby Cornwall. She will be available. She has not been dated, properly since the pigs ate your little sister."

"Oh, Freddy," says Connie, "I'd love it. Call for me at nine."

I leave the Parkers' via air. Halfway down the block lurks the sergeant. And is this a wan topkick I see before me! Gone

(Continued on page 60)

The flavor that scores

Famous for real beer character without bitterness, Schlitz wins the applause of those who know and love fine beer. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz brings you just the *kiss* of the hops—all of the delicacy, none of the bitterness.

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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

(*Continued from page 58*)

is the smirking arrogance of recent days. The sergeant is naught but a hollow shell.

"Freddy," says the sarge, "you have got to do something."

"Sarge," I says, "what can I do? The lady is adamant."

"I don't mean her," the sergeant says. "Not that I'd say anything about a friend of yours but, confidentially, that dame's got the temper she says I got. No, Freddy, I am more worried about her kid brother. That kid brother is poison and he don't like me. And if that picture ever gets back to camp, I—I'm ruined. And"—he looks a mite like Mt. McKinley dissolving in an earthquake—"I just couldn't take it."

I see the opening of a lifetime. But I am cautious. "Sarge," I says, "I appreciate your consternation. It would, indeed, be unfortunate if that bit of photography were bruted about Camp Anthony Wayne." Then, cleverly, I pause.

The sergeant's rockbound visage twists. "Freddy, this has got to be stopped."

"Well," I says, "I just might—mind you, I say 'might'—be the man to stop it. In the past, Beanie Parker defers to my judgment. There is only one. . . ." Note that clever pause again!

"Anything, Freddy!" The sarge is tomato aspic by now. "Anything! Why, they'd rib the ears off me."

"Precisely," I says. "And I would be the last to want that to happen. But . . . well, I can visualize a more—er—pleasant relationship between a certain soldier and his first sergeant."

"Freddy," says this liar, "you practically take the words out of my mouth. I have been meaning to tell you that I notice a marked improvement lately. You come to me as a raw recruit, Freddy. And look at you today, a first-class soldier of Uncle Sam! Just between you and me, your recent performances force me to bring you to the attention of my superior officers, directly we get back to camp. I would never be surprised to find you a corporal, any day now. I . . . er . . . you still think you can square this Parker kid, Freddy?"

"Without doubt," I assure him. "But, Sarge, off the record, how come you to be knitting on little things?"

Sheepish is the word for Sergeant Mullins. "Well, Freddy," he says at length, "as a boy, I was sickly. I couldn't play with the other kids. And my grandmother taught me to knit."

I stare. "Sickly? I would have thought you bounded from your cradle and started in hustling pianos."

"It was a childish heart ailment," says the sarge. "I outgrew it. And I got the way I am taking exercises. You know, bar-bells and stuff. But never mind that. How are you going to fix this Parker brat?"

"Look," I says tersely. I am in complete command, like Wellington at Waterloo. "You leave Beanie to me. As for you, Sarge, get yourself a phone and call up Debby Cornwall." . . .

LONG after a snazzy party I drop into Al's. Al keeps open late Saturdays, to catch the carriage trade.

"Al," I says, "start building a Banana Bonanza. I crave solid food."

Al grins. "It's nice to see you in form again, Freddy."

"Al," I says, "I am striding heights hitherto unscathed. But we will discuss first things first. For your information, I had a business conference with Beanie Parker this evening."

"Ah, Horace," says Al. "A bright lad."

"Somewhat too bright," I says. "He drives a hard bargain. However, for a consideration, Beanie has agreed to suspend punitive operations against my houseguest. Specifically, Al, what does Beanie owe here?"

Al consults a notebook. "The figures show Horace is behind a matter of $3.75."

I KISS my last ten bucks. "Al," I says, "restore Beanie to grace. And let us understand that he may wallow in this waterhole to the extent of the difference."

"I understand already, Freddy." Al pouches my gold.

"And now, Al," I says, "give!"

"Well, Freddy," says Al, "the fears I expressed the other day were justified when Connie and His Lordship began frequenting my place of business and you were conspicuous by absence."

"Brief it, Al," I says, inhaling Banana Bonanza.

"Very good," says Al. "It happens that the parties in question refreshed themselves at this fountain yesterday morning. And I observed Connie knitting. All the girls are knitting. A layout for the blessed event Liz Wisner is expecting. But picture my astonishment when I overheard Mr. Mullins impugning Connie's technique with the knitting needles!"

"So?" I says.

"Not only did Mr. Mullins impugn," Al says, "he jeered in derision. He then stated that, if she would give him a firm date in the afternoon, he would undertake to show her a thing or two about running up infants wear. Dumbfounded as I was, I yet permitted an idea to enter my head at this point."

"Hereafter, Al," I says, "you shall be known as 'The Brain.'"

"I saw," Al ignores me, "tremendous possibilities in the situation. So I sent out a hurry call for young Horace. Horace's habit of unobtrusively playing at aerial photography with his candid camera is known to me. Well, Horace listened attentively. And, following my instructions, he wrought very well indeed. The picture he got—from behind foliage, I believe—was clear and convincing. I felt certain," Al goes on, "that Mr. Mullins would—ah, wince at the thought of having his little accomplishment publicized. And I coached Horace carefully. Being informed by him that Connie and your topkick had a further engagement this afternoon, I provided him with an enlargement and cautioned him to taunt Mr. Mullins. I foresaw that the sergeant, obviously a tempestuous man, would become inflamed and show to no special advantage. But to have him make a pass or a swipe at Horace exceeded my wildest expectations. Swiping at Horace in the presence of Connie is not a good thing to do. Incredible as it seems, the Parkers set great store by their youngest."

I am like an accolade at the altar. "Al, Al," I says, "yours is a wasted life."

"Of course," Al says a little modestly, "I couldn't know that you would arrive at such a propitious moment today. I merely sent you on the off-spec, feeling that you might shine by comparison with the sergeant. But I have heard how things dovetailed. Horace was here in the late afternoon, cadging drinks. But my thought, primarily, was that with this evidence in our possession, we could, to put it vulgarly, turn on the heat. Blackmail, if you will, Freddy. But all is fair in love, war and"—he sighs—"the soda popping business."

"Al," I says reverently, "you are a great man. And as a schemer and conniver, you lead the league. In all history, there is but one fit to hold candles with you."

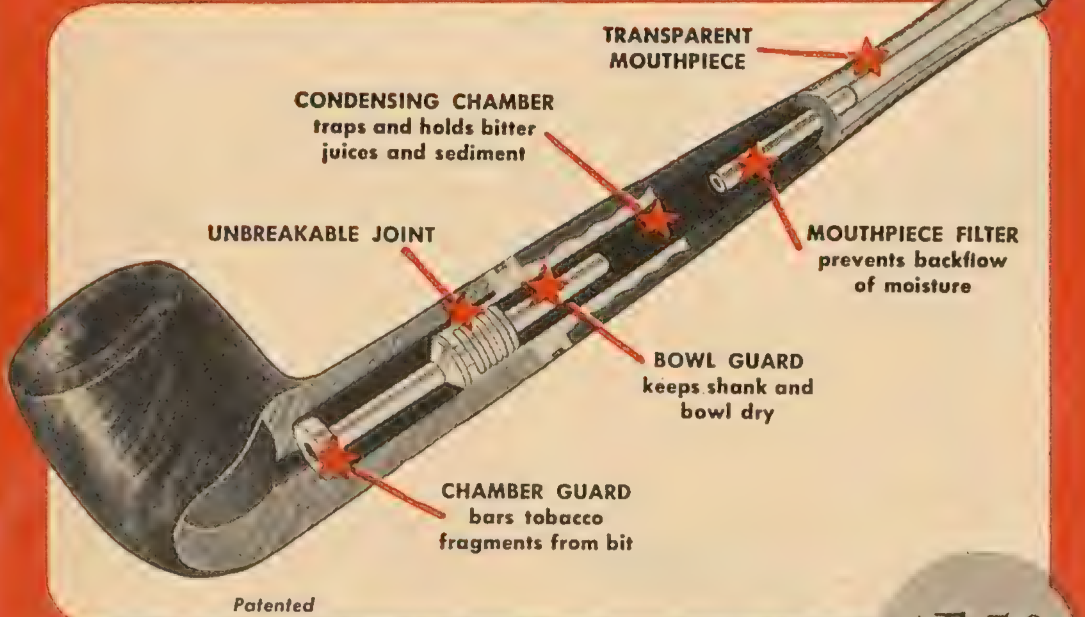
"And who," inquires Al, with some asperity, "might that be?"

"Matchabelli," I says. "In the fifteenth century."

THE END

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES

Royalton CROWN


TRANSPARENT MOUTHPIECE
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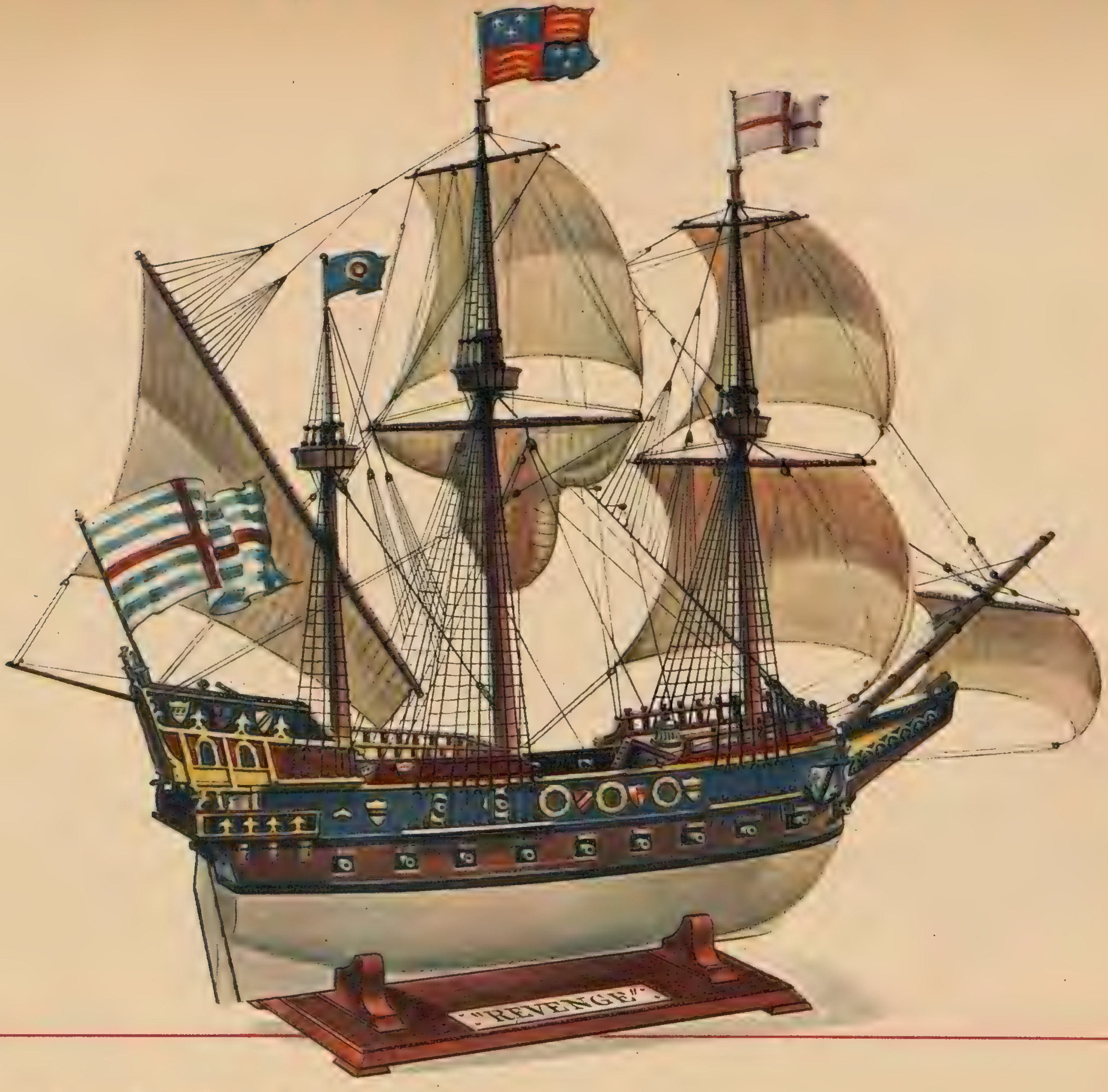

He stuck to his guns . . .

Surprised by a huge fleet of Spanish galleons, Sir Richard Grenville refused to turn his back on the enemy. The little "Revenge" kept on fighting until the last barrel of powder was exhausted and most of her men lay dead or dying by their guns. Since 1832, the makers of G & W Five Star have stuck to their guns—have persisted in their century-old policy of giving the public *quality at a popular price.* When you taste this delightful blend, you will be surprised that a whiskey of such superfine flavor could cost so little. Make it a point to ask for G & W Five Star.

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86 proof—75% fruit and grain neutral spirits

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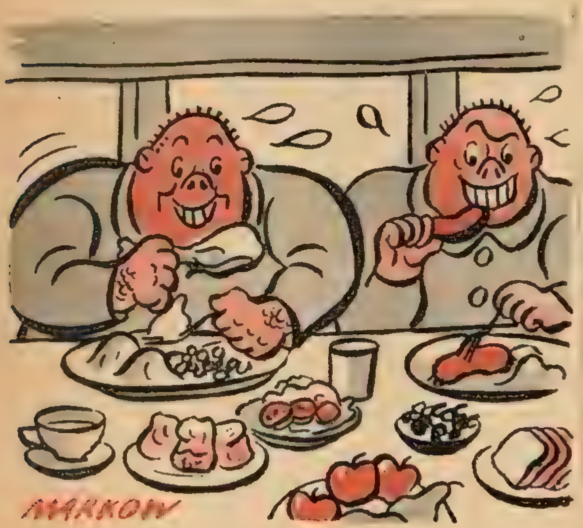
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

FOR a timely step, Old Sarge now doffs his lid to the Office of Defense Transportation. That's for the ODT's order clearing our railroad trains of civilian passengers any time the travel space they occupy is needed for wounded service men.

Railway agents and conductors now have specific directions to cancel passenger service and divert equipment, or to "bump" civilians out of their reservations—or even out of their seats or sleeping berths—at any time, day or night, when transportation is required for military invalids.



Fed ahead

Civilians traveling needlessly have filled vast blocks of space on our transportation lines for months, despite the ODT's pleas to them. Before ODT swung a club, it had received startling estimates. In this summer of the invasion, more vacationists than at any time since Pearl Harbor were planning to turn their backs on recreation near home and pile themselves and their baggage on the railroads, which already were staggering under the load of necessary civilian travel and military personnel. And this when thousands of wounded were en route from the beachheads!

Well, ODT assured train space for the wounded, but at this writing there's room to carry the correction further. I've had lots of letters such as the following from Lieutenant Colonel H. F.:

"I've just returned from a long trip around this country on business for Uncle Sam's Army. In many cities I saw crowds of service personnel left marooned at the station gates, worn from lack of sleep and overdue at their posts, because trains were filled with selfish civilians traveling for recreation. On long train trips, only two meals were served daily—and many servicemen and servicewomen couldn't get those because, with so many civilian tourists, there wasn't food enough to go around.

"Now, I know these are trifling hardships compared to those of our troops overseas. But here at home we're entitled to a better break from our own people. So why don't they set up priorities on travel? With precedence something like this:

"1. Service men and women traveling for the government or under orders.

"2. Service men and women traveling on leave or furlough.

"3. Civilians who must travel for really essential reasons.

"4. Travelers bent on pleasure or sightseeing. I'll include in this group people who think they have to visit Aunt Kate or Cousin Tillie every few months.

"I'm not squawking on my own account, Sarge. Hell, I can take it. But something ought to be done to help our enlisted men. They're getting a rotten deal."

I agree. I think it would be swell if the ODT got around next to travel priorities along the lines this officer proposes. Meanwhile, we can all help. Stay off trains and busses unless your journey is really necessary. Advise your friends to do likewise.

OLD SARGE.

P.S.: Since I wrote the above, ODT has put a further squeeze on non-essential travel by ruling that special cars, special trains, and extra sections are to be used only for members of the armed forces, prisoners of war, and government-recruited workers. Priorities next?

* * *

I was transferred recently from the East Coast to the West Coast on a special troop train with a large Navy draft, and along the way we would pick up cars of soldiers or marines and carry them to destinations along our route. That was O. K. until we added two cars of German prisoners—and some guy in charge insisted on feeding those Nazis *ahead* of us. Result was, we got to the diner on a schedule running like this: breakfast, 9.30; lunch, 16.30 (4.30 P. M., civilian time); dinner, 21 (9 P. M.). I just wonder if our boys who are prisoners are fed before Hitler's and Tojo's men. What do you think?

Volunteer Gob, Coronado, Calif.

I think the way you do. Enemy captives in this country are the best-fed, best-housed, most solicitously handled P. W.s in the world.

* * *

My wife has cooled toward me and wants a divorce, though I love her and have denied her nothing. If I could stop her allotment, I think it might help bring her back. Can I do that?

Pvt. B., Herington, Kans.

No; allotments to wives are mandatory and cannot be canceled by a G. I., however laudable his intentions. I doubt if a chopped allotment would soften a dame's heart, anyway. Better try something like flowers or candy. I knew a non-com in the Canal Zone once who renewed his helpmeet's affection every couple of months or so by punching her jaw. She seemed to like it. But I don't recommend that course. Try blandishments.

* * *

Sarge, is it true that there are rings in King George's bathtubs?

Mrs. E. D., Hartford, Conn.

Hey, what's this? A try at sabotaging Anglo-American relations? But, no; I remember reading that there *are* rings in the tubs at Buckingham Palace. Not from careless tubbing, though. They're painted there as reminders that, for royalty and commons alike, five inches of water is the maximum permitted for a bath under British wartime conservation measures.

* * *

I read in Liberty that you told one Private R. G. a company commander has the right to put a man on K. P. for seven Sundays as a punishment. You were off the beam there. Manual for Court-martials (U. S. A. 1928) limits punishment under the 104th A. W. to periods not exceeding one week. Cripes, why give the C. O. more ideas for making life miserable?

Company Clerk,
Lemoore Field, Lemoore, Calif.

Pass the mustard, corporal, and I'll eat that one. The seven days as a maximum company punishment would have to be put in consecutively. As another reader (and, incidentally, he's one of those C. O.s) points out, Private R. G. would have to commit a new offense every week to rate K. P. seven Sundays in a row. My apologies to all hands.

* * *

I'm a British subject serving in the U. S. Army and I want to become an American citizen. According to amendments to the Nationality Act passed by the 77th Congress, I am eligible to become a citizen, but when I applied I was told I would have to live in the United States for a specified period.

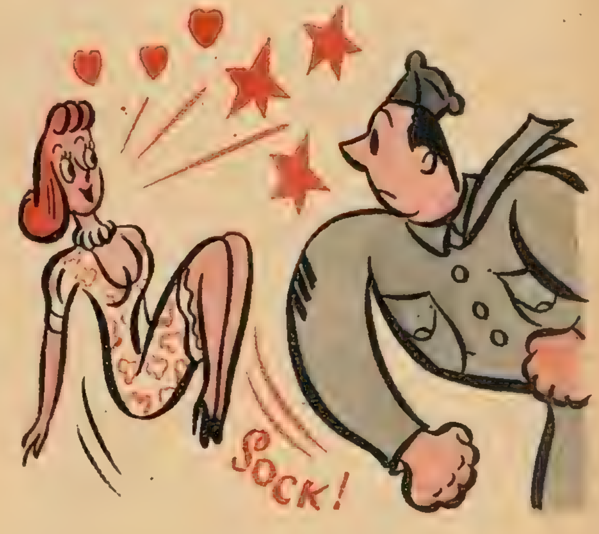
Pvt. D. S., A. P. O.—,
c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

As a member of our armed forces you may become a citizen after ninety days' service; in some instances, sooner. Consult the legal officer at your post or your personnel adjutant. The person who rejected your application apparently was unfamiliar with the law.

* * *

My honorable discharge from the Army was lost or stolen. I can't draw my mustering-out pay and lapel button without it or a satisfactory copy. How can I get a copy?

H. C., Springfield, Mass.



Liked it!

Only one discharge certificate can be issued to an individual. If it is lost or destroyed, application must be made to the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C., for a certificate in lieu of lost discharge. This may be submitted with your application for mustering-out pay and lapel button.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

"I DO"—
BY APPOINTMENT

Continued from Page 23

chen, or Jewish marriage broker, kept tabs on unmarried young people and informed their families of marriage possibilities.

Since the *schadchen* was a necessary mediator, he was paid like any professional man. His payment depended on the size of the dowry and the difficulty involved in getting a daughter married.

The *schadchen* system in New York City today operates from offices and transacts matrimonial deals on a strictly business basis. Nor is there anything romantic about the business end of Clara Lane's Contact Centre. It is run as efficiently and mechanically as the sales desk of a mail-order firm. For a fee of twenty-five dollars to customers under forty years of age, and fifty dollars for applicants over forty, Clara Lane agrees to provide at least one introduction a week for three months.

The applicant is required only to put cash on the line and prove that he or she is matrimonially free. If the three-month period ends without the desired result, a slight surcharge keeps the applicant's name in the Contact Centre's files and introductions march on.

Miss Lane has a file of more than 1,500 names, in a constant process of turnover. It lists every qualification as well as every specification of each applicant. In a twinkling Miss Lane can produce anything from a forty-five-year-old nonsmoking stamp collector with a weakness for Brahms to a widow with three children and an outstanding talent for fashioning culinary delicacies.

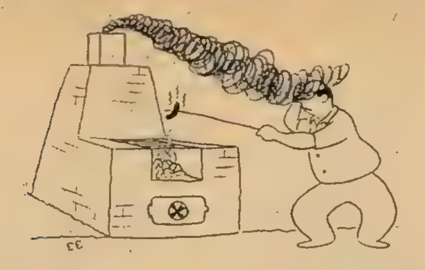
Sometimes, Miss Lane sadly admits, there are slip-ups in the process of getting two people together, although the organization's filing system is not at fault. For years the Contact Centre has been plagued by a girlpower shortage. A lonely swain has come in to apply for a petite brunette, for example, has got a glimpse of Miss Lane's secretary, probably a tall blonde, and finished up by marrying her. So far, the Contact Centre has lost seven secretaries in this manner, and Miss Lane is getting rather weary.

The severest blow was dealt by Charlie, a Negro handy man at the Contact Centre. After two months of service, Charlie handed Miss Lane his broom one evening and announced, "This here is a fine business you got, Miss Lane. We ain't got nothing like this in Harlem. Me and my woman figure to get married and open up our own bureau. Harlem could do with some of this here culture." Miss Lane has been looking for a clean-up man ever since.

If the Contact Centre were regarded as an essential war industry, it would probably by now have an Army-Navy "E." Its ratio of success is approximately ninety per cent.

That brings up the question of how a business of this kind can actually judge its success. Only a small percentage of Miss Lane's clientele take the trouble to inform her when they have reached their objective—matrimony. But Miss Lane has her ways of finding out when the knot has been tied. When a man and woman have each laid out fifty dollars for the express purpose of finding a spouse, with the understanding that said payment entitles them to three months' introduction service, and when after two weeks neither one returns, it is only reasonable to assume that they have achieved their goal. Miss Lane then inquires by mail whether they wish to remain on her files. Sometimes an answer is forthcoming, perhaps simply: "I no longer desire further introductions." Sometimes there is no response. But, in any event, Miss Lane realizes that the situation is out of her hands. In the matrimonial business, unlike most other enterprises, the quicker you get rid of your clients the higher the profit.

GRILLING THE AXIS



Now if you yearn to stand and turn
A juicy steak upon your grill,
Please buy a bond from what you earn...
And, brother, soon, you surely will!

—ERIC ERICSON.

An average of about 200 lonely souls wander in or write every week. Incidentally, the notion that it is the fair sex which is most anxious to capture a spouse seems to be a fallacy. Three times as many men as women take the first step through Miss Lane's portals. For the most part, it may be added, both men and women applicants are in the fifty-dollar bracket.

Generally speaking, Miss Lane has discovered that clients over forty are the easier to deal with. They have fewer illusions. The ideal client is a man or woman who has made up his mind to get married, come hell or high water.

Unfortunately, not all clients are so obliging. Typical is the young girl who, tired of the grind of office routine, told Miss Lane frankly that she wanted a well-established professional man in his middle thirties, who could provide her with security, a home, and the things in life she had always craved. But a young artist of no means but plenty of charm happened in and invited the frustrated young lady to a movie. The young woman then went through weeks of exposure to men answering her specifications in every way, but none of them suited her.

When the three months were up and the girl was still unmarried, Clara had a heart-to-heart talk with her. What was the matter? Bursting into tears, the girl admitted:

"I've changed my mind. I don't want a man with money or anything. I only want *him*."

Mentally checking off the score of doctors, lawyers, and others to whom she had presented the young lady, Miss Lane queried, "You only want which?" "The one I met here first. I just can't get him off my mind." The two are now happily married and washing their own dishes in a modest skylight studio in Greenwich Village.

Many of Miss Lane's loyal alumni have written in months and years later to express their appreciation. One couple sent a check for $500 to be used "for aiding the cause." While Clara Lane has received many voluntary donations, her treasure is a letter from a young bride.

"Dear Miss Lane," she wrote: "We are very happy and going to have a baby. If it is a girl we will name her Clara, after you. Sincerely, (Mrs.) Jane Blank. P.S. Joe wishes to add if it's a boy we will call him Clarence. P. P. S. For the boy's sake I hope it's a girl."

THE END

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1. Contains a special skin "conditioner" which lubricates the face!

2. A cool, close shave using even the coldest water!

3. Spreads easily . . . cooling your sensitive skin as soon as it's applied!

4. We believe Fitch's No-Brush Shaving Cream makes razor blades last longer!

5. Requires no after-shaving lotion . . . these ingredients are *right in* the shaving cream!

6. Leaves skin feeling soft . . . refreshed!

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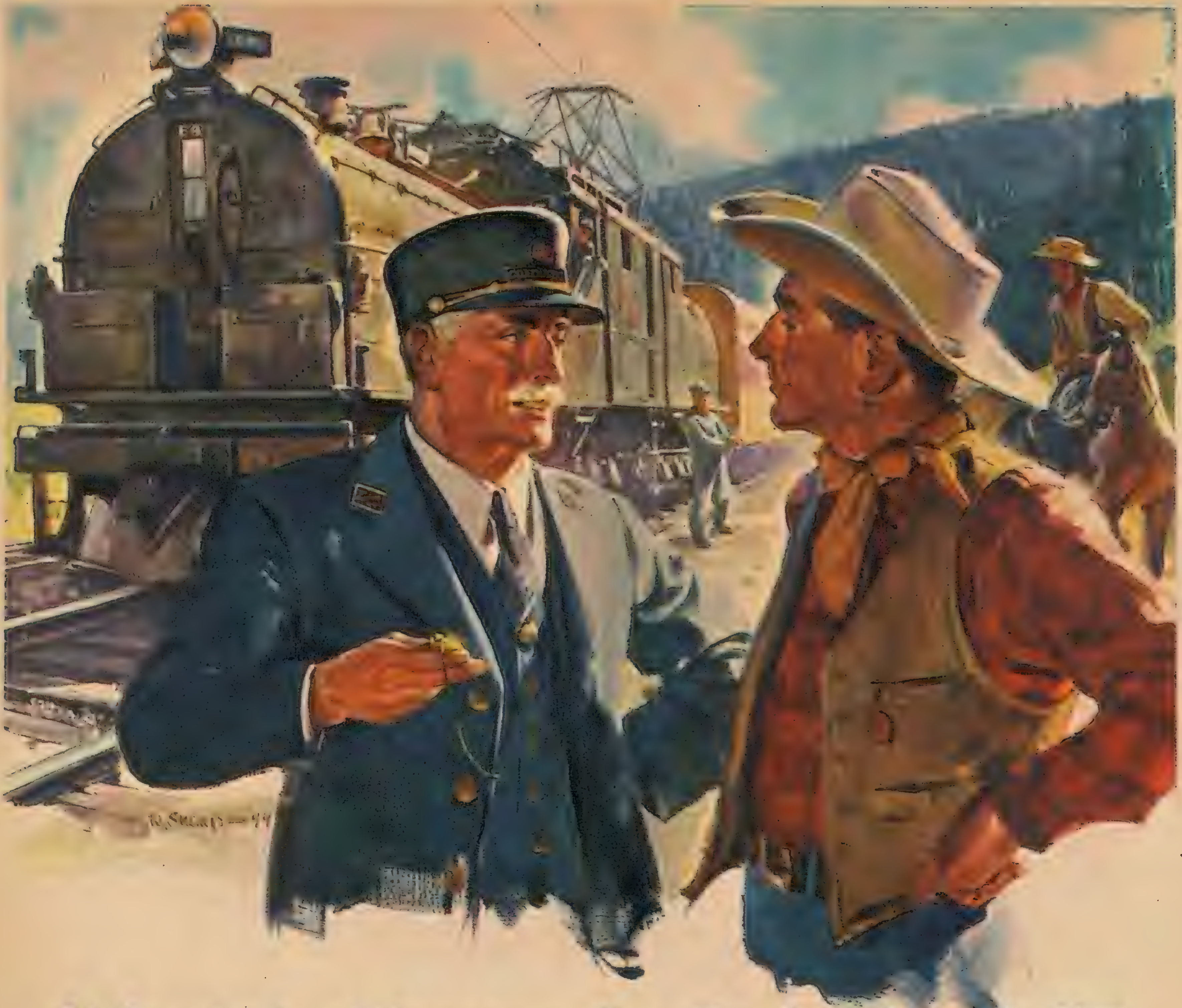

What's the Olympian "in the hole" for, Bill?

CONDUCTOR BILL can't talk about his railroad orders in wartime—even to such an old friend of the line as Monty Miller, foreman of the Angle D ranch.

It may be the famous, electrified Olympian has gone "in the hole"—which is railroadese for waiting on a side track—because it's more important for a military train to have right of way.

Station agents, conductors, brakemen, and other railroad men don't like to appear unobliging—but they've pledged themselves for the duration to give no information to anyone about unusual train movements.

That's in the interest of national security. An idle word dropped about a troop train—or a supply train's schedule and destination—might reach enemy ears and lead to sabotage or an attack on a convoy days and even weeks afterward.

For the most part, passengers realize this situation. They too, keep mum about war traffic they see on the railroad.

If the Olympian, the Hiawathas, the Pioneer Limited or other heavily traveled trains happen to be delayed, there is little complaining among passengers. For this understanding attitude, we of The Milwaukee Road are deeply grateful.

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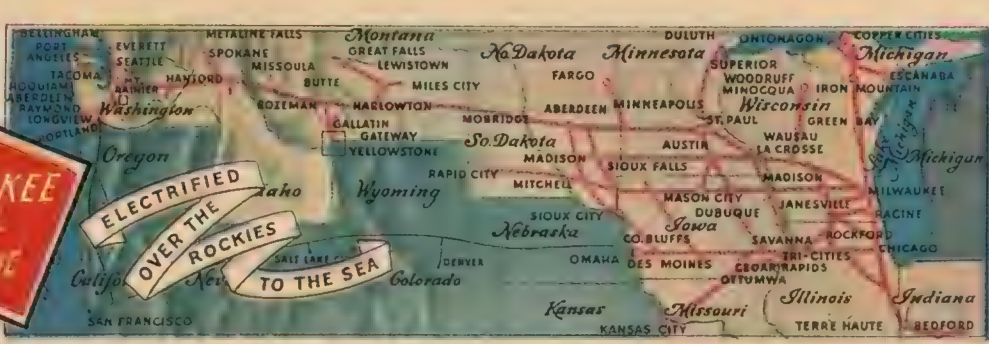
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Michigan
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Iron Mountain
Illinois
Terre Haute
Indiana
Bedford

THE
MILWAUKEE
ROAD

PAYMENT IN FULL

Continued from Page 17

felt the mayor's arm tremble. "Better let me handle this."

Hippinstall ignored the advice. Crisis seemed to make him want to assume command; he ordered the girl to produce a doctor—any doctor.

"Dr. Clemens or Dr. Rogers?" she asked.

"How the devil do I know?" he barked. "Get 'em both."

"Mr. Hippinstall's son is a patient," explained Dr. Kennedy. "We'd like to have the resident doctor."

"Dr. Clemens," she said, and made a connection on the board.

As they waited, Hippinstall glanced dubiously about the lobby. "Doc, this place is two-by-four. They haven't facilities—"

"It's modern enough, and Clemens is a good man. He went to school with Walt."

Footsteps clicked on the tile flooring, and they turned to see a slight, bespectacled young man in a white smock, smiling in recognition.

"Dr. Kennedy," he said, "it's a pleasure. I hear you're the busiest man in Oakdale since Walt joined the Army."

"Young man," Hippinstall growled, "I've brought Dr. Kennedy to take charge of my son."

To avert any awkwardness Dr. Kennedy interrupted and identified the mayor as Bob's father.

"Your son," Clemens offered uneasily, "is doing as well as can be expected, but it's too early to tell much."

"Young man," the mayor roared, "that tells me exactly nothing—"

In exasperation, Dr. Kennedy propelled him to a seat, out of earshot. "Joe," he said sternly, "Clemens is not running against you for re-election, so pipe down. Another word, and I'll take the next bus back to Oakdale."

"Sorry, doc. I guess I'm nervous."

Dr. Kennedy returned to Clemens and apologized. "Don't mind him, he's the excitable type."

"So I see," Clemens agreed pleasantly. "It doesn't matter; we're used to temper and temperament here. About young Hippinstall. He's in coma now—has been ever since he was admitted. I examined him and, to make doubly sure, asked the neurologist—Rogers—to look at him. Both examinations agree. It's meningitis."

"Pretty conclusive, but I'll take a look. It'll make the boy's father feel easier."

"Yes, and I'll ask Rogers to soothe the old fire-eater." Clemens smiled. "Rogers has what I haven't—a bedside manner."

WITH a nurse attending, Dr. Kennedy went into Bob's room. The boy's face was rosy with fever, and he moved restlessly in sodden sleep.

Despite charts and records ready for perusal, Dr. Kennedy conscientiously went through the entire examination, taking nothing for granted, accepting no test secondhand. As before, the blood count and the spinal puncture pointed definitely to meningitis; the appearance and condition of the patient made no other diagnosis logical.

Dr. Kennedy, however, was not satisfied. From the rich and varied archives of his long experience in country practice he recalled similar cases—the cases which had been meningitis, and the ones which had merely shared the same symptoms. Osteomyelitis—inflammation of the bone marrow—could manifest as meningitis—if the original wound had been dirty and infection had entered the blood stream.

Carefully Dr. Kennedy reviewed this case. Yesterday Hippinstall had mentioned a battle injury, a leg wound. That was it! He turned back to the patient in sudden inspiration. The left leg showed scar tissue, and X-ray proved that the bone had been nicked by a bullet.

He left the room and, as he walked down the corridor, he made his decision. Reaching the lobby, where Clemens and Rogers were grouped around the mayor, he saw that Hippinstall was relaxing under the beneficent manner of Dr. Rogers. Clemens had not exaggerated; Rogers was, outwardly at least, the popular conception of a great doctor. A large well-dressed man with authoritative patches of gray about the temples, he stood there exuding confident knowledge.

As Dr. Kennedy joined them, the mayor said, "Dr. Rogers has been telling me he thinks Bob's chances are good."

"I wish I could agree," Dr. Kennedy announced bluntly, "but I believe his chances are nil if we treat him for meningitis."

Rogers frowned heavily, and Dr. Kennedy couldn't blame him. It was upsetting to gain control of a situation, only to have someone jumble it up.

"What, then, is your diagnosis?" challenged Rogers.

"Recurrent osteomyelitis, with brain abscess—"

"Preposterous," Rogers decided; then, with a show of fairness, he asked young Clemens, "How do you feel about it?"

"Dr. Kennedy has a point, but it doesn't change my opinion."

Hippinstall was both frightened and indignant. "That's my boy you're arguing about. He could die while the three of you wrangle—"

"Joe," Dr. Kennedy explained, "these gentlemen are convinced of one thing, and I'm equally convinced of another. My advice is an immediate operation."

"Operation? Is it dangerous?"

Dr. Kennedy nodded gravely.

"An extremely delicate operation." Rogers spoke soothingly. "It could cost the life of your son. I think the risk is too great. I'd like to continue the treatment Dr. Clemens is giving."

Hippinstall paced back and forth, his facial expression revealing the turmoil inside. For several moments there was only the sound of his steps and an undertone of speech from the girl at the other side of the room as she answered her phones. Then the mayor left off his anxious pacing and said mildly:

"I only know I want my son to live. I believe all of you are sincerely trying to save him—but I've got to stay with the majority—there's nothing else I can do."

Almost with relief Dr. Kennedy heard the mayor's decision. Now responsibility rested squarely upon Clemens and Rogers. They could cope with this doubtful case and, win or lose, he would be in the clear. A doctor was expected to offer his considered, sincere advice, and if it was rejected—well, the doctor couldn't be censured.

SLOWLY he walked away from the men who still carried on. At the far end of the room he seated himself upon an uncomfortable wicker settee. Suddenly his thoughts were as uncomfortable as the settee. He had quit and now was in the midst of consoling himself with half-truths, attempting to justify his own inadequacy.

As a father, he knew exactly what that decision had cost Joe Hippinstall, and fresh in him were feelings similar to the ones which would torture Joe Hippinstall when the decision proved to be in error. If he allowed this mistake to stand, then he wasn't worthy of the title M. D.—and he wasn't worthy to be the father of Walt, who never hesitated when duty called.

He marched over to the others. "Joe," he ordered gruffly, "come here. I want to talk to you alone."

He intercepted an outraged look from Rogers, observed the vague surprise on Clemens' face, but he didn't care. He led the mayor to the settee.

"First of all," Dr. Kennedy said, "I'm going to remind you that we're friends of long standing. So far, I haven't failed you, and I don't intend to now. Joe, you've got to let me operate on that boy and drain that abscess before it kills him."

Hippinstall recoiled from Dr. Kennedy's forcefulness. He cleared his throat raspingly; his pudgy hands trembled.

Dr. Kennedy gestured toward Clemens and Rogers, who were in whispered consultation over near the switchboard. "Those two are good men, excellent men. It just happens that this case is outside their sphere. Being a country doctor, I've encountered it before. It's the kind of injury a farmer or any outdoor man is exposed to—a dirty wound. Battle wounds are dirty, too, and if improperly cleaned sometimes secondary infection develops. I tell you, Joe, I know what I'm talking about."

"But—but if I should lose him—"

"You're sure to lose him this way," Dr. Kennedy said almost brutally; "either that, or he'll be a helpless paralytic." His manner softened. "Remember, I brought Bob into the world, I pulled him through childhood ailments—I've got a percentage of that boy."

Shakily Hippinstall unwrapped a cigar and poked it between his lips. "Doc," he said, searching fruitlessly for a match, "I don't know, I don't honestly know."

Dr. Kennedy reached into his pocket to find a light for the mayor. As he withdrew his hand, a crumpled yellow paper fluttered to the floor, printed side upward. Hippinstall bent over and retrieved it. The terse War Department phraseology caught his attention.

He was shocked. "When did you get this?"

"Last night," Dr. Kennedy replied, taking the telegram quickly from the mayor. "Joe, we're losing time. The sooner I can operate, the sooner—"

"Walt's lost, and yet you're here, fighting for Bob—"

"What else should I be doing?" Dr. Kennedy countered fiercely.

"Well"—Hippinstall was having difficulty with his speech—"well, if you can do that—"

"Life or death," Dr. Kennedy stated the

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issue clearly. "But let's not have him an invalid."

"I guess you can save him if anyone can," the mayor said softly but definitely. "Go ahead, it's up to you."

IN pure white garb, Dr. Kennedy entered the operating room and immediately was aware of a great tension as the nurses looked up, and Clemens and Rogers, from their positions near the unconscious body of the patient, nodded in grave acknowledgement of his presence.

There was tension in every surgery room, he knew, but this was subtly different. It was a thin, taut atmosphere, compounded of doubt and distrust, and it emanated from the other two doctors. When his diagnosis had prevailed with Hippinstall, they had been gracious in defeat, and had promptly offered to serve as his assistants. But even this could not change the basic fact of their disagreement. To Dr. Kennedy the tightly alert movements of the two men were accusations, and it was hard on his nerves. Just one more reason, he reiterated silently, why he had to be right.

He went over to the table and looked at Bob in final appraisal. Then he spoke to the nurse-anesthetist, "You've prepared the avertin?"

Her smile was reassuring. "Yes, doctor."

"Fine. We'll supplement it with a local of novocaine."

Behind him he heard Clemens whisper, "Good!" and Rogers' mumbled reply: "Yes, ether might act as a dangerous depressant," and he breathed more easily. At least he had sold them something.

As soon as the anesthetic had taken effect he picked up a scalpel from a tray of gleaming sterile instruments. He incised the scalp, and drilled with infinite care through the outer layer of bone. The drill penetrated the inner scalp plate, and he laid open the dura—the tough membrane which enveloped the brain and spinal cord. Yes, the dura was swollen and congested. He had calculated correctly—or had he? Congestion indicated the presence of abscess, but it could also mean meningitis.

He straightened, aware of the responsibility he had assumed, feeling the renewal of tension around him, bearing down heavily, like a weight between his shoulder blades. This boy lying before him was a friend, entrusted to him by a man he had known well and long.

He growled to himself in reprimand, and angrily wrenched his thoughts away from personalities.

"Did you want something, doctor?" a nurse asked.

"No," he said, conscious of the quizzical faces turned toward him. "Yes, you might give me another scalpel, please."

He willed the steadiness back into his hands and, frowning in concentration, opened the dura. There, bared to view, was the abscess, and a long sigh escaped him. The others saw, and the tautness went out of the room. He aspirated the abscess with a needle syringe, to remove the evil mass of it, and allowed Clemens to close the scalp layers about the drain.

Impulsively Rogers came over to him. "Magnificent, Dr. Kennedy! I've seen something today."

"And I've learned something," said Clemens.

DR. KENNEDY drove at a sober pace, nearing Lakeside and another checkup of Bob Hippinstall. The passage of two weeks had practically guaranteed Bob's recovery, but had failed to add a scrap of information about Walt. The unremitting suspense of it was difficult to endure, even when he made a habit of faith, a religion of activity. For there were inescapable moments when doubts assailed him, the quiet lull before falling asleep at night, his contacts with Mrs. Higbee, who was a daily reminder of grief. She moved about in dull lethargy, without even the spirit to chide him.

He parked the car in front of the hospital and, trying to put somber thoughts aside, went to Bob's room.

The boy was asleep—a healthy, normal sleep—and Joe Hippinstall was sitting patiently in the visitor's chair.

"Hello, doc," he whispered hoarsely.

Bob stirred in the bed and awakened. He glanced about, orienting himself, and then grinned at the two men.

Dr. Kennedy smiled back. "You look fine. It won't be long before we can send you home—"

"Doc," Bob said, "at last I can talk to you—"

"Not too much all at once," Dr. Kennedy admonished. "You've got to take it easy for a while."

"It's about Walt," Bob said determinedly. "He's O. K.—"

Dr. Kennedy gripped the edge of the bed, holding on to reality until he could digest this dazzling statement.

"Walt?" he asked shakily, lowering himself into a chair.

"On the train I met a fellow from my outfit. He'd been a German prisoner, but escaped. He told me the Germans had captured an American doctor—a major. The guy didn't get the major's name—but it was Walt—" The effort of speech brought moisture to Bob's face and he paused to catch his breath.

"I had a snapshot of Walt and myself—he picked out Walt as the major—"

DR. KENNEDY looked at Bob and a smile came to his lips, a smile slow enough to express realization, then relief, and finally joy.

"Wonderful, isn't it, doc?" the mayor exulted.

"I haven't finished," Bob said, pushing the words out. "At Anzio a German counter attack cut off one of our medical stations. Walt was in charge. He could have escaped, like some of the others, but he chose to stay with the wounded, who needed him. He was giving a transfusion to this friend of mine when the Jerries butted in. Walt wouldn't pay any attention to them—except to order 'em out—till he finished the job and saved the guy's life—" He lapsed into silence and wiped his forehead weakly.

The words, simple and uttered haltingly, were nevertheless an award for valor, and no man ever received medals seated if he could stand. Dr. Kennedy rose, and the pride shining from his eyes made him seem like a young man. For a moment he did not trust himself to speak. Then, at last, he smiled at them.

"Excuse me," he said. "I've got to go lift some gloom."

In the hall he found a telephone and dialed his home. Mrs. Higbee answered in a listless voice. He told her the great news, listened to the gladness and the pride take hold of her. It swelled in her until she, too, had to change the subject. "You've left your overcoat again," she announced vigorously. "Land's sakes, and that long, cold drive home—"

Laughing, he hung up on her and walked back into the room. Hippinstall, grinning broadly, handed him a check.

"Thought I'd better pay off for Bob while I'm in a happy frame of mind."

Dr. Kennedy tore the check in two.

"Doc, that's a thousand dollars! If it isn't enough—"

"What Bob's told me, Joe—that's payment in full."

THE END

Boy... did Private Pringle take THIS objective!

We knew they were coming. A whole trainload of 'em. And we knew we only had 37 minutes to feed them and send them on their way. What a fine-looking, husky lot they were, swarming in here with their healthy young appetites! The kitchen looks like it was strafed by a pack of P-47's!

That's a common, everyday scene at Fred Harvey's these days. Our restaurants, hotels and dining cars are on America's most-traveled routes. Consequently they are the daily objectives of Private Pringle and tens of thousands of his buddies in the armed forces, needing tens of thousands of Fred Harvey meals every day as they travel across the country.

To meet this vital need we are serving more meals than ever before — and in the face of personnel shortages and food rationing. Moreover our civilian business, too, is vastly increased. Under these circumstances frills, of course, are out. Yes, and we'll admit, often it goes beyond that. The service can't always quite be up to the old Fred Harvey standard you've come to expect.

We're not complaining—*we are proud of our wartime assignment!* We are determined that Private Pringle and his buddies shall come first, that they shall get their meals on time and piping hot. If at times that means you aren't served so quickly . . . we know you understand.

* * *

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, *travel* and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

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3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

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DINK'S DOUBLE HERITAGE

Continued from Page 27

"Sure sounds good," Dink said. Dink took out a dollar bill and laid it on the counter.

"All on the house," Gus said gallantly. He beamed at Dink. "Some fine buy, eh?"

"Sure is," Dink said. He put the dollar back in his pocket.

"You want it?"

Dink stood up. He looked around the place. He said, "Sure is nice. I'll think it over."

"You better hurry," Gus said. "I might change my mind."

"Sure. I'll let you know."

DINK took Sandy to a movie. On the way home they drove past the store to see if Sandy's father was still there and to offer him a ride home.

A light was burning in the little office at the back of the store. Dink switched off the ignition. He put his arm around Sandy and he kissed her.

Dink said, "If I make a lot of money, you'll get that house before you know it."

Sandy said hesitantly, "You aren't going to listen to Rocky, are you, Dink? That's just like gambling."

Dink said, "Sure sounded good though, didn't it?"

Sandy was quiet. Then she said, "You never told me about your Uncle Ben. You never told me about any of your folks, Dink."

Dink was far away from her, and she could not reach him.

"Why?" Sandy said.

"Dead people aren't news," Dink said briefly. "They're all dead now."

The frown that had settled on him made his face a strange face. Sandy said, frightened, "I don't understand you, Dink."

The lights in the store were out, all but the night light and the light streaming out of the office at the back. It was a sturdy hardware store, but shabby and old.

Dink said, "Why does your dad work late like this?"

"He can't get help. He worries a lot. It's hard in these times to replace anything," Sandy said. Speaking of it now, she had to make light of it. She couldn't tell Dink how it was with them. "The place needs fixing up," she said lightly, "but he'd worry about paying back any loan before the war is over."

They got out of the car and walked into the store. The small office was strewn with ledgers and papers. Mr. Potter pushed back his eyeshade and glanced at them. His eyes twinkled.

"What's the matter?" he said. "You kids had a fight?"

"Why, no," Sandy said.

"Don't give me that. I can tell."

Mr. Potter looked back at his ledger sheets. His shoulders were stooped under his mottled brown coat. "Movie any good?"

"So-so."

He closed the book. His eyes darted keenly at Dink as he got up and took his coat off the wall hook.

"Well, young feller," Mr. Potter said, "you got your money all spent yet?"

"I got some ideas," Dink said. He said after a minute, "Any suggestions, Mr. Potter?"

Mr. Potter looked at him straight. Then he turned off the light, leaving them all in darkness.

"Not me," Mr. Potter said. "I ain't handy with lump sums. You can go to the devil your own way." . . .

In the next few days Dink was offered an interest in a coffin factory, a quarry, a knife-sharpening machine, an oil well, and a formula for turning crude oil into lamb's wool.

Three days later the check came. Dink went to the bank at noon to deposit it. In the bank Dink saw Mr. Potter, but Mr. Potter did not see Dink.

When he came out of the plant after work, Sandy was waiting outside the wire fence. There were several fellows with Dink. Dink was popular.

As Sandy stepped forward, a large citizen with a smooth smiling face pushed in between them. Dink paused. "You are Mr. Glazey?"

"No," the man said. "My name's Cox."

"I was expecting a man named Glazey," Dink said. "Sorry."

As he started to move on, the smiling man laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"I want to ask you a favor, Mr. Andrews," Cox said. "I want you to drive this car for the next twenty-four hours."

With a flourish he motioned toward a tan custom-built roadster of a noble make at the curb. It was not new, but still of good line, and some chrome gadgets gave it flash. Dink and his friends went to the curb and looked at it. Dink's eyes held an eager gleam.

"Sure looks good," he said. "How much?"

"Eighteen hundred. But let's not think of price." Cox smiled unctuously at Sandy, who was looking slightly rebellious. "Take the young lady driving tonight! Drive to work tomorrow! For twenty-four hours she's yours."

Sandy said, "Dink, do you think you ought to?"

"Why not?" Dink said absently. He was looking absorbedly at the car, touching the chrome horn. "Sure looks good."

As he opened the door and started to get in, a little citizen with a sharp nose shouldered his way through the group.

Dink pulled his foot back and looked at him. "You Glazey?"

"Snark," the sharp-nosed citizen said.

Dink said, "That ain't a name. That's an answer to a crossword puzzle."

That got a laugh. Snark looked around the group. "My business is private," Snark said.

Dink felt Sandy tugging at his hand.

"Minute," Dink said.

Snark lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. "Mr. Andrews," Snark said, "I will come to the point. I have got a racing system. This racing system is absolutely foolproof." And he said, his voice dropping lower, "But any system, you understand, has got to have backing. With two or three thousand behind me, say, our winnings can be positively phenomenal."

"Yeah?" Dink said. Sandy, watching anxiously, caught the suppressed interest in his voice.

"With a little capital—"

SNARK stopped, annoyed by the arrival of a red-faced man with a paunch. "Andrews?" the man said. He held out a moist beefy hand. "I'm Glazey. If you're ready, we'll start now."

Sandy looked at Dink. "Where are you going?" she said.

Dink said, "Well, I kind of figured I'd go look at a roadhouse that Mr. Glazey wants to sell. It's out on Washington Boulevard. It's called— What's it called, Mr. Glazey?"

"The Pirate's Cave," Glazey said.

Dink opened the car door for Sandy. "Hop in," Dink said. "And you fellows come along. There's lots of room," he said. They piled in.

Sandy had not moved.

"Well?" Dink said.

(Continued on page 72)

NEGLECTED! (because your hair is gray?)

*Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully

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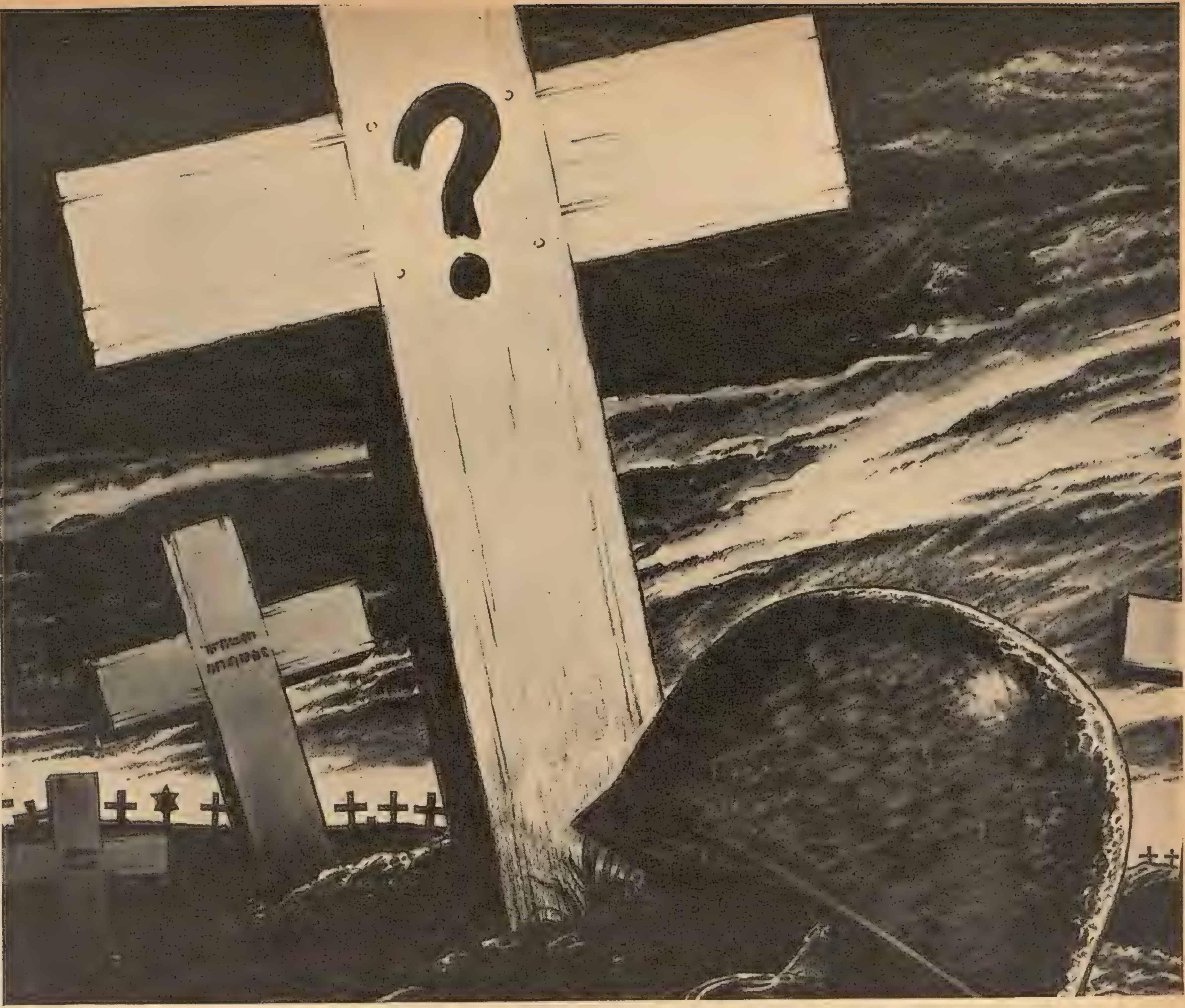

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His face didn't look like much when they found him, but his "dog tag" told who he was.

He's not an Unknown Soldier. And does it matter whether he was Protestant, Catholic or Jew . . . Negro or White?

He fought American. He died American. He *was* American.

He makes you prouder that *you* are American.

But what of his brothers — by the million — here at home . . . Of every race, of every color, of every creed?

Are *they* different because they're alive?

Is the only true democracy in uniformed death?

Let's put an end to the foul prejudice fanned by our enemies . . .

By our obvious enemy, the goose-stepping Hun . . . and our more insidious one, the un-American American.

When you find anyone — yourself included — thinking, speaking, acting, with racial or religious prejudice — STOP IT!

If Adams, Kelly, or Cohen is good enough to die for us, he's good enough to live with us . . .

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This is one of a series of messages available for local sponsorship in newspapers and as 24-sheet posters in full-color for outdoor billboard display. Write for details.

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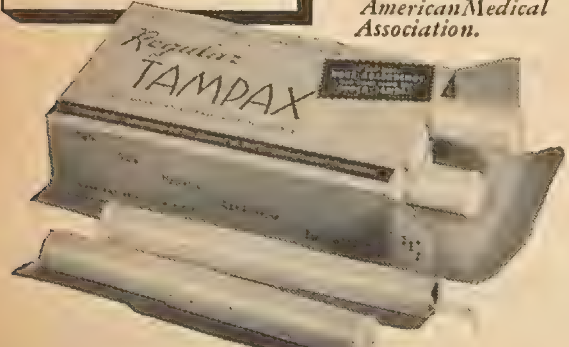


LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

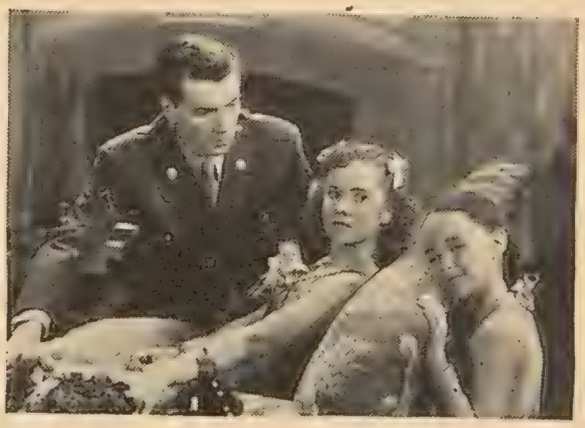
High-school romance looks pretty flat to Janie compared with a uniform.

JANIE

(Warner Brothers)
Joyce Reynolds, Robert Hutton, Clare Foley

JANIE (from the Broadway play) is a rip-rollicking farce about a "typical American girl" in a "typical American town" in wartime. If you can swallow this basic proposition whole, you'll laugh yourself past the doubting stage in short order. A remarkably genial cast (under the direction of Michael Curtiz) not only helps to counteract the flimsiness of the plot, but even transmutes it at times into something very moving and real. The frank, glowing girlishness of Joyce Reynolds accounts for the greatest part of this magic. It's her picture. Little Clare Foley (from the stage) also contributes something exceptional in the way of a Demon Child portrayal. Edward Arnold, Ann Harding, and Robert Benchley do well with rather silly parts, while Robert Hutton and Dick Erdman are youthfully convincing as Janie's rival flames. Thus the whole show (an adult's-eye view of adolescence) attains the hilarious effect of seeming much better than it actually is.

1 When the war brings a set of permanent guests to Janie's house, life becomes really hectic—but oh, what fun for Janie!



2 It's hard enough to get the grown-ups out of the way for an evening's romance —but it doesn't pay to overlook Little Sister.

3 Janie's clandestine party for a few boys in uniform suddenly turns into a mass invasion, overflows into the Victory garden.

4 Parents, police, and the U. S. Army demand an explanation for all the goings-on. Janie's answer has a surprising effect.

CASANOVA BROWN

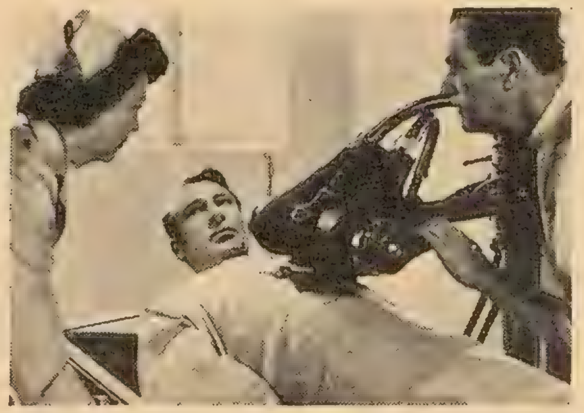
(International Pictures-RKO)
Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Frank Morgan

CASANOVA, you remember, was an eighteenth-century gay blade. Pin that moniker on a modern Gary Cooper, call him Caz for short, set three ladies in his path, and things are likely to start happening. Add the vigorous eccentricity of a rare old codger (Frank Morgan) who pilfers brazenly from his grandson's piggy bank, and a mysterious letter to Caz from a lying-in hospital, and the plot thickens. Flash the whole thing back from an impending marriage (to Anita Louise) to a romantic episode (with Teresa Wright) involving astrology and accidental arson, and you've got Caz into a mess that defies analysis. Just keep on stirring and see what happens.

Gary Cooper manages to inject a good measure of his own appealing brand of candor, impishness, and bewilderment into this mixture, and Teresa Wright's bedrock sincerity lends authority and depth. Then there are certain side-splitting moments. But when Caz finally gets trapped amid the inquisitorial mazes of hospital routine, the rapidly congealing plot goes suddenly lumpy. Whether or not this spoils things for you will depend upon your curiosity, your natural affection, and the length of time you can enjoy watching a he-man putter around with a baby formula.

Our hero begins his matrimonial tangles by burning down his true love's house.

1 This is Lady Number Two (Anita Louise), who's worried when Caz comes back from a trip with Something on his mind.



2 Caz is pretty confused himself, especially when the maternity hospital that mysteriously sent for him gets *him* onto a stretcher.

3 Things go from bad to worse, and Caz ends up sneaking out the back way with a Little Bundle in his arms—

4 —and gets entangled with Lady Number Three. Do things get ironed out? Leave it to Casanova Brown.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.
MR. SKEFFINGTON (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, Claude Rains. Drama.
THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox). William Eythe, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price. Drama.
THE HAIRY APE (United Artists). William Bendix, Susan Hayward, John Loder. Drama.
THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL (Paramount). Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.

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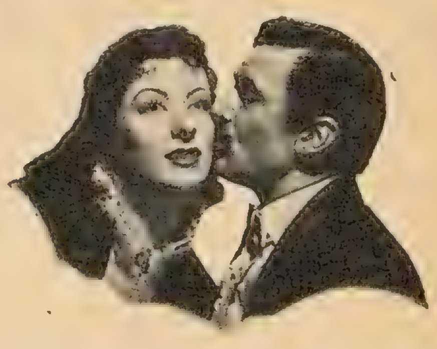

Two great films await your attentive eyes and ears—"An American Romance" and "Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

Of "An American Romance", King Vidor's great epic of our soil, you have heard great praise. Watch for it while we pause to impress you with a current triumph.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, rather, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington".

★ ★ ★ ★

This excellent film is a superb adaptation of Louis Bromfield's best-selling novel and gives that talented pair a vehicle that is more than a vehicle.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many of our screen artists have looks, many can act, many have personality. Greer Garson is a triple threat. And "Mrs. P." gives her the chance to prove it again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining-camp boarding-house proprietor to a dynamic cosmopolite is one for the book. Or better still, one for the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Greer's "Susie" finds an excellent dovetail in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. Ruthless, dashing and with a roving-eye.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dream-like cast includes such stars as Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Selena Royle.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tay Garnett, director of "Bataan", has also performed brilliantly — with the megaphone.

★ ★

We suggest you park yourself in a seat at "Mrs. Parkington".

—*Leo*

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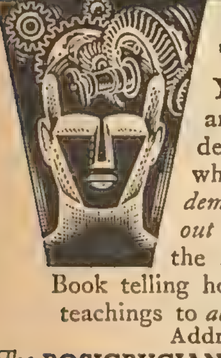

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SAYMAN SALVE

(*Continued from page 69*)

"No, thank you," Sandy said. Her hands were clenched and her eyes were angry. She was standing very straight.

Dink looked hurt. "Wouldn't you like a ride in a swell car?"

"No, I wouldn't," Sandy said. "And it's not a swell car. It's ten years old."

Dink looked at her, deliberating. "I'm real sorry you won't come," he said slowly, "because tonight I'm going to tell what I'll be doing with my forty-two hundred."

"I wouldn't want to hear it," Sandy said stiffly. "I'll take a bus home."

THE Pirate's Cave was dark with cigarette smoke. It had the musty smell of wine and whisky. There were drinks and entertainment for Dink and his friends, all on the house. Dink leaned an elbow on the bar and looked through the haze at the walls draped with fish net and dried starfish and net pouches filled with imitation gold pieces. He took in the crowded tables, and he heard a persuasive voice: "Forty-two hundred will handle it."

"Sure looks good," Dink said to Glazey.

"Dum da-da, Dum da-da—Jingle, jangle, hep! hep!" came swinging out of the juke box. Dink looked around. He felt many eyes on him. There were Glazey and Snark and Cox. And Rocky. Even, off in one corner, Dink saw Gus watching him. He wondered about that. Then he remembered he had told Gus about Glazey.

And then he saw something he had not expected. Near the door, through the blue smoke, he saw Sandy. She did not belong there, but she looked mighty good to him.

Dink put down his glass and went to meet her. "I'm sure glad you came," Dink said. "Let me buy you a drink."

She looked angry and irresolute.

"I don't want a drink," Sandy said. "I only came to see how silly a few dollars can make a person act."

Dink grinned. "Take it easy, kid."

Sandy wanted to say, "Come with me before it's too late. They're all trying to take you, every last one of them." But she didn't say it.

"I wish I hadn't come," Sandy said miserably. She moved toward the door.

He put a hand on her arm. "Wait. The show hasn't started yet."

"I don't want to see it." Misery choked her. "I don't want to see you again." She tried to pull away. She said, "That gadget. The car. The racing system. Gus's Diner. Oh, let me go!" She knew she was being conspicuous. Looking up, she saw Cox, she saw the smile on Cox's face, and she saw herself mirrored in that smile.

Sandy gulped. She said, "I'll have some ginger ale, please."

"That's better." Dink grinned at her a little as he got it from the bartender. The music in the juke box had stopped. Dink finished his glass and put it down with a gesture of finality. He looked at the faces turned toward him.

"O. K.," Dink said. "I got forty-two hundred and fifty dollars. Who wants it?"

Nobody spoke. Looking around, Dink said, "Rocky?"

Rocky's bright blue eyes shifted. "Later, bud." Rocky said, injured, "That was confidential between us."

"It was confidential with Huff too."

Rocky went a kind of gray color. "Huff," Dink said, "and the mackerel cannery. Remember? I reckon I better not distract you until Huff gets a cent of the profits you promised him." And Dink said, "Snark?"

He saw something vanishing out the door. Dink looked disappointed.

"Now can you beat that?" Dink said. "Mr. Snark was going to show me how to get rich on the races."

Laughter.

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THE WAR

Then he looked about and said, "Cox?"

"Yes, Mr. Andrews?" Cox's smiling face gleamed like a cherub's.

"That's a real nice car," Dink said. "I wonder if you'd show me the pink slip?"

Cox looked at Dink a minute and he did not say anything. He began feeling in his pockets, his eyes shifting peculiarly. Then he was standing with white hands outstretched in abject apology.

"I have mislaid it," Cox said. His laugh was jerky.

"I don't think you have," Dink said. "Why isn't there any registration card in the car? Here's your keys. Thanks for the ride." Dink tossed him the keys. And, turning, he said, "It was a nice party, Glazey."

"You ain't buying?" Glazey's face got redder. "I'm telling you, it's a thousand a week clear."

"Listen," Dink said. "I drove out to this place last night, when I wasn't expected. There were two customers. Nope," Dink said. "I'm investing my money in a little business I can depend on."

Gus was coming toward Dink.

"You mean Gus's Diner, eh?" he said.

"That was a real nice offer," Dink said. "But while I was looking into the other offers I sort of checked up on your lease. I'm real sorry about that."

"About what?" Gus said.

"Well," Dink said, "since you want to hear me say it, your ground lease has almost expired, you can't get it renewed, and in about a month you're going to have to haul that cracker box some place else."

Dink looked around and he was smiling.

"Thanks for the offers," Dink said. "You gave me a swell week all right."

Dink drove his own small car back to town. Sandy sat beside him. She watched his face in the glow from the dashboard. He did not look at her nor talk.

She said, "Dink, are you angry with me?"

Slowly Dink shook his head.

IT was late, but a light still came out of the little office at the back of the store. Sandy sat patiently on a keg of nails outside the door. She watched the two figures huddled under the desk light.

Mr. Potter said, "Don't know why you want it, but I'm glad to have you."

"We'll shake on it," Dink said.

When they came out of the office Mr. Potter was smiling. He looked less tired.

"I'll walk home," Mr. Potter said. "Turn out the lights when you kids leave."

When he was gone, Dink said, "Sandy—"

"Don't say anything," Sandy said. She was laughing and crying. "I didn't know—" Sandy blinked, looking around the store. "But why?" Sandy said. "Why this?"

"Listen," Dink said. I don't know if I can make you understand. My draft number is coming up any day now. Having this is like having a little piece of America to come home to." And he said, "I thought of the aircraft stock. That's too big for me, Sandy. I'm a little guy. I wouldn't feel I had any part in making it grow. It—it wouldn't be something to come back to."

"Dink," Sandy said, "why did you act like you were interested in every crazy scheme that was thrown at you? Why?"

He was quiet a minute, and something in his face made her wait.

HE said, "My dad sank his last savings in a gold mine that didn't exist anywhere but in the head of the swindler who sold it to him. That was only the end of his foolish gambles. He killed himself—and that killed my mother."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know—" Words choked her.

Dink said, "All my family were like that. Suckers for playing the other fellow's game; thinking they were taking a gamble when the cards were really stacked against them. Only Uncle Ben," Dink said. "He fought it. He saved his money.

"I'm like the rest," Dink went on. "When I see a crap game I go nuts. My fingers itch. I never told you."

"No," Sandy said.

"That's why I shy away from gambling. Because I go crazy." And Dink said, "But now it's different, because I know. I looked all those fancy pitches in the eye, and I didn't fall. I know now I'm not a fall guy. It"—he groped for the words—"kind of got the yen out of my system."

Suddenly they were feeling gay. They were holding hands and it was very peaceful. The store smelled faintly of oil and turpentine.

Dink said, "I saw your dad in the bank today. He was leaving the loan window. I could see they hadn't got together. He gets the three thousand he needs, and the rest goes into war bonds."

Sandy smiled.

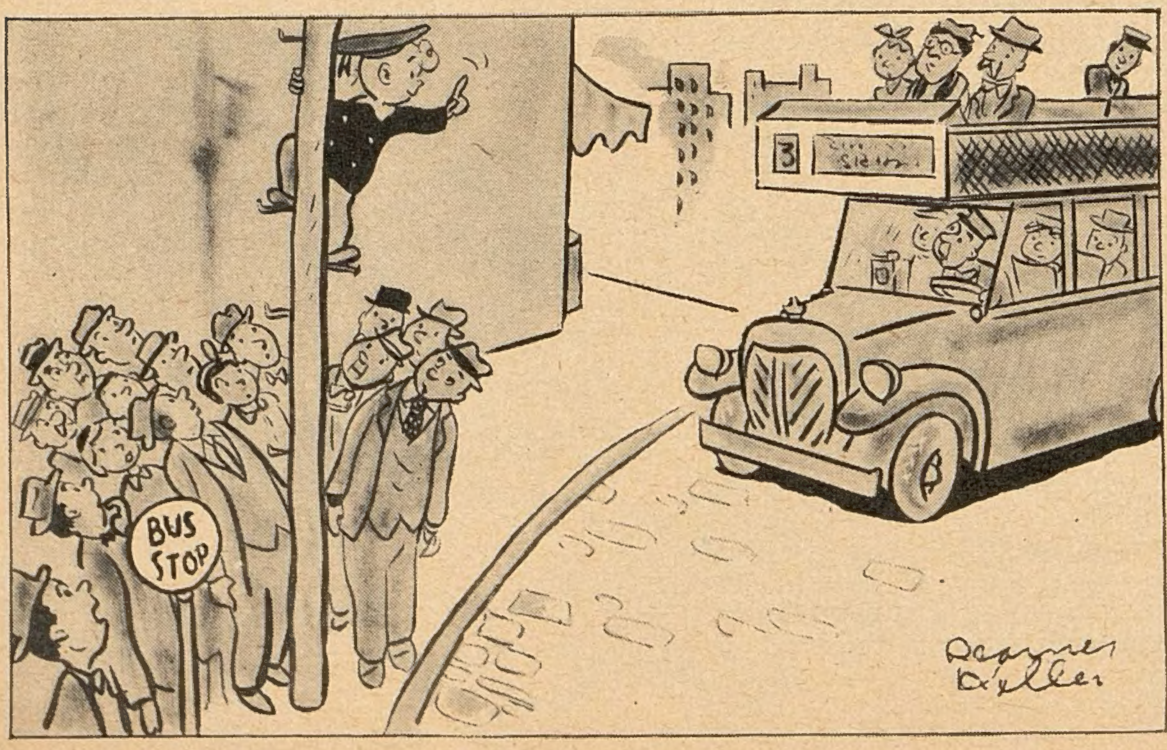
Dink said, "Shall we tell your dad tonight that I'm going to marry you?"

Laughter bubbled in her eyes.

"He knows it already," Sandy said. "He told me before you did."

THE END

HARDTACK



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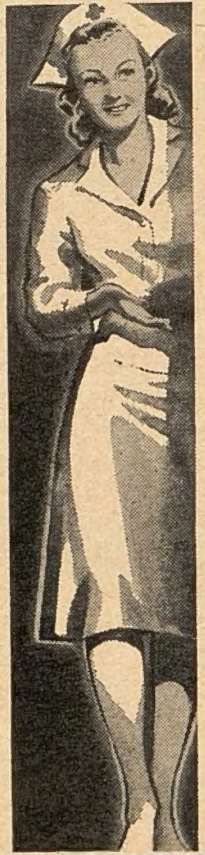
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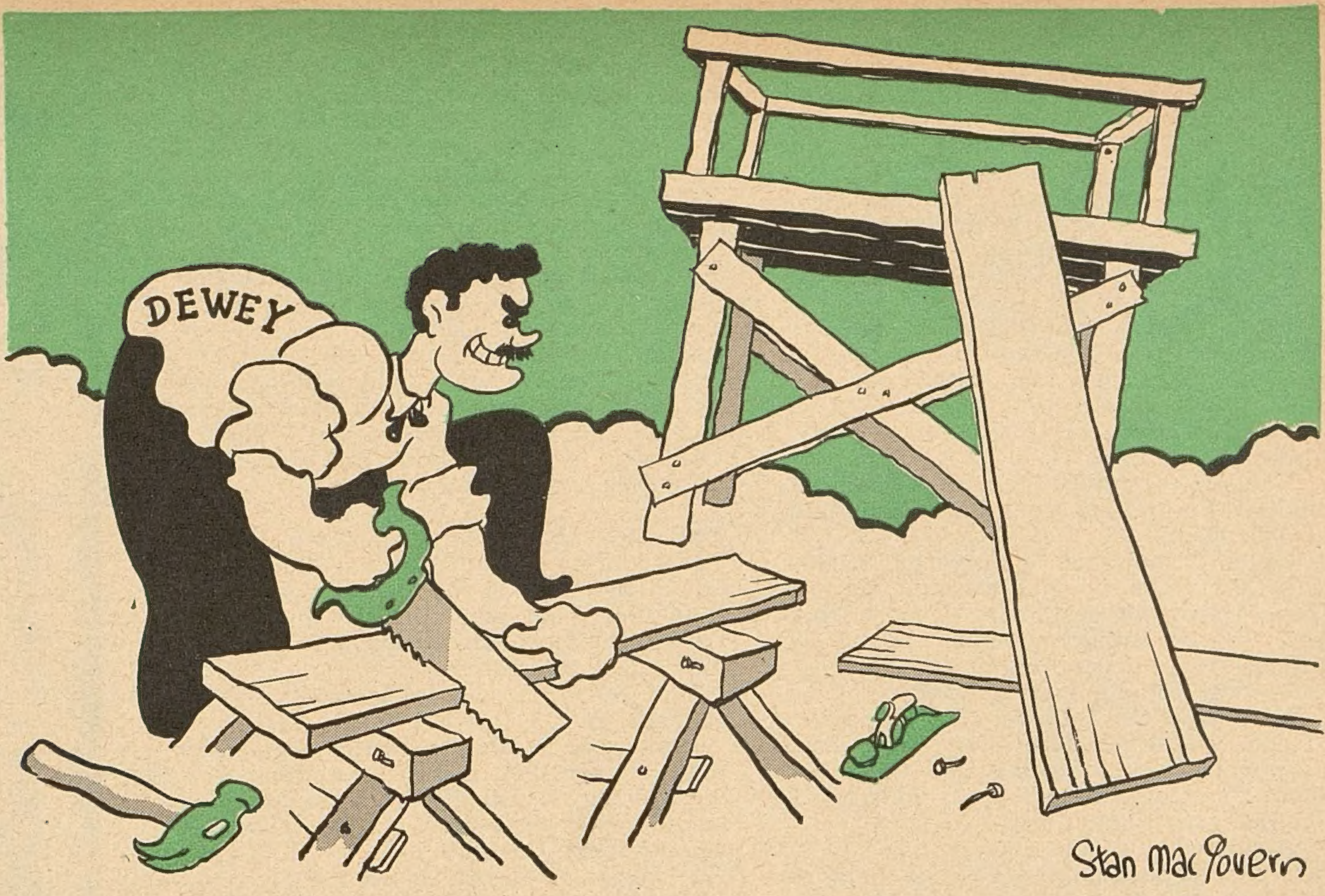


PLATFORMS AND CANDIDATES

IN American politics, party platforms purposely are made as vague as possible. Often they border on the evasive. The fact of the matter is that most platform planks on vital issues are subject to interpretation in various ways. It remains for the candidates themselves to do the interpreting and set the course of procedure which the party is supposed to advocate.

The successful candidate, of course, is able to make his views effective, and then the whole party goes along with him, even to the extent of abandoning long-cherished ideas. If, on the other hand, he is defeated at the polls, his interpretation of the party's position and of its platform becomes merely his interpretation and that's all. He may or may not get another whack as his party's nominee in some ensuing campaign. The odds are he won't get another chance.

Before 1932 the Democratic Party was no more noted for great social consciousness than the G. O. P. Wilson had shown some tendencies in this direction, but so had Teddy Roosevelt many years before him. The present preoccupation of the Democrats with social legislation was imposed upon the party by its successful 1932 nominee in response to certain obvious needs of the situation at that time. It has been enhanced and extended through three terms. There are strong elements within the party which still don't see eye to eye with its leader on social legislation. But as long as F. D. R. continues to be a winning vote getter there is not much they can do about it.

The new Republican platform, viewed solely as words on a sheet of paper, can furnish material for endless argument leading to no stable conclusions. Its wording would indicate that the G. O. P. has learned little through twelve years of defeat. The platform makes some tentative gestures toward recognizing the forces at work in this country and the world, but throughout there runs a strong flavor of pre-1932 Republicanism.

However, the actual wording of the various planks means little; the interpretation of them means much. Mr. Dewey is the one who will do the interpreting and state what the planks in the platform really mean. If he succeeds in being elected, his views will prevail and the future characteristics of the Republican Party will be shaped by his hand. Therefore Dewey's election truly can mean a rebirth of the party, and the men heretofore in control, many of whom have learned nothing since they passed sixty, will be relegated to the back shelf. Some of them have already climbed on it voluntarily.

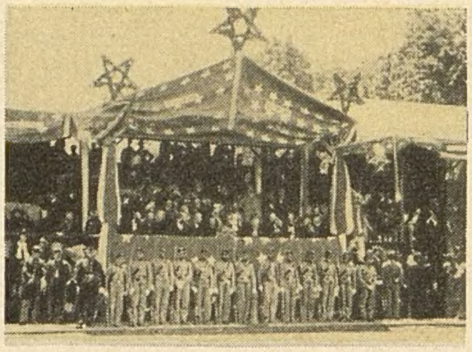
Theoretically, under our form of government the party is supposed to set the principles, and its successful candidates are supposed to carry them out. However, it actually works the other way around. The leaders lead and the party follows. Thus is progress made or retarded. Therefore the current utterances of Mr. Dewey are of vast importance. He is not only running for President, but is molding a new philosophy for the Republican Party.

More and more these days we are placing our trust in men rather than in parties. It may not be the soundest thing to do, but that's the way it is.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

The greatest day in any war is
Coming Home



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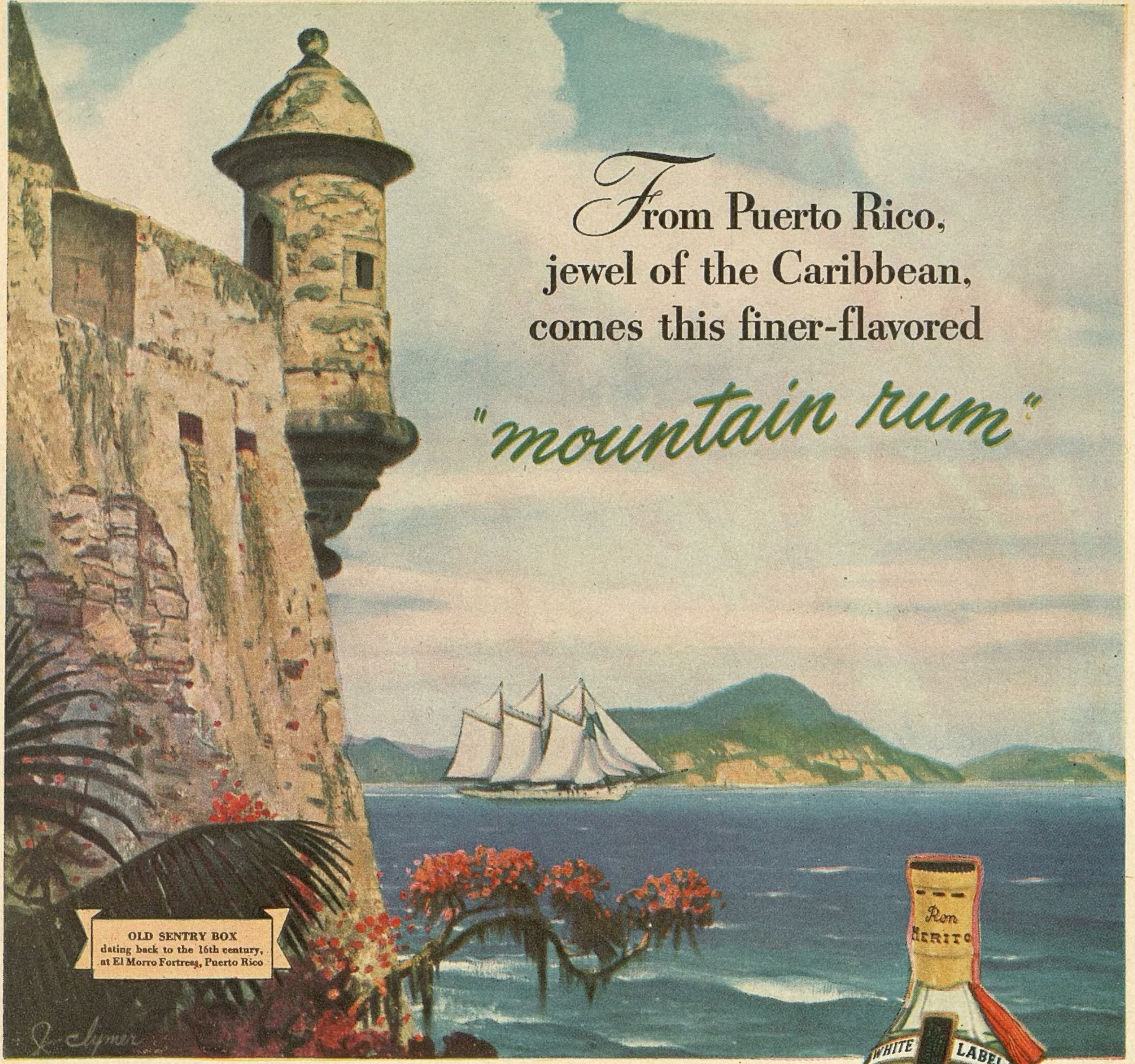
86 Proof—68.4% Fruit and Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.



From Puerto Rico, jewel of the Caribbean, comes this finer-flavored "mountain rum"

OLD SENTRY BOX
dating back to the 16th century,
at El Morro Fortress, Puerto Rico

It's *mountain distilling* that accounts for the delicious flavor of Ron Merito—the rum we discovered in a remote Puerto Rican mountain district where Nature has provided *perfect* rum-distilling conditions. Make your next rum drink with Ron Merito. See how much better it tastes! And remember—with a superb rum like this you can mix a delicious Old Fashioned, Manhattan or Sour, in addition to the traditional rum drinks. Try Ron Merito, the "mountain distilled" rum—today.

Ron Merito
WHITE LABEL
Ron MERITO
PUERTO RICAN
RUM

Ron MERITO

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Available in Gold Label and White Label, 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. National Distillers Products Corporation, Dept. S12, P. O. Box 12, Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y.